# JOHN G. PATON.

An Autobiography.

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# JOHN G. PATON,

MISSIONARY TO THE

# NEW HEBRIDES.

An Autobiography.

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER.

*SECOND PART.*

*SEVENTH THOUSAND.*

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# PREFACE.

IT is a true joy to me, that I am enabled to place Part Second of my brother's Autobiography in the hands of the Public without undue delay.

The amount of interesting and precious material, entrusted to me to be re-written and prepared for the Press, has, by its very abundance and variety, landed me in the greatest perplexity. Amidst all the toil and anxiety of producing such a book, my only painful experience has been the necessity of cutting out page after page, every whit as beautiful and valuable as any of the pages for which room has been found.

That observation applies very specially to the "Letters," which constitute Chapter IX. These I verily regret to publish in mere frag-

ments, instead of in their own rounded completeness.

Two whole Chapters, as outlined by my brother, I am sorrowfully necessitated to omit, so that the Life-Story itself may not be too much enlarged or overloaded. The one refers to "The Kanaka, or Labour Traffic in the South Seas"; and the other to "Annexation, and the Future of the New Hebrides." Both are of vital import among the Public Questions of the day; and, in the discussion of both, his position and opportunities have led him to take a not inconsiderable share. But the claims of what may more properly be regarded as the Personal Narrative were paramount; and the allotted space, within the limits of this volume, left me, for the present at least, no other choice.

Readers would think me foolishly uplifted if I indicated one-hundredth part of the chorus of approbation, that has reached me regarding Part First of this Autobiography. My best wish for the Second Volume is that it may be similarly welcomed; and that it may bring a

special blessing to as many hearts in all quarters of the world. More than that I could not reasonably anticipate.

JAMES PATON,
*Editor.*

*Glasgow,*
*October*, 1889.

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# CHAPTER I.

## *THE FLOATING OF THE "DAYSPRING."*

Preliminary Note.—Call for a Mission Ship.—A Brutal Captain.—Sun-Worshippers or Slaves?—The Lights of Sydney.—Thrown upon the Lord.—Mr. Foss's Open Door.—Climbing into Pulpits.—Shipping Company for Jesus.—The Golden Shower.—Wanted More Missionaries.—Commissioned to Scotland.—Wayside Incidents of Australian Travel.—Lost in the Bush.—Sinking in the Swamp.—Put Through My Catechism.—"Do for the Parson!"—Crossing the Colony on Novel Conditions.—Pay-Day at a Squatter's.—Three Days in a Public House.—A Meeting among the Diggers.—Camping Out.—A Squatter Rescued.—John Gilpin's Ride through the Bush.

STRANGE yet gratifying news has reached me. Part First of my Autobiography has met with a wonderful response from the Public. Within three weeks of its appearance, a second edition has been called for.

At the Editor's urgent appeal, therefore, and assured also that the finger of God is guiding me, I take up my pen to write Part Second, feeling that I am bound to do so by my promise at the close of the first volume, and by loyalty to the Lord, who seems thus to use my humble life-story to promote the glory of His Name both at home and abroad.

But, oh, surely never any man was called upon to write a book amid such distracting circumstances! Ceaselessly travelling from Church to Church and from town to town from one end of Australia to the other,—addressing a meeting almost every evening of the week, often also during the afternoons, and several Congregations and Sabbath Schools every Lord's Day,—the following pages are the outpourings of a heart saturated with the subject, but bereft of all opportunity for quiet thought or studious hours.

Having thus far done my part, I leave all else to the careful Editorship of my dear brother, whose loving hand will put everything into shape for the public eyes. This only I can sincerely testify,—The Lord has called for it, and I lay on His altar the only gift that I have to offer, believing that He will both accept it and use it as He sees to be for the best.

* * *

Rescued from Tanna by the *Blue Bell* in the Spring of 1862, I was landed on Aneityum, leaving behind me all that I owned on Earth, save the clothes upon my back, my precious Bible, and a few translations that I had made from it into the Tannese language. The Missionaries on Aneityum—Messrs. Geddie and Copeland—united, after repeated deliberations, in urging me to go to Australia in the interests of our Mission. In this appeal they were joined now by my companions in tribulation, Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson. A Mission Ship was sorely needed—was

absolutely required, to prevent the needless sacrifice of devoted lives. More Missionaries were called for, and must somehow be brought into the field, unless the hope of claiming these fair Islands for Jesus was to be for ever abandoned.

With unaffected reluctance, I at last felt constrained to undertake this unwelcome but apparently inevitable task. It meant the leaving of my dear Islanders for a season ; but it embraced within it the hope of returning to them again, with perhaps every power of blessing amongst them tenfold increased.

A *Sandal-wooder*, then lying at Aneityum, was to sail in a few days direct for Sydney. My passage was secured for £10. And, as if to make me realize how bare the Lord had stripped me in my late trials, the first thing that occupied me on board was the making with my own hands, from a piece of cloth obtained on Aneityum, another shirt for the voyage, to change with that which I wore—the only one that had been left to me.

The Captain proved to be a profane and brutal fellow. He professed to be a Roman Catholic, but he was typical of the coarse and godless Traders in those Seas. If he had exerted himself to make the voyage disagreeable, and even disgusting, he could scarcely have had better success. He frequently fought with the mate and steward, and his tyrannical bearing made every one wretched. He and his Native wife (a Heathen—but not more so than himself!) occupied the Cabin. I had to sleep on boards,

without a bed, in a place where they stored the sandal-wood; and never could take off my clothes by night or day during that voyage of nearly fourteen hundred miles. The vessel was miserably supplied. Any food I got was scarcely eatable, and was sent to me in a plate on deck. There I spent all my time, except at night or in heavy rain, when I crept in and lay upon my planks.

The poor steward often came rushing on deck from the cabin, with blood streaming from his face, struck by the passionate Captain with whatever came to his hand. Yet he appeared to be a smart and obliging lad, and I pitied him exceedingly. Seeing no hope for redress, I took careful notes of his shocking treatment, and resolved to bide my time for exposing this base and cruel inhumanity.

On reaching Sydney, the steward was dismissed without wages,—the Captain having accused him to his employers of refusing to work on board. He found me out, and told me, weeping, that he cared more for his poor aged mother than himself, as his pay was all her support. On my advice, he informed the Captain that he would summon him, and that I had consented to appear in Court and produce my notes of what I had seen, day by day, on the voyage. He was immediately paid in full, and came to me big with gratitude.

One hesitates to dwell further on this miserable episode. But I must relate how my heart bled for some poor Islanders also, whom that Captain had on

board. They knew not a word of English, and no one in the vessel knew a sound of their language. They were made to work, and to understand what was expected of them, only by hard knocks and blows, being pushed and pulled hither and thither. They were kept quite naked on the voyage up; but, when nearing Sydney, each received two yards of calico to be twisted as a kilt around his loins. A most pathetic spectacle it was to watch these poor Natives,—when they had leisure to sit on deck,—gazing, gazing, intently and imploringly, upon the face of the Sun! This they did every day, and at all hours, and I wept much to look on them, and not be able to tell them of the Son of God, the Light of the world, for I knew no word of their language. Perhaps they were worshippers of the Sun; and perhaps, amid all their misery, oh, *perhaps*, some ray of truth from the great Father of Lights may have streamed into those darkened souls!

When we arrived at Sydney, the Inspecting Officer of the Government, coming on board, asked how these Islanders came to be there. The Captain impudently replied that they were "passengers." No further question was put. No other evidence was sought. Yet all who knew anything of our South-Sea Island Traders were perfectly aware that the moral certainty was that these Natives were there practically as Slaves. They would be privately disposed of by the Captain to the highest bidder; and that, forsooth, is to be called the *Labour* Traffic.

About midnight we came to anchor in Sydney harbour. The Captain condescended to say, "I will not drive you ashore to-night, but you must be off by daylight." His orders might have been spared. It was too great a relief to get away from such coarseness and profanity.

As we came to anchorage, I anxiously paced the deck, gazing towards the gas-lighted city, and pleading with God to open up my way, and give success in the work before me, on which the salvation of thousands of the Heathen might depend. Still I saw them perishing, still heard their wailing cry on the Islands behind me. I saw them groaning under blinding superstitions, and imbruing their hands in each other's blood, and I felt as if crushed by the awful responsibility of my work and by the thought of all that hung upon its success or failure. But I felt also that there must be many of God's dear people in Sydney who would sympathize with such work and help me, if only I could get access to them. At the same time, I knew not a soul in that great city; though I had a note of introduction to one person, which, as experience proved, I would have been better without.

Unfortunately, I had not with me a copy of the Resolution of the Missionaries, commissioning me to plead their cause and to raise funds for the new Mission Ship. Again and again I had earnestly requested it, but the Clerk of the meeting, pressed by correspondence, or for some other reason, gave me

instead that note of introduction, which proved more of a hindrance than a help in launching my work; except that it threw me more exclusively on the guidance of my Lord, and taught me to trust in Him, and in the resources He had given me, rather than in any human aid, from that day till the present hour.

That friend, however, did his best. He kindly called with me on a number of Ministers and others. They heard my story, sympathized with me, shook hands, and wished me success; but, strangely enough, something "very special" prevented every one of them from giving me access to his pulpit or Sabbath School. At length, I felt so disappointed, so miserable, that I wished I had been in my grave with my dear departed and my brethren on the Islands who had fallen around me, in order that the work on which so much now appeared to depend might have been entrusted to some one better fitted to accomplish it. The heart seemed to keep repeating, "All these things are against thee."

Finding out at last the Rev. A. Buzacott, then retired, but formerly the successful and honoured representative of the London Missionary Society on Rarotonga, considerable light was let in upon the mysteries of my last week's experiences. He informed me that the highly esteemed friend, who had kindly been introducing me all round, was at that moment immersed in a keen Newspaper war with Presbyterians and Independents. He had published statements and changes of view, which charged them

with being unscriptural in belief and practice. They, of course, were rigorously defending themselves. This made it painfully manifest that, in order to succeed, I must strike out a new course for myself, and one clear from all local entanglement.

Paying a fortnight in advance, I withdrew even from the lodging I had taken, and turned to the Lord more absolutely for guidance. He brought me into contact with good and generous-souled servants of His, the open-hearted Mr. and Mrs. Foss. Though entire strangers, they kindly invited me to be their guest while in Sydney, assuring me that I would meet with many Ministers and other Christians at their house who could help me in my work. God had opened the door; I entered with a grateful heart; they will not miss their recompence.

A letter and appeal had been already printed on behalf of our Mission. I now re-cast and reprinted it, adding a postscript, and appending my own name and new address. This was widely circulated among Ministers and others engaged in Christian work; and by this means, and by letters in the Newspapers, I did everything in my power to make our Mission known. But one week had passed, and no response came. One Lord's Day had gone by, and no pulpit had been opened to me. I was perplexed beyond measure, how to get access to Congregations and Sabbath Schools; though a Something deep in my soul assured me, that if once my lips were opened, the Word of the Lord would not return void.

On my second Sabbath in Sydney, I wandered out with a great yearning at heart to get telling my message to any soul that would listen. It was the afternoon ; and children were flocking into a Church that I passed. I followed them—that yearning growing stronger every moment. My God so ordered it, that I was guided thus to the Chalmers Presbyterian Church. The Minister, the Rev. Mr. McSkimming, addressed the children. At the close I went up and pleaded with him to allow me ten minutes to speak to them. After a little hesitation, and having consulted together, they gave me fifteen minutes. Becoming deeply interested, the good man invited me to preach to his Congregation in the evening. This was duly intimated in the Sabbath School ; and thus my little boat was at last launched —surely by the hand of the dear Lord, with the help of His little children.

The kindly Minister, now very deeply interested, offered to spend the next day in introducing me to his clerical brethren. For his sake, I was most cordially received by them all, but especially by Dr. Dunsmore Lang, who greatly helped me ; and now access was granted me to almost every Church and Sabbath School, both Presbyterian and Independent. In Sabbath Schools, I got a collection in connection with my address, and distributed, with the sanction of Superintendents, Collecting Cards amongst the children, to be returned through the teachers within a specified date. In Congregations, I received for

the Mission the surplus over and above the ordinary collection when I preached on Sabbaths, and the full collection at all week-night meetings for which I could arrange.

I now appealed to a few of the most friendly Ministers to form themselves into an Honorary Committee of advice; and, at my earnest request, they got J. Goodlet, Esq., an excellent elder, to become Honorary Treasurer, and to take charge of all funds raised for the Mission Ship. For the Public knew nothing of me; but all knew my good Treasurer and these faithful Ministers, and had confidence in the work. They knew that every penny went direct to the Mission; and they saw that my one object was to promote God's glory in the conversion of the Heathen. Our dear Lord Jesus thus opened up my way, and now I had invitations from more Schools and Congregations than I knew how to overtake—the response in money being also gratifying beyond almost all expectation.

It was now that I began a little plan of interesting the children, that attracted them from the first, and has since had an amazing development. I made them shareholders in the new Mission Ship—each child receiving a printed form, in acknowledgment of the number of shares, at sixpence each, of which he was the owner. Thousands of these shares were taken out, were shown about amongst families, and were greatly prized. The Ship was to be their very own! They were to be a great Shipping Company

for Jesus. In hundreds of homes, these receipt-forms have been preserved; and their owners, now in middle years, are training *their* children of to-day to give their pennies to support the white-winged Angel of the Seas, that bears the Gospel and the Missionary to the Heathen Isles.

Let no one think me ungrateful to my good Treasurer and his wife, to Dr. and Mrs. Moon, and to other dear friends who generously helped me, when I trace step by step how the Lord opened up my way. The Angel of His Presence went before me, and wonderfully moved His people to contribute in answer to my poor appeals. I had indeed to make all my own arrangements, and correspond regarding all engagements and details,—to me, always a slow and laborious writer, a very burdensome task. But it was all necessary in order to the fulfilment of the Lord's purposes; and, to one who realizes that he is a fellow-labourer with Jesus, every yoke that He lays on becomes easy and every burden light.

Having done all that could at that time be accomplished in New South Wales, and as rapidly as possible, my Committee gave me a Letter of Commendation to Victoria. But there I had no difficulty. The ministers had heard of our work in Sydney. They received me most cordially, and at my request formed themselves into a Committee of Advice. Our dear friend, James McBain, Esq., now Sir James, became Honorary Treasurer. All moneys from this

Colony, raised by my pleading for the Ship, were entrusted to him ; and, ultimately, the acknowledging of every individual sum cost much time and labour. Dr. Cairns, and many others now gone to their rest, along with several honoured Ministers yet living, formed my Committee. The Lord richly reward them all in that Day!

As in New South Wales, I made all my own engagements, and arranged for Churches and Sabbath Schools as best I could. Few in the other Denominations of Victoria gave any help, but the Presbyterians rose to our appeal as with one heart. God moved them by one impulse; and Ministers, Superintendents, Teachers and Children heartily embraced the scheme as their own. I addressed three or four meetings every Sabbath, and one or more every week-day; and thus travelled over the length and breadth of Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia. Wheresoever a few of the Lord's people could be gathered together, thither I gladly went, and told the story of our Mission, setting forth its needs and claims.

The contributions and collections were nearly all in very small sums. I recall only one exception,—a gift of £250 from the late Hon. G. F. Angus, South Australia, whose heart the Lord had touched. Yet gently and steadily the required money began to come pouring in ; and my personal outlays were reduced to a minimum by the hospitality of Christian friends and their kindly conveying of me from place

to place. For all this I felt deeply grateful; it saved money for the Lord's work.

Each of my Treasurers, to whom all contributions were sent direct, kept me duly posted as to sums received from time to time. The progress made soon led on to the resolution to aim at a Ship three times the size of that originally proposed. We set apart the sum of £3,000 as necessary for it; and I vowed, in my solitude, that if God sent an additional £800 within a given time, that would be my Gideon's fleece, and would warrant me in going home to Scotland to secure more Missionaries for the Islands. By this time, I had heard of the death of my dear fellow-labourers, Mrs. Mathieson on Ancityum, and shortly thereafter Mr. Mathieson on Maré. I alone was now left to tell the story of the planting of the Standard on Tanna,—our Mission numbered then only four agents in the field,—and the thought arose, Why keep a Mission Vessel for so few? The resolution was, therefore, taken in God's Name to get more Missionaries too. But this, as yet, was betwixt my own soul and the Lord.

The work was unceasingly prosecuted. Meetings were urged upon me now from every quarter. Money flowed in so freely that, at the close of my tour, the fund had risen to £5,000, including special Donations of £300 for the support of Native Teachers. Many Sabbath Schools, and many ladies and gentlemen, had individually promised the sum of £5 yearly to keep a Native Teacher on one or other of the New

Hebrides Islands. This happy custom prevails still, and is largely developed; the sum required being now £6 per annum at least—for which you may have your own personal representative toiling among the Heathen and telling them of Jesus.

Returning to Melbourne, the whole matter was laid before my Committee. I reported how God had blessed the undertaking, and what sums were now in the hands of the several Treasurers, indicating also what larger hopes and plans had been put into my soul. Dear Dr. Cairns rose and said, "Sir, it is of the Lord. This whole enterprise is of God, and not of us. Go home, and He will give you more Missionaries for the Islands." My ever-honoured friends, Dr. and Mrs. Inglis, had just returned to Melbourne from Britain, where they had been carrying the complete New Testament in Aneityumese through the press. Dr. Inglis was present at that meeting, and approved warmly of my going home for more Missionaries, especially as from want of time and opportunity he had not himself succeeded in getting any additions to our Missionary staff.

Melbourne held a Farewell meeting. The Governor, Sir Henry Barkley, took the chair. The Hall was crowded; and the Governor's sympathetic utterances arrested public attention and deepened the interest in our Mission. The fact was emphasized that this work, lying at their very doors in the Pacific Seas, had peculiar claims on the heart and conscience of Australia.

Thence I hasted to Sydney, and reported myself also there. The New South Wales Committee gave their cordial approval to our larger plans. A Farewell was held there too; and the Governor, Sir John Young, took the chair. The meeting was a great success. His presence, and his excellent speech, again helped to fix the eyes of all Australians on the peculiar claims of the New Hebrides. This was *their* work, more than that of any other people on the face of the Earth. The awakening of this consciousness, and intensifying it into a practical and burning faith, was a great and far-reaching achievement for Australia and for the Islanders. It is one of the purest joys of my life, that in this work I was honoured to have some share, along with many other dear servants of the Lord.

Of the money which I had raised, £3,000 were sent to Nova Scotia, to pay for the building of our new Mission Ship, the *Dayspring*. The Church which began the Mission on the New Hebrides was granted the honour of building its first Mission Ship. The remainder was set apart to pay for the outfit and passage of additional Missionaries for the field, and I was commissioned to return home to Scotland in quest of them. Dr. Inglis wrote, in vindication of this enterprise, to the friends whom he had just left, "From first to last, Mr. Paton's mission here has been a great success; and it has been followed up with such energy and promptitude in Nova Scotia, both in regard to the Ship and the Missionaries, that

Mr. Paton's pledge to the Australian Churches has been fully redeemed. The hand of the Lord has been very visible in the whole movement from beginning to end, and we trust He has yet great blessing in store for the long and deeply degraded Islanders."

Here let me turn aside from the current of Missionary toils, and record a few wayside incidents that marked some of my wanderings to and fro in connection with the Floating of the *Dayspring*. Travelling in the Colonies in 1862-63 was vastly less developed than it is to-day; and a few of my experiences then will for many reasons be not unwelcome to most readers of this book. Besides, these incidents, one and all, will be felt to have a vital connection with the main purpose of writing this Autobiography, namely, to show that the Finger of God is as visible still, to those who have eyes to see, as when the fire-cloud Pillar led His People through the wilderness.

Twenty-six years ago, the roads of Australia, except those in and around the principal towns, were mere tracks over unfenced plains and hills, and on many of them packhorses only could be used in slushy weather. During long journeys through the bush, the traveller could find his road only by following the deep notches, gashed by friendly precursors into the larger trees, and all pointing in one direction. If he lost his way, he had to struggle back to the last indented tree, and try to interpret more correctly its

pilgrim notch. Experienced bush-travellers seldom miss the path; yet many others, losing the track, have wandered round and round till they sank and died. For then, it was easy to walk thirty or forty miles, and see neither a person nor a house. The more intelligent do sometimes guide their steps by sun, moon, and stars, or by glimpses of mountain peaks or natural features on the far and high horizon, or by the needle of the compass; but the perils are not illusory, and occasionally the most experienced have miscalculated and perished.

An intelligent gentleman, a sheep farmer, who knew the country well, once kindly volunteered to lift me in an out-of-the-way place, and drive me to a meeting at his Station. Having a long spell before us, we started at midday in a buggy drawn by a pair of splendid horses, in the hope of reaching our destination before dusk. He turned into the usual bush-track through the forests, saying,—

"I know this road well; and we must drive steadily, as we have not a moment to lose."

Our conversation became absorbingly interesting. After we had driven about three hours, he remarked,—

"We must soon emerge into the open plain."

I doubtfully replied, "Surely we cannot have turned back! These trees and bushes are wonderfully like those we passed at starting."

He laughed, and made me feel rather vexed that I had spoken, when he said, "I am too old a hand in

the bush for that! I have gone this road many a time before."

But my courage immediately revived, for I got what appeared to me a glint of the roof of the Inn beyond the bush, from which we had started at noon, and I repeated, "I am certain we have wheeled, and are back at the beginning of our journey; but there comes a Chinaman; let us wait and inquire."

My dear friend learned, to his utter amazement, that he had erred. The bush-track was entered upon once more, and followed with painful care, as he murmured, half to himself, "Well, this beats all reckoning! I could have staked my life that this was impossible."

Turning to me, he said, with manifest grief, "Our meeting is done for! It will be midnight before we can arrive."

The sun was beginning to set, as we reached the thinly timbered ground. Ere dusk fell, he took his bearings with the greatest possible care. Beyond the wood, a vast plain stretched before us, where neither fence nor house was visible, far as the eye could reach. He drove steadily towards a far-distant point, which was in the direction of his home. At last we struck upon the wire fence that bounded his property. The horses were now getting badly fagged; and, in order to save them a long round-about drive, he lifted and laid low a portion of the fence, led his horses cautiously over it, and, leaving it to be re-erected by a servant next day, he started direct for the Station.

That seemed a long journey too; but it was for him familiar ground; and through amongst great patriarchal trees here and there, and safely past dangerous water-holes, we swung steadily on, reached his home in safety, and had a joyous welcome. The household had by this time got into great excitement over our non-appearance. The expected meeting had, of course, been abandoned hours ago; and the people were all gone, wondering in their hearts "whereto this would grow!"

At that time, in the depth of winter, the roads were often wrought into rivers of mire, and at many points almost impassable even for well-appointed conveyances. In connection therewith, I had one very perilous experience. I had to go from Clunes to a farm in the Learmouth district. The dear old Minister there, Mr. Downes, went with me to every place where a horse could be hired; but the owners positively refused—they would sell, but they would not hire, for the conveyance would be broken, and the horse would never return alive! Now, I was advertised to preach at Learmouth, and must somehow get over the nine miles that lay between. This would have been comparatively practicable, were it not that I carried with me an indispensable bag of "curios," and a heavy bundle of clubs, arrows, dresses, etc., from the Islands, wherewith to illustrate my lectures and enforce my appeals. No one could be hired to carry my luggage, nor could I get it sent after me by coach on that particular way. There-

fore, seeing no alternative opening in my path, I committed myself once more to the Lord, as in harder trials before, shouldered my bundle of clubs, lifted my heavy bag, and started off on foot. They urged me fervently to desist; but I heard a voice repeating, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." There came back to me also the old adage that had in youthful difficulties spurred me on, "Where there's a will, there's a way." And I thought that, with these two in his heart, a Scotchman would not be easily beaten.

When I found the road wrought into mire, and dangerous, or impassable, I climbed the fence, and waded along in the ploughed fields—though they were nearly as bad. My bundle was changed from shoulder to shoulder, and my bag from hand to hand, till I became thoroughly tired of both. Pressing on, however, I arrived at a wayside Public House, where several roads met, and there I inquired the way to Learmouth, and how far it was. The Innkeeper, pointing, answered,—

"This is the road. If you are on horseback, it might be three to four miles just now, as your horse is able to take it. If you are in a conveyance, with a good horse, it might be six miles. And if you are walking, it might be eight or ten miles, or even more."

I said, "I am walking. How many English miles is it to Mr. Baird's farm?"

He laughingly replied, "You will find it a long

way indeed this dark night, considering the state of the road, fenced in on both sides so that you cannot get off."

I passed on, leaving my Job's comforter; but a surly watch-dog got upon my track, and I had much difficulty in keeping it from biting me. Its attacks, renewed upon me again and again, had one good effect,—they stirred up my spirits and made me hasten on.

Having persevered along the Learmouth road, I next met a company of men hastening on with a bundle of ropes. They were on their way to relieve a poor bullock, which by this time had almost disappeared, sinking in the mire on the public highway! They kindly pointed me to a light, visible through the dusk. That was the farm at which I was to stay, and they advised me to clear the fence, and make straight for that light, as the way was good.

With thankful heart, I did so. The light was soon lost to me, but I walked steadily on in the direction thereof, to the best of my judgment. Immediately I began to feel the ground all floating under me. Then at every step I took, or tried to take, I sank deeper and deeper, till at last I durst not move either backward or forward. I was floundering in a deadly swamp. I called out again and again, and "coo-ee-d" with all my strength, but there came no reply. It grew extremely dark, while I kept praying to God for deliverance. About midnight, I heard two men conversing, apparently at no very great distance.

I began "coo-ee-ing" again, but my strength was failing. Fortunately, the night was perfectly calm. The conversation ceased for a while; but I kept on crying for help. At length, I heard one voice remark to the other,—"Some one is in the swamp." And then a question came, "Who's there?"

I answered, "A stranger. Oh, do help me!"

Again a voice came through the darkness, "How did you get in there?"

And I feebly replied, "I have lost my way."

I heard the one say to the other: "I will go and get him out, whoever he may be. We must not leave him there; he'll be dead before the morning. As you pass by our door, tell my wife that I'm helping some poor creature out of the swamp, and will be home immediately."

He kept calling to me, and I answering his call through the darkness, till, not without peril, he managed to reach and aid me. Once I was safely dragged out, he got my bag in his hand and slung my clubs on his shoulder, and in a very short time landed me at the farm, dripping and dirty and cold. Had God not sent that man to save me, I must have perished there, as many others have similarly perished before. The farmer heartily welcomed me and kindly ministered to all my needs. Though not yet gone to rest, they had given up all hope of seeing me. I heard the kind servant say to his mistress,—

"I don't know where he came from, or how far he has carried his bundles; but I got him stuck fast in

the swamp, and my shoulder is already sore from carrying his clubs!"

A cup of warm tea restored me. The Lord gave me a sound and blessed sleep. I rose next morning wonderfully refreshed, though arms and shoulders were rather sore with the burdens of yesterday. I conducted three Services, and told the story of my Mission, not without comfort and blessing; and with gratifying results in money. The people gave liberally to the work.

One day, after this, I was driving a long distance on the outside of a crowded coach. A grave and sensible-looking Scotchman sat next me. He had inquiringly marked me reading in silence, while all around were conversing on matters of common interest. At last, he queried,—"Are you a Minister?" I answered, "Yes."

"Where is your Church?"

"I have no Church."

"Where are you placed?"

"I am not placed in any charge now."

"Where is your home?"

"I have no home."

"Where have you come from?"

"The South Sea Islands."

"What are you doing in Australia?"

"Pleading the cause of the Mission.

"Are you a Presbyterian?"

"I am."

Having gone through this Catechism to his satis-

faction, a most interesting and profitable conversation followed. When the time came for the payment of fares, nothing would please but that I must allow him to pay for me—some twenty-two shillings—which he did with all his heart, protesting,—

"A joy to me, Sir, a great joy; I honour you for your work's sake!"

Thereafter, a Schoolmaster drove me a long distance across the country to Violet Town, where for the night we had to stay at an Inn. We had a taste of what Australian life really was, when the land was being broken in. A company of wild and reckless men were carousing there at the time, and our arrival was the signal for an outbreak of malicious mischief. A powerful fellow, who turned out to be a young Medical, rushed upon me as I left the conveyance, seized me by the throat, and shook me roughly, shouting,—

"A parson, a parson! I will do for the parson!"

Others with great difficulty relieved me from his grips, and dragged him away, cursing as if at his mortal enemy.

After tea, we got into the only bedroom in the house, available for two. The Teacher and I locked ourselves in and barricaded the door, hearing in the next room a large party of drunken men gambling and roaring over their cards. By-and-by they quarrelled and fought; they smashed in and out of their room, and seemed to be murdering each other; every moment we expected our door to come crashing

in, as they were thrown or lurched against it. Their very language made us tremble. One man in particular seemed to be badly abused; he shouted that they were robbing him of his money; and he groaned and cried for protection, all in vain. We spent a sleepless and most miserable night. At four in the morning I arose, and was glad to get away by the early coach. My friend also left in his own conveyance, and reached his home in safety. At that period, it was not only painful but dangerous for any decent traveller to stay at many of these wayside Inns, in the new and rough country. Every man lived and acted just as he pleased, doing that which was right in his own eyes; and Might was Right.

After this, I made a Mission tour, in a somewhat mixed and original fashion, right across the Colony of Victoria, from Albury in New South Wales to Mount Gambier in South Australia. I conducted Mission Services almost every day, and three or more every Sabbath, besides visiting all Sunday Schools that could be touched on the way. When I reached a gold-digging or township, where I had been unable to get any one to announce a meeting, the first thing I did on arriving was to secure some Church or Hall, and, failing that, to fix on some suitable spot in the open air. Then, I was always able to hire some one to go round with the bell, and announce the meeting. Few will believe how large were the audiences in this way gathered together, and how very substantial

was the help that thereby came to the Mission fund. Besides, I know that much good was done to many of those addressed; for I have always, to this hour, combined the Evangelist's appeal with the Missionary's story, in all public addresses, whether on Sabbath or other days. I tried to bring every soul to feel personal duty and responsibility to the Lord Jesus, for I knew that then they would rightly understand the claims of the Heathen.

Wheresoever railway, steamboat, and coach were available, I always used them; but failing these, I hired, or was obliged to friends of Missions for driving me from place to place. On this tour, having reached a certain place, from which my way lay for many miles across the country where there was no public conveyance, I walked to the nearest squatter's Station and frankly informed the owner how I was situated; that I could not hire, and that I would like to stay at his house all night, if he would kindly send me on in the morning by any sort of trap to the next Station on my list. He happened to be a good Christian and a Presbyterian, and gave me a right cordial welcome. A meeting of his servants was called, which I had the pleasure of addressing. Next morning, he gave me £20, and sent me forward with his own conveyance, telling me to retain it all day, if necessary.

On reaching the next squatter's Station, I found the master also at home, and said,—

"I am a Missionary from the South Sea Islands. I

am crossing Victoria to plead the cause of the Mission. I would like to rest here for an hour or two. Could you kindly send me on to the next Station by your conveyance? If not, I am to keep the last squatter's buggy, until I reach it."

Looking with a queer smile at me, he replied,—"You propose a rather novel condition on which to rest at my house! My horses are so employed to-day, I fear that I may have difficulty in sending you on. But come in; both you and your horses need rest; and my wife will be glad to see you."

I immediately discovered that the good lady came from Glasgow, from a street in which I had lodged when a student at the Free Normal College. I even knew some of her friends. All the places of her youthful associations were equally familiar to me. We launched out into deeply interesting conversation, which finally led up, of course, to the story of our Mission.

The gentleman, by this time, had so far been won, that he slipped out and sent my conveyance and horses back to their owner, and ordered his own to be ready to take me to the next Station, or, if need be, to the next again. At parting, the lady said to her husband,—

"The Missionary has asked no money, though he sees we have been deeply interested; yet clearly that is the object of his tour. He is the first Missionary from the Heathen that ever visited us here; and you must contribute something to his Mission fund."

I thanked her, explaining, "I never ask money directly from any person for the Lord's work. My part is done when I have told my story and shown the needs of the Heathen and the claims of Christ; but I gratefully receive all that the Lord moves His people to give for the Mission."

Her husband replied, rather sharply, "You know I don't keep money here."

To which she retorted with ready tact and with a resistless smile, "But you keep a cheque book; and your cheque is as good as gold! This is the first donation we ever gave to such a cause, and let it be a good one."

He made it indeed handsome, and I went on my way, thanking them very sincerely, and thanking God.

At the next Station, the owner turned out to be a gruff Irishman, forbidding and insolent. Stating my case to him as to the others, he shouted at me, "Go on! I don't want to be troubled with the loikes o' you here."

I answered, "I am sorry if my coming troubles you; but I wish you every blessing in Christ Jesus. Good-bye!"

As we drove off, he shouted curses after us. On leaving his door, I heard a lady calling to him from the window: "Don't let that Missionary go away! Make haste and call him back. I want the children to see the idols and the South Sea curios."

At first he drowned her appeal in his own shout-

ings. But she must have persisted effectually; for shortly we heard him "coo-ee-ing," and stopped. When he came up to us, he explained: "That lady in my house heard you speaking in Melbourne. The ladies and children are very anxious to see your idols, dresses, and weapons. Will you please come back?"

We did so. I spent fifteen minutes or so, giving them information about the Natives and our Mission. As I left, our boisterous friend handed me a cheque for £5, and wished me great success!

The next Station at which we arrived was one of the largest of all. It happened to be a sort of pay day, and men were assembled from all parts of the run, and were to remain there over night. The squatter and his family were from home; but Mr. Todd, the overseer, being a good Christian and a Scotchman, was glad to receive us, arranged to hold a meeting that evening in the men's hut, and promised to set me forward on my journey next day. The meeting was very enthusiastic; and they subscribed £20 to the Mission—every man being determined to have so many shares in the new Mission Ship. With earnest personal dealing, I urged the claims of the Lord Jesus upon all who were present, seeking the salvation of every hearer. I ever found even the rough digger, and the lowest of the hands about far-away Stations, most attentive and perfectly respectful.

To the honour of Australia I must here record,

that anything like uncivil treatment was a rare exception in all my travels. Sometimes, indeed, I have suspected that people were acting as if to say, Let us treat him kindly, do as little for his cause as we can, and get rid of him as quickly as possible! But, as a rule, almost without an exception, I have met with remarkable kindness, hospitality, and help from all the Ministers and people of Australia. Scarcely ever, at any place visited, was I without one or more invitations to be guest of some of the Lord's people; and I was there treated as a dear friend of the family, rather than a passing stranger. Colonials, indeed, are proverbial for the open door and the generous hand to pilgrims by the way. May the Divine Master grant them evermore of His own Spirit, with His ever-enriching blessings on their Souls and in their homes!

Disappointments and successes were strangely intermingled. Once I travelled a very long way to conduct a meeting at a certain township. I had written pleading with the Minister to make due intimation; but he had informed no person of my intended visit, neither had he written to me, which he could easily have done. When I arrived, he met me on horseback, said, "I have arranged no meeting here," and instantly rode away. Only two coaches weekly passed that way, so I had to remain there at a Public House for the next three days. Drinking and noise, of course, abounded; but they kindly gave me a small back room, as far away as possible, and looking

out into a quiet garden. It was to cost me thirteen shillings and sixpence per day; and there I sat patiently and somewhat sadly working up my heavy correspondence. The district was rich, and I knew that there were pious as well as wealthy people there, who could have been interested in our Mission and would have helped me,—hence my keen disappointment.

On the afternoon of the second day, I saw a beautiful garden from my bedroom window, wherein a considerable party of ladies, gentlemen, and handsomely dressed children were disporting in happy amusements. Thinking that they were growing tired, and might not object to a little variety, I summoned courage to walk up and ask for the gentleman of the house. I told him that I was a Missionary from the South Sea Islands and had come here to address a meeting, and how I had been disappointed; that I was staying at the Public House till the next Mail passed inland, and that I had there some Heathen idols, clubs, dresses, and "curios," which perhaps the ladies and children would like to see, and to hear a little about the Lord's work on the Islands. I explained also that I asked no money and received no reward, but only wished an opportunity of interesting them in this work of God. He consulted the company. They were eager to see what I had got, and to hear what I had to say.

On returning with my bundle of "curios," I found

them all arranged under the verandah, and a chair placed in front for me and my articles of mystery. They eagerly examined everything, and listened to my description of its uses. I gave them a short account of the Islanders and of our efforts to carry to them the Gospel of Jesus. I pressed on them the blessings and the advantages of the great Redemption, and the peace and joy of living for and walking daily with God here, in the assured hope of eternal glory with Him hereafter; and I urged one and all to love and serve the Lord Jesus. Having stated how I came to be there, and how I had been disappointed, knowing that many would have sympathized with and helped my Mission if only I could have addressed them, I intimated that I would not ask any contributions, but I would leave a few of the Collecting Cards for the new Mission Ship; and if, after what they had heard, they chose to do anything, all money was to be sent to the Treasurer at Melbourne.

Some offered me donations, but I declined, saying, "I am a stranger to you all. The Minister has cast suspicion on me by refusing to intimate any meeting. In the circumstances, I can in this case receive nothing. But I will rejoice if you all do whatever you can for the precious work of our Lord Jesus among the Heathen, and send it on to Melbourne, whence every penny will be acknowledged in due time."

Many took cards and became eager collectors for

the Mission; and I knew, ere I returned to the Public House that day, that the Lord's finger was here also, and that the trial of disappointment through the Minister was being already over-ruled for good.

This was even more remarkably manifested on the evening of that same day, and within the said Public House itself. A very large number of men were assembled there, some at tea, and others drinking noisily, on their return from a great cattle market and show. I tried to get into conversation with some of the quieter spirits, and produced and explained to them the idols, clubs, and dresses, till nearly all crowded eagerly around me. Then I told them the story of our Mission, in process of which I managed to urge the Gospel message on their own hearts also; and invited them to ask questions at the close. The rough fellows became wonderfully interested. Several took Collecting Cards for the *Dayspring* fund. And the publican and his wife were thereafter very kind, declining to take anything from me either for bed or meals—another gleam out of the darkness!

It is my conviction that in these ways the Lord helped me to gain as much, if not, more for the Mission than all that was lost through lack of a meeting; and it is certain that I thus had opportunity of speaking of sin and salvation, and of setting forth the claims of Jesus before many souls that never could have been reached through any ordinary

Congregation. Again I learned to praise the Lord in all circumstances—"Bless the Lord *at all times*, O my soul."

A lively and memorable extemporized meeting on this tour is associated in memory with one of my dearest friends. The district was very remote. He, the squatter, and his beloved wife were sterling Christians, and have been ever since warmly devoted to me. On my arrival, he invited the people from all the surrounding Stations, as well as his own numerous servants, to hear the story of our Mission. Next day he volunteered to drive me a long distance over the plains of St. Arnaud, his dear wife accompanying us. At that time there were few fences in such districts in Australia. The drive was long, but the day had been lovely, and the fellowship was so sweet that it still shines a sunny spot in the fields of memory.

Having reached our destination about seven o'clock, he ordered tea at the Inn for the whole party; and we sallied out meantime and took the only Hall in the place, for an extemporized meeting to be held that evening at eight o'clock. I then hired a man to go through the township with a bell, announcing the same; while I myself went up one side of the main street, and my friend up the other, inviting all who would listen to us to attend the Mission meeting, where South Sea Island idols, weapons, and dresses would be exhibited, and stories of the Natives told.

Running back for a hurried cup of tea, I then hasted to the Hall, and found it crowded to excess with rough and boisterous diggers. The hour struck as I was getting my articles arranged and spread out upon the table, and they began shouting, "Where's the Missionary?" "Another hoax!"—indicating that they were not unwilling for a row. I learned that, only a few nights ago, a so-called Professor had advertised a lecture, lifted entrance money till the Hall was crowded, and then quietly slipped off the scene. In our case, though there was no charge, they seemed disposed to gratify themselves by some sort of promiscuous revenge.

Amidst the noisy chaff and rising uproar, I stepped up on the table, and said, "Gentlemen, I am the Missionary. If you will now be silent, the lecture will proceed. According to my usual custom, let us open the meeting with prayer."

The hush that fell was such a contrast to the preceding hubbub, that I heard my heart throbbing aloud! Then they listened to me for an hour, in perfect silence and with ever-increasing interest. At the close I intimated that I asked no collection; but if, after what they had heard, they would take a Collecting Card for the new Mission Ship, and send any contributions to the Treasurer at Melbourne, I would praise God for sending me amongst them. Many were heartily taken, and doubtless some souls felt the "constraining love," who had till then been living without God. Next morning, I mounted the

Mail Coach, and started on a three days' run, while my dear friend returned safely to his home.

It was really very seldom, however, that I found myself thus driven to extemporize my meetings. Some Christian friend, if not the Minister of the place, arranged all, and advertised my coming. And the Lord greatly helped me in carrying on the burdensome correspondence thereanent, and keeping it always three weeks ahead.

I travelled thus over the length and breadth of New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia, telling the story of our Mission, and delivering the Lord's message, not only in great centres of population, but in almost every smaller township; and not only thereby Floating the *Dayspring*, but sowing, by God's help, seeds of far-reaching blessing, whose fruits will ripen through the years to come. Blessed be His holy Name!

And here let me recall what happened at Penola, a border town between Victoria and South Australia. In the flooded, swampy country and bad bush-track between it and Mount Gambier the roads were impassable, and the coach broke down. The Mail was sent forward on horseback. I had waited for nearly a week, in the hope of getting to the Mount for the Sabbath Services that had been arranged. At length I succeeded in engaging a man, with a pair of horses and a light spring cart, to drive me there for £4 10*s*. He declared the horses to be fresh, and able for the journey. We started about mid-day; but, ere many

miles had been covered, he began to whip them severely. The horses looked utterly exhausted, and the truth at once flashed on me. I was pleading with him not to flog them so, when, on reaching a higher piece of ground, he pulled up, and said,—

"I am ashamed to tell you that my horses are done! They had just come off a journey of forty miles when we started. I have told you a lie; but I hope you will forgive me. I was sorely in need of the hire, and I deceived you. There is no help for it now. We must camp out for the night on this dry ground. I do hope you won't catch cold. You shall sleep in the cart; I can rest under it. I will set fire to this large fallen tree to keep us warm. I have brought a loaf of bread, and a billy (=a bushman's can for boiling water). We can have some tea; and, rest assured, I shall land you there in time for the Sabbath Morning Service."

So saying, while I listened dumbfounded, he turned aside, unyoked the horses, "hobbled" them, and let them go upon the grass. He made the black tea which bushmen drink, and appeared to enjoy it. The conveyance was drawn near to that burning tree, and I got located into it, and was expected to rest. I sat there wide-awake during weary hours! Time passed at a dreadfully slow pace, and sleep refused to come near me. Kangaroos, wallabies, with other nameless wild creatures and screaming birds, kept loud festival all around; and mosquitoes tortured me, apparently in thousands. Towards midnight I saw

a light in the distant bush, and, awaking my companion, inquired if he could say what it might be. He had heard that a Wesleyan farmer from near Adelaide had come into that region to take up a sheep and cattle Station there, as in that swampy country the grass was excellent. It might be their light, or it might be that of some benighted party camping out like ourselves. He assured me that he could find our way to that light, and back again to our burning tree, and, partly to pass the time, I resolved to try.

We found the Wesleyan farmer there, living in a large bush-shed, surrounded by a still larger enclosure wherein horses, cattle, and sheep were kept for the night all together upon the dry ground, awaiting the erection of houses and fencing, with which they were busily engaged. Unseemly as was our hour of call, the dogs had loudly announced our approach, and we got a cordial greeting, being immediately surrounded by all the family. They eagerly listened to everything about the Mission. We had worship together. They gave us a hearty tea, besides a loaf of bread and a jug of milk for our breakfast next morning—the jug to be left by us beside the burning tree, whither they could send for it after we departed. Their regrets were genuine and profuse that their circumstances prevented them from offering us a bed, but we exceedingly enjoyed our intercourse with them, and felt them to be dear Christian friends. How delightful and responsive is the communion of those who love the Lord Jesus, wherever they meet;

and oh, what will it be in Glory, when, made like unto the Saviour, we shall "see Him as He is!" At daybreak we were off again on our weary journey, and reached the destination safely and in good time. A hearty welcome awaited us from dear Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, who had long since despaired of my appearing. All the Services were largely attended, and the Lord led the people to take a deep interest in our Mission, many generous and devoted friends to it arising there, where the Minister and his wife struck the right key-note, and were so highly and justly esteemed.

Returning to Penola, we found that the Mail coach would not try to run for some time. I had to reconcile myself to wait there for several days. Every day I beheld a man staggering about at all hours under the influence of drink. I learned that he had been a wealthy and open-handed squatter, had lost everything, had recently laid his wife in the grave, and now, followed about by his three little girls, was trying to drown his sorrows in whisky. Overcome with irresistible pity, I followed him day after day, and again and again remonstrated with him on the madness of his conduct, especially appealing to him for his children's sake. At last he turned upon me, with an earnest gaze, and said, "If you take the pledge with me, God helping me, I will keep it for life."

We entered the house together, signed a pledge, and solemnly invoked God in prayer to enable us to

keep it till death. For his sake, I renewed the vow of my youthful days; and he, by my sympathy, took this vow for the first time, and, by God's help, he kept it. He left Penola next day, shaking off old associates, and started a humble business where he had once owned much of the land. He became a Christian out and out, and has been an Elder of the Church for many years. I have often been laughed at by whisky drinkers, and also by so-called "temperance" men, for being a Total Abstainer; but even one case like that (and, thank God, there are many) is an eternal reward, and can sustain us to smile down all ridicule.

Dear reader, can you measure the effect of the example which you are setting? Are you to-day amongst the ranks of the moderate drinkers? Remember that from that class all drunkards have come; and ask yourself whether you would not act more nobly and unselfishly to abstain, for the interests of our common Humanity, for loyalty to our Lord Jesus Christ, and for the hope of leading a pure and unstained life yourself, as well as helping others to do so, whom Jesus died to save?

The crowning adventure of my tour came about in the following manner: I was advertised to conduct Services at Narracoort on Sabbath, and at a Station on the way on Saturday evening. But how to get from Penola was a terrible perplexity. On Saturday morning, however, a young lady offered me, out of gratitude for blessings received, the use of her riding

horse for the journey. "Garibaldi" was his name; and, though bred for a race-horse, I was assured that if I kept him firmly in hand, he would easily carry me over the two-and-twenty miles. He was to be left at the journey's end, and the lady herself would fetch him back. I shrank from the undertaking, knowing little of horses, and having vague recollections of being dreadfully punished for more than a week after my last and almost only ride. But every one in that country is quite at ease on the back of a horse. They saw no risk; and, as there appeared no other way of getting there to fulfil my engagements, I, for my part, began to think that God had unexpectedly provided the means, and that He would carry me safely through.

I accepted the lady's kind offer, and started on my pilgrimage. A friend showed me the road, and gave me ample directions. In the bush, I was to keep my eye on the notches in the trees, and follow them. He agreed kindly to bring my luggage to the Station, and leave it there for me by-and-bye. After I had walked very quietly for some distance, three gentlemen on horseback overtook me. We entered into conversation. They inquired how far I was going, and advised me to sit a little "freer" in the saddle, as it would be so much easier for me. They seemed greatly amused at my awkward riding! Dark clouds were now gathering ahead, and the atmosphere prophesied a severe storm; therefore they urged that I should ride a little faster, as they, for a considerable

distance, could guide me on the right way. I explained to them my plight through inexperience, said that I could only creep on slowly with safety, and bade them Good-bye. As the sky was getting darker every minute, they consented, wishing me a safe journey, and started off at a smart pace.

I struggled to hold in my horse; but seizing the bit with his teeth, laying back his ears, and stretching out his eager neck, he manifestly felt that his honour was at stake; and in less time than I take to write it, the three friends cleared a way for us, and he tore past them all at an appalling speed. They tried for a time to keep within reach of us, but that sound only put fire into his blood; and in an incredibly short time I heard them not; nor, from the moment that he bore me swinging past them, durst I turn my head by one inch to look for them again. In vain I tried to hold him in; he tore on, with what appeared to me the speed of the wind. Then the thunderstorm broke around us, with flash of lightning and flood of rain, and at every fresh peal my "Garibaldi" dashed more wildly onward.

To me, it was a vast surprise to discover that I could sit more easily on this wild flying thing, than when at a canter or a trot. At every turn I expected that he would dash himself and me against the great forest trees; but instinct rather than my hand guided him miraculously. Sometimes I had a glimpse of the road, but as for the "notches," I never saw one of them; we passed them with lightning speed.

Indeed, I durst not lift my eyes for one moment from watching the horse's head and the trees on our track. My high-crowned hat was now drenched, and battered out of shape; for whenever we came to a rather clear space, I seized the chance and gave it another knock down over my head. I was spattered and covered with mud and mire.

Crash, crash, went the thunder, and on, on, went "Garibaldi" through the gloom of the forest, emerging at length upon a clearer ground with a more visible pathway. Reaching the top of the slope, a large house stood out far in front of us to the left; and the horse had apparently determined to make straight for that, as if it were his home. He skirted along the hill, and took the track as his own familiar ground, all my effort to hold him in or guide him having no more effect than that of a child. By this time, I suspect, I really had lost all power. "Garibaldi" had been at that house, probably frequently before; he knew those stables; and my fate seemed to be instant death against door or wall.

Some members of the family, on the outlook for the Missionary, saw us come tearing along as if mad or drunk; and now all rushed to the verandah, expecting some dread catastrophe. A tall and stout young groom, amazed at our wild career, throwing wide open the gate, seized the bridle at great risk to himself, and ran full speed, yet holding back with all his might, and shouting at me to do the same. We succeeded,—"Garibaldi" having probably attained

his purpose,—in bringing him to a halt within a few paces of the door. Staring at me with open mouth, the man exclaimed, "I have saved your life. What madness to ride like that!" Thanking him, though I could scarcely by this time articulate a word, I told him that the horse had run away, and that I had lost all control.

Truly I was in a sorry plight, drenched, covered with mud, and my hat battered down over my eyes; little wonder they thought me drunk or mad! Finally, as if to confirm every suspicion, and amuse them all,—for master, mistress, governess, and children now looked on from the verandah,—when I was helped off the horse, I could not stand on my feet! My head still went rushing on in the race; I staggered, and down I tumbled into the mud, feeling chagrin and mortification; yet there I had to sit for some time before I recovered myself, so as either to rise or to speak a word. When I did get to my feet, I had to stand holding by the verandah for some time, my head still rushing on in the race. At length the master said, "Will you not come in?"

I knew that he was treating me for a drunken man; and the giddiness was so dreadful still, that my attempts at speech seemed more drunken than even my gait.

As soon as I could stand, I went into the house, and drew near to an excellent fire in my dripping clothes. The squatter sat opposite me in silence, reading the newspapers, and taking a look at me

now and again over his spectacles. By-and-bye he remarked, "Wouldn't it be worth while to change your clothes?"

Speech was now returning to me. I replied, "Yes, but my bag is coming on in the cart, and may not be here to-night."

He began to relent. He took me into a room, and laid out for me a suit of his own. I being then very slender, and he a big-framed farmer, my new dress, though greatly adding to my comfort, enhanced the singularity of my appearance.

Returning to him, washed and dressed, I inquired if he had arranged for a meeting? My tongue, I fear, was still unsteady, for the squatter looked at me rather reproachfully, and said, "Do you really consider yourself fit to appear before a meeting to-night?"

I assured him that he was quite wrong in his suspicions, that I was a life-long Abstainer, and that my nerves had been so unhinged by the terrible ride and the runaway horse. He smiled rather suggestively, and said we would see how I felt after tea.

We went to the table. All that had occurred was now consummated by my appearing in the lusty farmer's clothes; and the lady and other friends had infinite difficulty in keeping their amusement within decent bounds. I again took speech in hand, but I suspect my words had still the thickness of the tippler's utterance, for they seemed not to carry much conviction,—"Dear friends, I quite understand your

feelings; appearances are so strangely against me. But I am not drunken, as ye suppose. I have tasted no intoxicating drink, I am a life-long Total Abstainer!"

This fairly broke down their reserve. They laughed aloud, looking at each other and at me, as if to say, "Man, you're drunk at this very moment."

Before tea was over they appeared, however, to begin to entertain the idea that I *might* address the meeting; and so I was informed of the arrangements that had been made. At the meeting, my incredulous friends became very deeply interested. Manifestly their better thoughts were gaining the ascendancy. And they heaped thereafter every kindness upon me, as if to make amends for harder suspicions.

Next morning the master drove me about ten miles further on to the Church. A groom rode the race-horse, who took no scathe from his thundering gallop of the day before. It left deeper traces upon me. I got through the Services, however, and with good returns for the Mission. Twice since, on my Mission tours, I have found myself at that same memorable house; and on each occasion a large company of friends were being regaled by the good lady there with very comical descriptions of my first arrival at her door.

## CHAPTER II.

### *AMONG THE ABORIGINES.*

A Fire-Water Festival.—At Tea with the Aborigines.—"Black Fellow all Gone!"—The Poison-Gift and Civilization.—The "Scattering" of the Blacks.—The "Brute-in-human-shape" Theory.—The Testimony of Nora.—Nathaniel Pepper and their "Gods."—Smooth Stone Idols.—Rites and Ceremonies.—"Too much Devil-Devil."—The Quest for Idols.—Visit to Nora in the Camp.—Independent Testimonies.—Nora's own Letters.—The Aborigines in Settlements.

DETAINED for nearly a week at Balmoral by the break-down of the coach on these dreadful roads, I telegraphed to Hamilton for a conveyance; and the Superintendent of the Sunday School, dear Mr. Laidlaw, volunteered, in order to reduce expenses, to spend one day of his precious time coming for me, and another driving me down. While awaiting him, I came into painful and memorable contact with the Aborigines of Australia. The Publicans had organized a day of sports, horse-racing, and circus exhibitions. Immense crowds assembled, and, amongst the rest, tribe after tribe of the Aborigines from all the surrounding country. Despite the law prohibiting

the giving of strong drinks to these poor creatures, foolish and unprincipled dealers supplied them with the same, and the very blankets which the Government had given them, were freely exchanged for the fire-water which kindled them to madness.

Next day was Sabbath. The morning was hideous with the yells of the fighting Savages. They tore about on the Common in front of the Church, leading gentlemen having tried in vain to quiet them, and their wild voices without jarred upon the Morning Service. About two o'clock, I tried to get into conversation with them. I appealed to them whether they were not all tired and hungry? They replied that they had had no food all that day; they had fought since the morning! I said,—

"I love you black fellows. I go Missionary black fellows far away. I love you, want you rest, get food. Come all of you, rest, sit round me, and we will talk, till the *jins* (=women) get ready tea. They boil water, I take tea with you, and then you will be strong!"

By broken English and by many symbols, I won their ear. They produced tea and *damper, i.e.,* a rather forbidding-looking bread, without yeast, baked on the coals. Their wives hasted to boil water. I kept incessantly talking, to interest them, and told them how Jesus, God's dear Son, came and died to make them happy, and how He grieved to see them beating and fighting and killing each other.

When the tea was ready, we squatted on the green grass, their tins were filled, the "damper" was

broken into lumps, and I asked the blessing of God on the meal. To me it was unpleasant eating! Many of them looked strong and healthy; but not a few were weak and dying creatures. The strong, devouring all they could get, urged me to be done, and let them finish their fighting, eager for the fray. But having gained their confidence, I prayed with them, and thereafter said,—

"Now, before I leave, I will ask of you to do one thing for my sake, which you can all easily do."

With one voice they replied,—

"Yes, we all do whatever you say." I got their leaders to promise to me one by one. I then said,—

"Now you have got your tea, and I ask every man and boy among you to lie down in the bush and take a sleep, and your wives will sit by and watch over your safety!"

In glum silence, their war weapons still grasped in their hands, they stood looking intently at me, doubting whether I could be in earnest. I urged them,—

"You all promised to do what I asked. If you break your promise, these white men will laugh at me, and say that black fellows only lie and deceive. Let them see that you can be trusted. I wait here till I see you all asleep."

One said that his head was cut, and he must have revenge before he could lie down. Others filed past showing their wounds, and declaring that it was too bad to request them to go to sleep. I praised them

as far as I could, but urged them for once to be men and to keep their word. Finally they all agreed to lie down, I waiting till the last man had disappeared; and, being doubly exhausted with the debauch and the fighting, they were soon all fast asleep. I prayed that the blessed Sleep might lull their savage passions.

Before daylight next morning, the Minister and I were hastening to the scene to prevent further fighting; but as the sun was rising we saw the last tribe of the distant Natives disappearing over the brow of a hill. A small party belonging to the district alone remained. They shouted to us, "Black fellow all gone! No more fight. You too much like black fellow!"

For three days afterwards I had still to linger there; and if their dogs ran or barked at me, the women chased them with sticks and stones, and protected me. One little touch of kindness and sympathy had unlocked their darkened hearts.

The Aborigines of Australia have been regarded as perhaps the most degraded portion of the human race, at least in the Southern Hemisphere. Like the Papuans of our Islands, they rank betwixt Malay and Negro in colour and appearance. Their hair, coarse, black, curly, but not woolly; eyes, dark and yellowish, with very heavy eyebrows; nose flat, with hole bored through septum, in which ornament is hung; small chin, thick lips, large mouth, and lustrous teeth; high cheek bones, with sunken eyes

and well-developed brow. Like all Savages in their natural state, they were nearly nude, filthy, and wretched; especially in winter, when covered with kangaroo and opossum skins, which they hung around themselves loosely by day, and under which they slept at night. They sometimes daubed their bodies all over with paint, mud, charcoal, or ashes. Their women are generally of a slender build. All these features and notes are true of many of our South Sea Islanders too; but they, again, are decidedly of a higher type. On many of the Islands, faces, though dark, are as pleasant and as well formed as amongst Europeans. Besides, the Islanders are not nomadic; they live in settled villages, and cultivate the land for their support.

Having read very strong statements for and against the Aborigines, in my many journeys twenty-four years ago I resolved to embrace every opportunity of learning their customs and beliefs directly from themselves. I have also seen their disgusting "Corrobbarees," and know by facts how demoralizing these Heathen dances are. I know also what strong drink has done amongst them.

Who wonders that the dark races melt away before the *whites?* The pioneers of civilization *will* carry with them this demon of strong drink, the fruitful parent of every other vice. The black people drink, and become unmanageable; and through the white man's own poison-gift an excuse is found for sweeping the poor creatures off the face

of the earth. Marsden's writings show how our Australian blacks are destroyed. But I have myself been on the track of such butcheries again and again. A Victorian lady told me the following incident. She heard a child's pitiful cry in the bush. On tracing it, she found a little girl weeping over her younger brother. She said,—

"The white men poisoned our father and mother. They threaten to shoot me, so that I dare not go near them. I am here, weeping over my brother till we die!"

The compassionate lady promised to be a mother to the little sufferers, and to protect them. They instantly clung to her, and have proved themselves to be loving and dutiful ever since.

In Queensland itself, the Native Police, armed and mounted—accompanied by only *one* white officer, that no tales might be told—were reported to be regularly sent out to "scatter" the blacks! That meant, in many a case, wholesale murder. But in 1887, the humane Sir Samuel Griffiths, premier, had these blood-stained forces disbanded for ever. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, 21st March, 1883, contains stronger things than were ever penned or uttered by me as to the wholesale destruction of the Aborigines. The watchword of the white settlers, practically if not theoretically, has been, "Clear them out of the way, and give us the soil!"

Though amongst the lower types of the human race, the Aborigines have made excellent stock

riders, bullock drivers, fencers, and servants in every department. And they have proved honest and faithful, especially when kindly treated. Australians are sometimes bitter against them, for a reason that ought rather to awaken sympathy. They take Aboriginal boys or girls into their service, they train them just till they are beginning to be useful, and lo! they go back to their own people. But in almost every case of that kind, the reason is perfectly clear. They are only taught so far as to make them useful tools. Their minds were not instructed, nor their hearts enlightened in the fear of God and the love of Jesus. They were not on an equality in any way either with children or with servants. They grew up without equals and without associates. They saw their parents and tribesmen treated with contempt and abuse. They instinctively felt that the moment they were unable to serve the self-interest of their employers, they themselves would be thrust out. They had not the spirit of the slave, though kept in the rank of a slave; and they yearned for satisfaction of these instincts, which the supply of their mere animal necessities could not assuage. Among the whites, they felt degraded and outcast; amongst their own people, they had the honour and esteem that were within reach of their kindred, and they might weave around their poor lot the mysterious and ever-blessed ties of family and home. And here and there, doubtless, flashed in the heart of some Native boy a gleam of that patriotism that

led Moses to escape from Pharaoh's court, and refuse to be identified with the despisers and oppressors of his own enslaved race,—divine in the Aboriginal as in the Hebrew, though each might give a very different account of its origin!

A book once fell into my hands, entitled,—"Sermons on Public Subjects," by Charles Kingsley. I knew him to be a man greatly gifted and greatly beloved; and hence my positive distress on reading from the eighth sermon, page 234, "On the Fall," the following awful words:—*"The Black people of Australia, exactly the same race as the African Negro, cannot take in the Gospel. . . . All attempts to bring them to a knowledge of the true God have as yet failed utterly. . . . Poor brutes in human shape . . . they must perish off the face of the earth like brute beasts."

I will not blame this great preacher for boldly uttering and publishing what multitudes of others show by their conduct that they believe, but dare not say so. Nor need any one blame me, if, knowing facts and details which Kingsley could never know,

* See the whole context in "Sermons on National Subjects." (*Macmillan & Co.*, 1880) pp. 414 to 417, where it is numbered as Sermon XLI.; particularly this regulative declaration regarding "what Original Sin may bring man to":—"What is to my mind the most awful part of the matter remains to be told—that man may actually fall by Original Sin too low to receive the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to be recovered again by it."—(*Editor*).

I turn aside for a few moments, and let the light of practical knowledge stream in on this and all similar teaching, come from whatsoever quarter it may.

While I was pondering over Kingsley's words, the story of Nora, an Aboriginal Christian woman, whom, as hereafter related, I myself actually visited and corresponded with, was brought under my notice, as if to shatter to pieces everything that the famous preacher had proclaimed. A dear friend told me how he had seen Nora encamped with the blacks near Hexham in Victoria. Her husband had lost, through drink, their once comfortable home at a Station where he was employed. The change back to life in camp had broken her health, and she lay sick on the ground within a miserable hut. The visitors found her reading a Bible, and explaining to a number of her own poor people the wonders of redeeming love. My friend, Roderick Urquhart, Esq., overcome by the sight, said,—

"Nora, I am grieved to see you here, and deprived of every comfort in your sickness."

She answered, not without tears, "The change has indeed made me unwell; but I am beginning to think that this too is for the best; it has at last brought my poor husband to his senses, and I will grudge nothing if God thereby brings him to the Saviour's feet!"

She further explained, that she had found wonderful joy in telling her own people about the true God

and his Son Jesus, and was quite assured that the Lord in His own way would send her relief. The visitors who accompanied Mr. Urquhart showed themselves to be greatly affected by the true and pure Christian spirit of this poor Aboriginal, and on parting she said,—

"Do not think that I like this miserable hut, or the food, or the company; but I am and have been happy in trying to do good amongst my people."

For my part, let that dear Christlike soul look out on me from her Aboriginal hut, and I will trample under foot all teachings or theorizings that dare to say that she or her kind are but poor brutes; —they who say so blaspheme Human Nature. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Recall, ere you read further, what the Gospel has done for the near kindred of these same Aboriginals. On our own Aneityum 3,500 Cannibals have been led to renounce their heathenism, and are leading a civilized and a Christian life. In Fiji, 70,000 Cannibals have been brought under the influence of the Gospel; and 13,000 members of the Churches there are professing to live and work for Jesus. In Samoa, 34,000 Cannibals have professed Christianity; and, in nineteen years, its College has sent forth 206 Native teachers and evangelists. On our New Hebrides, more than 12,000 Cannibals have been brought to sit at the feet of Christ, not to say that

they are all model Christians; and 133 of the Natives have been trained and sent forth as teachers and preachers of the Gospel. Had Christ been brought in the same way into the heart and life of the Aborigines by the Christians of Australia and of Britain—equally blessed results would as surely have followed, for He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

It is easy to understand, moreover, how even experienced travellers may be deluded to believe that the Aborigines have no idols and no religion. One must have lived amongst them or their kindred ere he can authoritatively decide these questions. Before I left Melbourne, for instance, I had met Nathaniel Pepper, a converted Aboriginal from Wimmera. I asked him if his people had any "Doctors," *i.e.*, sacred men or priests. He said they had. I inquired if they had any objects of Worship, or any belief in God? He said, "No! None whatever."

But on taking from my pocket some four small stone idols, his expression showed at once that he recognised them as objects of Worship. He had seen the sacred men use them; but he refused to answer any more questions. I resolved now, if possible, to secure some of their idols, and set this whole problem once for all at rest.

At Newstead, on another occasion, I persuaded a whole camp of the Aborigines to come to my meeting. After the address, they waited to examine the idols and stone gods which I had shown. Some of

the young men admitted that their "doctors" had things like these, which they and the old people prayed to; but they added jauntily,—

"We young fellows don't worship; we know too much for that!"

No "doctors" were, however, in that camp; so I could not meet with them; but I already felt that the testimony of nearly all white people that the blacks had "no idols and no worship," was quickly crumbling away. Besides, my ever-dear friend, Andrew Scott, Esq., had informed me that when he first went out among the blacks,—almost alone, and one of the first white men they had ever seen,—he saw them handling, and going through ceremonials with just such "smooth stones" as I had brought from the Islands, without for a moment dreaming that they were idols. Yet such is the actual fact; very much as it was in the ancient days when Isaiah (ch. lvii. 6) denounced thus the "sons of the sorceress," who were "inflaming themselves with idols." "Among the smooth stones of the stream (or valley) is thy portion; they, they are thy lot; even to them hast thou poured a drink offering, hast thou offered a meat offering (or oblation)."

Yet again, R. Urquhart, Esq., Tangery, informed me that he also had seen the Aborigines engaged in religious observances. First of all, a vast multitude of men and women joined in a great Corrobbarree, or Heathen festival and dance. Thereafter each marched individually towards the centre of

a huge ring, and after certain ceremonies, bowed as if in worship towards two manlike figures cut in the ground. Our life amongst the heathen had taught us that Worship was there.

The rite of circumcision was practised also amongst the blacks of Australia as well as amongst our New Hebrideans. Boys, on attaining what was looked upon as early manhood, were thus initiated into their privileges as men; and the occasion was accompanied with feasting, dancing, and what they regarded as religious ceremonies.

Some tribes in Australia, as on our Islands also, indicate the rank or class to which a man belongs by the barbarous custom of knocking out the two front teeth! This is done on reaching a certain age; with feasts and dancings held at midnight, and during full moon, in connection with sacred spots, which no one but a priest will be found daring enough to approach.

Hence there is no doubt in my mind as to the character and meaning of such "mysterious figures" as those so much discussed, carved on the flat rocks at Middle Harbour, or on the South Reef promontory at Cape Cove. They are found also at Point Piper, at Mossmans, at Lane Cove, and at many other places throughout Australia, representing the human figure in almost every attitude, the kangaroo, the flying squirrel, the shark, the whale, etc., etc.,—all of which I believe to be sacred objects, and these rocks and cliffs to be sacred places. Some of the

fish carved there are twenty-seven feet long. The Aborigines would give no explanation of their origin, except that they were "made by black fellows long, long ago;" and that the blacks would not live near them, for "too much devil-devil walk about there." The Balmoral blacks informed me that their sacred men carried about such objects as I showed them, and "that they were devil-devil,"—which is their only word for God or Spirit, when they talk to you in broken English.

The 18th of February, 1863, was a day worthy of being chronicled and remembered. I visited the Wonwonda Station in the Wimmera district of Victoria, and there beheld a great camp of the Aborigines on the plain near by. Securing the company of the following witnesses, I proceeded to the camp, and found that part of them had already seen me at Balmoral. Two of them spoke English fairly well. I managed to break through their reticence, and in course of time they told us freely about the customs and traditions of their people. They took us to their "doctor," or Sacred Man, who was lying sick in his hut. Half concealed among the skins and clothes behind him, I observed several curious bags, which I knew at once would probably contain the little idols of which I was in quest. I urged the witnesses to take special notice of everything that occurred, and draw up and sign a statement for my future use. The following is their attested report:—

"Mr. Paton, having carefully explained to the

blacks that he would like to see some of the sacred objects which they said made the people sick and well, assured them that his aim was not to mock at them, but to prove to white people that the blacks had objects of worship and were not like pigs and dogs. He offered them a number of small pieces of silver to get bread and tea for the "doctor," if they would open these little bags and let us see what was in them. After a good deal of talk amongst themselves, he took some of the Island stone-gods from his pocket, saying, 'I know that these bags have such things in them.' An Aboriginal woman exclaimed, 'You can't hide them from that fellow! He knows all about us.' Mr. Rutherford offered to kill a sheep, and give them sugar and tea to feast on, if they would open the little bags, but they refused. After consulting the Sacred Man, however, he took the silver pieces and allowed them to be opened before us. They were full of exactly such stones and other things as Mr. Paton had brought from the Islands, to prove to white people in Melbourne that they were not like dogs, but had gods; he offered the Sacred Man more money for four of the objects he had seen. After much talk among themselves, he took the money; and in our presence Mr. Paton selected a stone idol, a piece of painted wood of conical shape, a piece of bone of human leg with seven rings carved round it, which they said had the power of restoring sick people to health, and another piece of painted wood which made people sick; but they made him solemnly

promise that he would tell no other black fellows where he got them. They were much interested in Mr. Paton's conversation, and said, 'No Missionary teach black fellow.' They then showed us square rugs, thread and grass bags, etc:, all neatly made by themselves, as proofs that if they were taught they and their wives could learn to do things and to work just like white people ; but they said, 'White man no care for black fellow.' All this, we, whose names follow, were eye-witnesses of:—G. Rutherford, (Mrs.) A. Sutherland, (Mrs.) Martha Rutherford, Jemima Rutherford, Ben. B. Bentock, tutor of the Rutherford family."

On returning to Horsham, I informed my dear friends, Rev. P. Simpson and his excellent lady, of my exploits and possessions. He replied,—

"There is a black 'doctor' gone round our house just now to see one of his people who is washing here to-day. Let us go and test them, whether they know these objects."

Carrying them in his hand we went to them. The woman instantly on perceiving them dropped what she was washing, and turned away in instinctive terror. Mr. Simpson asked,—

"Have you ever before seen stones like these?"

The wily "doctor" replied, "Plenty on the plains, where I kick them out of my way."

Taking others out of my pocket, I said, "These make people sick and well, don't they?"

His rage overcame his duplicity, and he exclaimed,

"What black fellow give you these? If I know him I do for him!"

The woman, looking the picture of terror, and pointing to one of the objects, cried,—

"That fellow no good! he kill men. No good, no good! Me too much afraid."

Then, looking to me, she said, pointing with her finger, "That fellow savy (knows) too much! No white man see them. He no good."

There was more in this scene and in all its surroundings, than in many arguments; and Mr. Simpson thoroughly believed that these were objects of idolatrous worship.

On a later occasion I showed these four objects to Aborigines, with whom I got into intercourse far off in New South Wales. They at once recognised them, and showed the same superstitious dread. They told me the peculiar characteristics and the special powers ascribed to each idol or charm. This I confirmed by the testimony of five different tribes living at great distances from each other; and it is morally certain that amongst all the blacks of Australia such objects are so worshipped and feared in the place of God.

And now let me relate the story of my visit to Nora, the converted Aboriginal referred to above. Accompanied by Robert Hood, Esq, J.P., Victoria, I found my way to the encampment near Hexham. She did not know of our coming, nor see us till we stood at the door of her hut. She was clean and

tidily dressed, as were also her dear little children, and appeared glad to see us. She had just been reading the *Presbyterian Messenger*, and the Bible was lying at her elbow. I said,—

"Do you read the *Messenger?*"

She replied, "Yes; I like to know what is going on in the Church."

We found her to be a sensible and humble Christian woman, conversing intelligently about religion and serving God devotedly. Next Sabbath she brought her husband, her children, and six blacks to Church, all decently dressed, and they all listened most attentively.

At our first meeting I said, "Nora, they tell me you are a Christian. I want to ask you a few questions about the blacks; and I hope that as a Christian you will speak the truth." Rather hurt at my language, she raised her right hand, and replied, "I am a Christian. I fear and serve the true God. I always speak the truth."

Taking from my pocket the stone idols from the Islands, I inquired if her people had or worshipped things like these. She replied, "The 'doctors' have them."

"Have you a 'doctor' in your camp?" I asked. She said, "Yes, my uncle is the Sacred Man; but he is now far away from this."

"Has he the idols with him now?" I inquired.

She answered, "No; they are left in my care."

I then said: "Could you let us see them?"

She consulted certain representatives of the tribe

who were at hand. They rose, and removed to a distance. They had consented. Mr. Hood assured me that no fault would be found with her, as she was the real, or at least virtual head of the tribe. Out of a larger bag she then drew two smaller bags and opened them. They were filled with the very objects which I had brought from the Islands. I asked her to consult the men of her tribe whether they would agree to sell four or five of them to me, that I might by them convince the white people that they had gods of their own, and are, therefore, above the brutes of the field; the money to be given to their Sacred Man on his return. This, also, after a time was agreed to. I selected three of the objects, and paid the stipulated price. And the undernoted independent witness attests the transaction:—

"I this day visited an encampment of the Hopkins blacks, in company with Rev. Mr. Paton, Missionary, and was witness to the following. Mr. Paton being under the impression that many of the superstitions and usages, common to the South Sea Islanders were similar among the Aborigines of Australia, began by showing some idols, etc., of the former, and asking if they had seen any like them. This inquiry was made of a highly civilized woman, named Nora, who can read and write, and has great influence with her tribe. She answered: Oh yes, the 'doctors' have them.

"On Mr. Paton expressing great anxiety to see some of them, she, after consulting some time with the

other blacks, said she had some belonging to King John, her uncle, who was absent, and had left them in her care. After considerable reluctance shown on the part of the other blacks, who were off when they saw Mr. Paton knew all about them, a bag was produced, in which there were kangaroo tusks or bears' tusks, pieces of human bone, stones, charred wood, etc., etc. She described the virtues attributed to the different articles. If any evil was wanted to befall one of another tribe, the 'doctor,' after muttering, threw such a stone in the direction he was supposed to be, wishing he might fall sick, or might die, etc. The spirit from the idol entered into his body, and he was sure to fall sick or die. Another piece of charred wood, that the 'doctor' rubbed on the diseased part of any sick person, made the pain come out to the spirit in the wood, and the 'doctor' carried it away. All this time the other blacks were in evident dread of the things being seen and handled, repeating, 'No white man ever see these before!' Mr. Paton got three specimens from them, viz., an evil and a good spirit, and a piece of carved bone. Robert Hood, J.P., Hexham, Victoria, Merang, 28th February, 1863."

Mr. Hood asked Nora how he had never heard of or seen these things before, living so long amongst them, and blacks constantly coming and going about his house. She replied,—

"Long ago white men laughed at black fellows, praying to their idols. Black fellows said, white

men never see them again! Suppose this white man not know all about them, he would not now see them. No white men live now have seen what you have seen."

Thus it has been demonstrated on the spot, and in presence of the most reliable witnesses, that the Aborigines, before they saw the white invaders, were not "brutes" incapable of knowing God, but human beings, yearning after a God of some kind. Nor do I believe that any tribe of men will ever be found, who, when their language and customs are rightly interpreted, will not display their consciousness of the need of a God and that Divine capacity of holding fellowship with the Unseen Powers, of which the brutes are without one faintest trace.

The late Mr. Hamilton, of Mortlake, wrote me in 1863 as follows:—

"During a residence of twenty-six years in New South Wales and Victoria, from constant intercourse with Australian Aborigines I am convinced that they are capable of learning anything that white people in an equally neglected condition could learn. In two instances I met with females possessing a greater amount of religious knowledge than many of our white population. The one was able to prompt the children she was attending as a servant in the answers proper to give to the questions I put to them regarding the facts and doctrines of Christianity. This was in New South Wales. The other was Nora Hood, baptized and married to an Aboriginal. I conversed with her according to the usage of the

Presbyterian Church, and I believe her to be a sincere and intelligent Christian. I baptized her children without hesitation; while I felt it to be my duty in many cases to withhold the privilege from white parents, on account of their being unable to make a credible profession of their faith in Christ and obedience to Him. Under God, she owes her instruction and conversion to Mrs. MacKenzie. William Hamilton, Minister."

William Armstrong, Esq., of Hexham Park, wrote in 1863 :—

"The Aborigines of Australia certainly believe in spirits, and that their spirit leaves the body at death and goes to some other island, and they seem to have many superstitious ideas about the dead. . . . I believe they would have been as easily influenced by the Gospel as any other savages, if they had been taught; but intoxicating spirits, and the accompanying vices of white people have ruined them. William Armstrong."

But let Nora, one of the "poor brutes in human shape," who was "incapable of taking in the Gospel," and must "perish like brute beasts," now speak to the heart of every reader in her own words. In February, 1863, she wrote to me as follows :—

"Dear Sir,—I received your kind letter, and was glad to hear from you. I am always reading my Bible, for I believe in God the Father and in Christ Jesus our Lord, Amen. I often speak to the blacks about Jesus Christ; and some of them believe in

God and in Jesus. I always teach my children to pray to God our Father in Heaven. . . . Colin will try not to drink any more. He is always praying to God. Them blacks that come with me, I will tell about God and about their sins; but they are so very wicked, they won't listen to me teaching them. Sir, I shall always pray for you, that God may bless and guide you. O Sir, pray for me, my husband, and my children! Your obedient servant, Nora Hood."

In her second letter, she says:—"Your kind letter gave me great comfort. I thank God that I am able to read and write. Mrs. and Miss MacKenzie taught me; and through them I came to know Jesus Christ my Saviour. Our Lord says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' Sir, I will tell Joe and King John, and I have been always telling Katy and all the rest of them about Jesus Christ our Saviour. Please, Sir, I would like you to write to me, that I may show them your letters," etc., etc.

In a third letter, also dated 1863, she says:—"Dear Sir, Colin and I were glad to hear from you. I am telling the blacks always about God our Saviour and the salvation of their souls. They are so very wicked. They go from place to place, and don't stop long with me. I am always teaching my children to pray, and would like to send them to School if I could. . . . I hope you will go home

to England safely, get more Missionaries, and then go back to your poor blacks on the Islands. I will be glad to hear from you. May the Lord God bless you, wherever you go! Your affectionate, Nora Hood."

Poor, dear, Christian-hearted Nora! The Christ-spirit shines forth unmistakably through thee,—praying for and seeking to save husband and children, enduring trials and miseries by the aid of communion with thy Lord, weeping over the degradation of thy people and seeking to lift them up by telling them of the true God and of His love to Mankind through Jesus Christ. Would that all white Christians manifested forth as much of the Divine Master's Spirit!

Alas, in reading Marsden's "Life," and other authorities, one shrinks with a sickening feeling at the description of the butcheries of the poor blacks! Imagine 1830, when the inhabitants were called out to join the troops, and nearly three thousand armed men gloated in the work of destruction from the 4th of October till the 26th November. Read of one boasting that he had killed seven blacks with his own hand; another, that he had slain, and piled up in a heap, thirty men, women, and children; and a third, a *gentleman*, of whom Lieutenant Laidlaw tells, exhibiting as a trophy over his bookcase the skull of a poor black, pierced by the bullet with which he had shot him! And their sin, their crime? Oh, only seizing a sheep, in the frenzy of hunger, which fattened on the lands where once grew their food,

and from which the white man had pitilessly hunted them. Retribution comes, but sometimes slowly, and is not recognised when she appears; but Australia suffers to-day from the passions then let loose against the blacks. The demons have come home to roost.

During my last Mission tour, in 1888, through Victoria and part of New South Wales, I visited all Stations of the Aborigines that could be conveniently reached. There the few remnants of a once numerous race are now assembled together. They try hard to constrain themselves to live in houses. But the spirit of the wanderer is in them. They start forth, every now and again, for an occasional ramble over their old hunting grounds, and to taste the sweets of freedom. In Victoria, the Government now provide food and clothing for the Aborigines who will remain at the appointed Stations, so that in regard to temporals the survivors are not badly off. Their religious training and spiritual interests are left entirely to the Churches. The Government provides a Superintendent at each Station; and where he is a Christian man, and takes any interest in the religion and morals of the tribes, contentment reigns. At Ramayeuk, for instance, the Superintendent is Rev. F. A. Haganeur; and he and his excellent wife regularly instruct the blacks. Nothing can be more delightful than the results. The faces of the people were shining with happiness. Their rows of clean and neat cottages were a picture and an emblem. In their Church, a Native woman played the harmonium

and led the praise. I never had more attentive Congregations. On two occasions they handed me £5, collected at their own free will, for our Island Mission. Their School received from the Government examiners one of the highest percentages. Many at this Station have, after a consistent Christian life, died in the full hope of Glory together with Jesus.

At all the other Stations in Victoria the outward comforts of the Natives are attended to, but Superintendents ought to be appointed, in every case, to care for their souls as well as their bodies. For strong drink and other vices are rapidly sweeping the Aborigines away; and Australia has but short time to atone for the cruelties of the past, and to snatch a few more jewels from amongst them for the Crown of Jesus our Lord.

At my farewell meeting in Melbourne, Sir Henry Barkley presiding, I pleaded that the Colony should put forth greater efforts to give the Gospel to the Aborigines; I showed the idols which I had discovered amongst them; I read Nora's letters, and, I may, without presumption, say, the "brute-in-human-shape" theory has been pretty effectually buried ever since.

## CHAPTER III.

### *TO SCOTLAND AND BACK.*

Dr. Inglis on the Mission Crisis.—Casting Lots before the Lord.—Struck by Lightning.—A Peep at London.—A Heavenly Welcome.—The Moderator's Chair.—Reformed Presbyterian Church and Free Church.—Tour through Scotland.—A Frosted Foot.—The Children's Holy League.—Missionary Volunteers.—A God-provided Help-Mate.—Farewell to the Old Family Altar.—First Peep at the *Dayspring*.—The *Dayspring* in a Dead-Lock.—Tokens of Deliverance.—The *John Williams* and the *Dayspring*.—Australia's Special Call.

EACH of my Australian Committees strongly urged my return to Scotland, chiefly to secure, if possible, more Missionaries for the New Hebrides. Dr. Inglis, just arrived from Britain, where he had the Aneityumese New Testament carried through the press, zealously enforced this appeal. "Before I left home," he wrote back to the Church in Scotland, "I thought this would be inexpedient; but since I returned here, and have seen the sympathy, interest, and liberality displayed through the blessing of God on Mr. Paton's instrumentality, and the altered aspect of the Mission, I feel that a crisis has been reached

when a special effort must be made to procure more men, for which I had neither the time, nor had I the means to employ them, but which may now be appropriately done by Mr. Paton; and my prayer and hope are that he may be as successful in securing men at home as he has been in securing money in these Colonies."

Yet my path was far from clear, notwithstanding my Gideon's fleece referred to already. To lose time in going home to do work that others ought to do, while I still heard the wail of the perishing Heathen on the Islands, could scarcely be my duty. Amidst overwhelming perplexity, and finding no light from any human counsel, I took a step, to which only once before in all my chequered career I have felt constrained. Some will mock when they read it, but others will perhaps more profoundly say: 'To whomsoever this faith is given, let him obey it." After many prayers, and wrestlings, and tears, I went alone before the Lord, and, on my knees, cast lots with a solemn appeal to God, and the answer came, "Go home!" In my heart, I sincerely believe that on both these occasions the Lord condescended to decide for me the path of duty, otherwise unknown; and I believe it the more truly now, in view of the after-come of thirty years of service to Christ that flowed out of the steps then deliberately and devoutly taken. In this, and in many other matters, I am no law to others, though I obeyed my then highest light. Nor can I refrain from adding that, for

the very reasons indicated above, I regard so-called "lotteries" and "raffles" as a mockery of God, and little if at all short of blasphemy. "Ye cannot drink at the Lord's Table, and at the table of devils."

I sailed for London in the *Kosciusko*, an Aberdeen clipper, on 16th May, 1863. Captain Stewart made the voyage most enjoyable to all. The son of my old friend Bishop Selwyn and I conducted alternately a Presbyterian and an Anglican Service. We passed through a memorable thunder-burst in rounding the Cape. Our good ship was perilously struck by lightning. The men on deck were thrown violently down. The copper on the bulwarks was twisted and melted—a specimen of which the Captain gave me and I still retain. When the ball of fire struck the ship, those of us sitting on chairs, screwed to the floor around the Cabin table, felt as if she were plunging to the bottom. When she sprang aloft again, a military man and a medical officer were thrown heavily into the back passage between the Cabins, the screws that held their seats having snapped asunder. I, in grasping the table, got my leg severely bruised, being jammed betwixt the seat and the table, and had to be carried to my berth. All the men were attended to, and quickly recovered consciousness; and immediately the good Captain, an elder of the Church, came to me, and said,—

"Lead us in prayer, and let us thank the Lord for this most merciful deliverance; the ship is not on fire, and no one is seriously injured!"

Poor fellow! whether hastened on by this event I know not, but he struggled for three weeks thereafter in a fever, and it took our united care and love to pull him through. The Lord, however, restored him; and we cast anchor safely in the East India Docks, at London, on 26th August, 1863, having been three months and ten days at sea from port to port.

It was 5.30 p.m. when we cast anchor, and the gates closed at six o'clock. My little box was ready on deck. The Custom House officers kindly passed me, and I was immediately on my way to Euston Square. Never before had I been within the Great City, and doubtless I could have enjoyed its palaces and memorials. But the King's business, entrusted to me, "required haste," and I felt constrained to press forward, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. The streets through which I was driven seemed to be dirty and narrow; many of the people had a squalid and vicious look; and, fresh from Australia, my disappointment was keen as to the smoky and miserable appearance of what I saw. No doubt other visitors will behold only the grandeur and the wealth; they will see exactly what they come to see, and London will shine before them accordingly.

At nine o'clock, that evening, I left for Scotland by train. Next morning, about the same hour, I reported myself at the manse of the Rev. John Kay, Castle Douglas, the Convener of the Foreign Missions Committee of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, to

which I belonged. We arranged for a meeting of said Committee, at earliest practicable date, that my scheme and plans might at once be laid before them.

By the next train I was on my way to Dumfries, and thence by conveyance to my dear old home at Torthorwald. There I had a Heavenly Welcome from my saintly parents, yet not unmixed with many fast-falling tears. Five brief years only had elapsed, since I went forth from their Sanctuary, with my young bride; and now, alas! alas! that grave on Tanna held mother and son locked in each other's embrace till the Resurrection Day.

Not less glowing, but more terribly agonizing, was my reception, a few days thereafter, at Coldstream, when I first gazed on the bereaved father and mother of my beloved; who, though godly people, were conscious of a heart-break under that stroke, from which through their remaining years they never fully rallied. They murmured not against the Lord; but all the same, heart and flesh began to faint and fail, even as our Divine Example Himself fainted under the Cross, which yet He so uncomplainingly bore.

The Foreign Mission Committee of the Reformed Presbyterian Church met in Edinburgh, and welcomed me kindly, nay, warmly. A full report of all my doings for the past, and of all my plans and hopes, was laid before them. They at once agreed to my visiting and addressing every Sabbath School in the Church. They opened to me their Divinity Hall, that I might appeal to the Students. My Address

there was published and largely circulated, under the motto: "Come over and help us." It was used of God to deepen vastly the interest in our Mission.

The Committee generously and enthusiastically did everything in their power to help me. By their influence, the Church in 1864 conferred on me the undesired and undeserved honour, the highest which they could confer—the honour of being the Moderator of their Supreme Court. No one can understand how much I shrank from all this; but, in hope of the Lord's using it and me to promote His work amongst the Heathen, I accepted the Chair, though, I fear, only to occupy it most unworthily, for Tanna gave me little training for work like that!

The Church, as there represented, passed a Resolution, declaring:—

"It is with feelings of no ordinary pleasure that we behold present at this meeting one of our most devoted Missionaries. The result of Mr. Paton's appeals in Australia has been unprecedented in the history of this Mission. It appears in the shape of £4,500 added to the funds of the New Hebrides Mission, besides over £300 for Native Teachers, to be paid yearly in £5 contributions, and all expenses met. The Spirit of God must have been poured out upon the inhabitants of the Colonies, in leading them to make such a noble offering as this to the cause of Missions, and in making our Missionary the honoured instrument God employed in drawing forth the sympathy and liberality of the Colonists. Now, by the

good hand of God upon him, he holds the most honoured position of Moderator of the Church, etc., etc."

The Synod also placed on record its gratitude for what God had thus done ; and its cordial recognition of the many and fruitful services rendered by Ministers and Sabbath Schools, both in Scotland and Australia, in standing by me and helping on the *Floating of the Dayspring.*

I have ever regarded it as a privilege and honour that I was born and trained within the old covenanting Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland. As a separate Communion, that Church is small amongst the thousands of Israel ; but the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty for which her founders suffered and died are, at this moment, the heart and soul of all that is best and divinest in the Constitution of our British Empire. I am more proud that the blood of Martyrs is in my veins, and their truths in my heart, than other men can be of noble pedigree or royal names. And I was,—in that day of the Church's honour so distinguished for her Missionary zeal,—filled with a high passion of gratitude to be able to proclaim, at the close of my tour, and after the addition of new names to our staff, that of all her ordained Ministers, one in every six was a Missionary of the Cross.

Nor did the dear old Church thus cripple herself ; on the contrary, her zeal for Missions accompanied, if not caused, unwonted prosperity at home. New

waves of liberality passed over the heart of her people. Debts that had burdened many of the Churches and Manses were swept away. Additional Congregations were organized. And in May, 1876, the Reformed Presbyterian Church entered into an honourable and independent Union with her larger, wealthier, and more progressive sister, the Free Church of Scotland, —only a few of the brethren, doubtless with perfect loyalty to what they regarded as duty to Christ, still holding aloof and standing firmly in the old paths, as they appeared to them.

In the Deed of Union the incorporating Church took itself bound legally and formally to maintain the New Hebrides Mission staff, and also the *Day-spring*, committing herself never to withdraw, as it were, till these Islands were all occupied for Jesus. Now that the French have been constrained to abandon the scene, the field is open, and the Islands wail aloud for eight or ten Missionaries more than we at present have (1889); and then the Standard of the Cross might speedily be planted on every separate isle, and a true sense might at last come into the foolish name given to these regions by their Spanish discoverer, when he called the part at which he touched, thinking it the fabled Southern Continent, *the Land of the Holy Ghost.*

When the aforesaid Union took place, all the Missionaries of their own free accord cast in their lot with the incorporating Church; not only those directly supported by the old Reformed Presby-

terians themselves, but also the several Missionaries sent forth by them, though supported by one or other of the Australian Colonies. And, beyond question, one feature in the Free Church that drew them and bound them to her heart was her noble zeal for and sacrifices in connection with the work of Missions, both at home and abroad. For it is a fixed point in the faith of every Missionary, that the more any Church or Congregation interests itself in the Heathen, the more will it be blessed and prospered at Home.

"One of the surest signs of life," wrote the Victorian *Christian Review*, "is the effort of a Church to spread the Gospel beyond its own bounds, and especially to send the knowledge of Jesus amongst the Heathen. The Missions to the Aborigines, to the Chinese in this Colony, and to the New Hebrides, came to this Church from God. In a great crisis of the New Hebrides, they sent one of their number to Australia for help, and his appeal was largely owned by the Head of the Church. The Children, and especially the Sabbath Scholars of the Presbyterian Churches, became alive with Missionary enthusiasm. Large sums were raised for a Mission Ship. The Congregations were roused to see their duty to God and their fellow-men beyond these Colonies, and a new Missionary Spirit took possession of the whole Church. Their deputy from the Islands agreed to become the Missionary from this Church. Many circumstances indeed combined to show that it was the will of the Master, that this Church should join

the other Presbyterian Churches in taking possession of this field of usefulness; and already the results are very important both to the Church and to the Mission. The Missionaries feel much encouraged in receiving substantial support from the largest Presbyterian Church in the Australian Colonies; while the Presbyterian Church in Victoria is largely blessed in her own spirit through the Missionary zeal awakened in her midst. Thus, there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; bringing out anew the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

But, in all this, I am rather anticipating. My tour through Scotland brought me into contact with every Minister, Congregation, and Sabbath School in the Church of my fathers. They were never at any time a rich people, but they were always liberal. At this time they contributed beyond all previous experience, both in money and in boxes of useful articles for the Islanders.

Unfortunately, my visit to the far North, to our Congregations at Wick and Stromness, had been arranged for the month of January; and thereby a sore trial befell me in my pilgrimages. The roads were covered with snow and ice. I reached Aberdeen and Wick by steamer from Edinburgh, and had to find my way thence to Thurso. The inside seats on the Mail Coach being all occupied, I had to take my place outside. The cold was intense, and one of my feet got bitten by the frost. The storm detained me

nearly a week at Thurso, but feeling did not return to the foot.

We started, in a lull, by steamer for Stromness; but the storm burst again, all were ordered below, and hatches and doors made fast. The passengers were mostly very rough, the place was foul with whisky and tobacco. I appealed to the Captain to let me crouch somewhere on deck, and hold on as best I could. He shouted,—

"I dare not! You'll be washed overboard."

On seeing my appealing look, he relented, directed his men to fasten a tarpaulin over me, and lash it and me to the mast, and there I lay till we reached Stromness. The sea broke heavily and dangerously over the vessel. But the Captain, finding shelter for several hours under the lee of a headland, saved both the ship and the passengers. When at last we landed, my foot was so benumbed and painful that I could move a step only with greatest agony. Two meetings, however, were in some kind of way conducted; but the projected visit to Dingwall and other places had to be renounced, the snow lying too deep for any conveyance to carry me, and my foot crying aloud for treatment and skill.

On returning Southwards, I was confined for about two months, and placed under the best medical advice. All feeling seemed gradually to have departed from my foot; and amputation was seriously proposed both in Edinburgh and in Glasgow. Having somehow managed to reach Liverpool, my dear friend,

the Rev. Dr. Graham, took me there to a Doctor who had wrought many wonderful recoveries by galvanism. Time after time he applied the battery, but I felt nothing. He declared that the power used would almost have killed an ordinary man, and that he had never seen any part of the human body so dead to feeling on a live and healthy person. Finally, he covered it all over with a dark plaster, and told me to return in three days. But next day, the throbbing feeling of insufferable coldness in the foot compelled me to return at once. After my persistent appeals, he removed the plaster; and, to his great astonishment, the whole of the frosted part adhered to it! Again dressing the remaining parts, he covered it with plaster as before, and assured me that with care and rest it would now completely recover. By the blessing of the Lord it did, though it was a bitter trial to me amidst all these growing plans to be thus crippled by the way; and to this day I am sometimes warned in over-walking that the part is capable of many a painful twinge. And humbly I feel myself crooning over the graphic words of the Greatest Missionary, "I bear about in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

On that tour, the Sabbath Schools joyfully adopted my scheme, and became "shareholders" in the Mission Ship. It was thereafter ably developed by an elder of the Church. A *Dayspring* collecting box has found its way into almost every family; and the returns from Scotland have yielded ever since about

£250 per annum, as their proportion for the expenses of the Children's Mission Ship to the New Hebrides. The Church in Nova Scotia heartily accepted the same idea, and their Sabbath School children have regularly contributed their £250 per annum too. The Colonial children have contributed the rest, throughout all these years, with unfailing interest. And whensoever the true and full history of the South Sea Islands Mission is written for the edification of the Universal Church, let it not be forgotten that the children of Australasia, and Nova Scotia, and Scotland did by their united pennies keep the *Dayspring* floating in the New Hebrides; that the Missionaries and their families were thereby supplied with the necessaries of life, and that the Islanders were thus taught to clothe themselves and to sit at the feet of Jesus. This was the Children's Holy League, erewhile referred to; and one knows that on such a Union the Divine Master smiles well pleased.

The Lord also crowned this tour with another precious fruit of blessing, though not all by any means due to my influence. Four new Missionaries volunteered from Scotland, and three from Nova Scotia. By their aid we not only reclaimed for Jesus the posts that had been abandoned, but we took possession of other Islands in His most blessed Name. But I did not wait and take them out with me. They had matters to look into and to learn about, that would be infinitely helpful to them in the Mission field. Especially, and far above everything

else, in addition to their regular clerical course, some Medical instruction was an almost absolute pre-requisite. I myself had attended several Medical Classes at the Andersonian College, when a student in Glasgow, and had had personal training from an experienced physician. This had proved invaluable, not only on the Islands, but in the remote bush during Australian tours, and indeed on many private occasions, when other medical help was unavailable. Every future Missionary was therefore urged to obtain all insight and instruction that was practicable at Medical Missions and otherwise, especially on lines known to be most requisite for these Islands. For this, and similar objects, all that I raised over and above what was required for the *Dayspring* was entrusted to the Foreign Mission Committee, that the new Missionaries might be fully equipped, and their outfit and travelling expenses be provided for without burdening the Church at home. Her responsibilities were already large enough for her resources. But she could give men, God's own greatest gift, and His people elsewhere gave the money,—the Colonies and the Home Country thus binding themselves to each other in this Holy Mission of the Cross.

But I did not return alone. The dear Lord had brought to me one prepared, all unknown to either of us, by special culture, by godly training, by many gifts and accomplishments, and even by family associations, to share my lot on the New Hebrides. Her heart was stirred with a yearning to aid and teach

those who were sitting in darkness ; her brother had been an honoured Missionary in the foreign field, and had fallen asleep while the dew of youth was yet upon him ; her sister was the wife of a devoted Minister of our Church in Adelaide, both she and her husband being zealous promoters of our work ; and her father had left behind him a fragrant memory through his many Christian works in all the Stirling district, and not unknown to fame as the author of the still popular books of *Anecdotes*, illustrative of the Shorter Catechism and of the Holy Scriptures. Ere I left Scotland in 1864, I was married to Margaret Whitecross, and God spares us to each other still ; and the family which He has been pleased in His love to grant unto us we have dedicated to His service, with the prayer and hope that He may use every one of them in spreading the Gospel throughout the Heathen World.

Our marriage was celebrated at her sister's house in Edinburgh ; and I may be pardoned for recalling a little event that characterized the occasion. My youngest brother, then tutor to a gentleman studying at the University, stepped forth at the close of the ceremony and recited an *Epithalamium* composed for the day. For many a month and year the refrain, a play upon the Bride's name, kept singing itself through my memory :—

> "Long may the *Whitecross* banner wave,
> By the battle blasts unriven ;
> Long may our Brother and Sister brave
> Rejoice in the light of Heaven."

He described the Bride as hearing a "Voice from the far Pacific Seas"; and turning to us both, he sang of an Angel beckoning us to the Tanna-land, to gather a harvest of souls:—

"The warfare is brief, the crown is bright,
The pledge is the souls of men;
Go, may the Lord defend the Right,
And restore you safe again!"

But the verse which my dear wife thought most beautiful for a bridal day, and which her memory cherishes still, was this:—

"May the ruddy Joys, and the Graces fair,
Wait fondly around you now;
Sweet angel Hopes and young Loves repair
To your home and bless your vow!"

My last scene in Scotland was kneeling at the family altar in the old Sanctuary Cottage at Torthorwald, while my venerable father, with his high-priestly locks of snow-white hair streaming over his shoulders, commended us once again to "the care and keeping of the Lord God of the families of Israel." It was the last time that ever on this Earth those accents of intercession, loaded with a pathos of deathless love, would fall upon my ears. I knew to a certainty that when we rose from our knees and said farewell, our eyes would never meet again till they were flooded with the lights of the Resurrection Day. But he and my darling mother gave us away once again with a free heart, not unpierced with the sword of human anguish, to the service of our com-

mon Lord and to the Salvation of the Heathen. And we went forth, praying that a double portion of their spirit, with their precious blessing, might rest upon us in all the way that we had to go.

Our beloved mother, always more self-restrained, and less demonstrative in the presence of others, held back her heart till we were fairly gone from the door; and then, as my dear brother afterwards informed me, she fell back into his arms with a great cry, as if all the heart-strings had broken, and lay for long in a death-like swoon. Oh, all ye that read this page, think most tenderly of the cries of Nature, even where Grace and Faith are in perfect triumph. Read, through scenes like these, a fuller meaning into the words addressed to that blessed Mother, whose Son was given for us all, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also."

Here, in passing, I may mention that my mother, ever beloved, "fell on sleep," after a short agony of affliction, in 1865; and my "priest-like father" passed peacefully and joyfully into the presence of his Lord in 1868; both cradled and cherished to the last in the arms of their own affectionate children, and both in the assured hope of a blessed immortality, where all their sons and daughters firmly expect to meet them again in the Home prepared by their blessed Saviour.

We embarked at Liverpool for Australia in *The Crest of the Wave*, Captain Ellis; and after what was then considered a fast passage of ninety-five days, we landed at Sydney on 17th January, 1865.

Within an hour we had to grapple with a new and amazing perplexity. The Captain of our *Dayspring* came to inform me that his ship had arrived three days ago and now lay in the stream,—that she had been to the Islands, and had settled the Gordons, McCullaghs, and Goodwills on their several Stations, —that she had left Halifax in Nova Scotia fourteen months ago, and that now, on arriving at Sydney, he could not get one penny of money, and that the crew were clamouring for their pay, etc., etc. He continued, "Where shall I get money for current expenses? No one will lend unless we mortgage the *Dayspring*. I fear there is nothing before us but to sell her!" I gave him £50 of my own to meet clamant demands, and besought him to secure me a day or two of delay that something might be done.

Having landed, and been heartily welcomed by dear Dr. and Mrs. Moon and other friends, I went with a kind of trembling joy to have my first look at the *Dayspring*, like a sailor getting a first peep at the child born to him whilst far away on the sea. Some of the irritated ship's company stopped us by the way, and threatened prosecution and all sorts of annoyance. I could only urge again for a few days' patience. I found her to be a beautiful two-masted Brig, with a deck-house (added when she first arrived at Melbourne), and every way suitable for our necessities,—a thing of beauty, a white-winged Angel set a-floating by the pennies of the children to bear the Gospel to these sin-darkened but sun-lit Southern

Isles. To me she became a sort of living thing, the impersonation of a living and throbbing love in the heart of thousands of "shareholders"; and I said, with a deep, indestructible faith,—"The Lord *has* provided—the Lord *will* provide."

For present liabilities at least £700 were instantly required; and, at any rate, as large a sum to pay her way and meet expenses of next trip to the Islands. Having laid our perplexing circumstances before our dear Lord Jesus, having "spread out" all the details in His sympathetic presence, pleading that the Ship itself and the new Missionaries were all His own, not mine, I told Him that this money was needed to do His own blessed work.

On Friday morning, I consulted friends of the Mission, but no help was visible. I tried to borrow, but found that the lender demanded twenty per cent. for interest, besides the title deeds of the ship for security. I applied for a loan from the agent of the London Missionary Society (then agent for us too) on the credit of the Reformed Presbyterian Church's Foreign Committee, but he could not give it without a written order from Scotland. There were some who seemed rather to enjoy our perplexity!

Driven thus to the wall, I advertised for a meeting of Ministers and other friends, next morning at 11 o'clock, to receive my report and to consult *re* the *Dayspring*. I related my journeyings since leaving them, and the results, and then asked for advice about the ship.

"Sell her," said some, "and have done with it."

"What," said others, "have the Sabbath Schools given you the *Dayspring*, and can you not support her yourselves?"

I pointed out to them that the salary of each Missionary was only £120 per annum, that they gave their lives for the Heathen, and that surely the Colonial Christians would undertake the up-keep of the Ship, which was necessary to the very existence of the Mission. I appealed to them that, as my own Church in Scotland had now one Missionary abroad for every six Ministers at home, and the small Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia had actually three Missionaries now on our Islands, it would be a blessed privilege for the Australian Churches and Sabbath Schools to keep the *Dayspring* afloat, without whose services the Missionaries could not live nor the Islanders be evangelized.

Being Saturday, the morning Services for Sabbath were all arranged for, or advertised; but Dr. McGibbon offered me a meeting for the evening, and Dr. Steel an afternoon Service at three o'clock, combined with his Sabbath School. Rev. Mr. Patterson, of Piermont, offered me a morning Service; but, as his was only a Mission Church, he could not give me a collection. These openings I accepted, as from the Lord, however much they fell short of what I desired.

At the morning Service I informed the Congregation how we were situated, and expressed the hope

that under God and their devoted pastor they would greatly prosper, and would yet be able to help in supporting our Mission to their South Sea neighbours. Returning to the vestry, a lady and gentleman waited to be introduced to me. They were from Launceston, Tasmania.

"I am," said he, "Captain and owner of that vessel lying at anchor opposite the *Dayspring*. My wife and I, being too late to get on shore to attend any Church in the city, heard this little Chapel bell ringing, and followed, when we saw you going up the stairs. We have so enjoyed the Service. We do heartily sympathize with you. This cheque for £50 will be a beginning to help you out of your difficulties."

The reader knows how warmly I would thank them; and how in my own heart I knew *Who* it was that made them arrive too late for *their* plans, but not for *His*, and guided them up that Chapel stair, and opened their hearts. Jehovah-Jireh!

At three o'clock, Dr. Steel's Church was filled with children and others. I told them in my appeal what had happened in the Mission Chapel, and how God had led Captain Frith and his wife, entire strangers, to sound the first note of our deliverance. One man stood up and said, "I will give £10." Another, "I will give £5." A third, "I shall send you £20 to-morrow morning." Several others followed their example, and the general collection was greatly encouraging.

In the evening, I had a very large as well as sympathetic Congregation. I fully explained the difficulty about the *Dayspring*, and told them what God had already done for us, announcing an address to which contributions might be sent. Almost every Mail brought me the free-will offerings of God's people; and on Wednesday, when the adjourned meeting was held, the sum had reached in all £456. Believing that the Lord thus intervened at a vital crisis in our Mission, I dwell on it to the praise of His blessed Name. Trust in Him, obey Him, and He will not suffer you to be put to shame.

At a public meeting, held immediately thereafter, an attempt was made to organize the *first* Australian Mission Auxiliary to the New Hebrides; but it needed an enthusiastic secretary, and for lack thereof came to nothing at that time. At another meeting, the first elements of a brooding strife appeared. The then Agent of the noble and generous London Missionary Society intimated that he had just issued Collecting Cards for the *John Williams*, and that it would be unbrotherly to urge collections for the *Dayspring* at the same time throughout New South Wales. He suggested that I should first visit Tasmania and South Australia, and that, on our return, they would help us as we would now help them. The most cordial feelings had always prevailed betwixt the Societies, and we accepted the proposal, though our circumstances were peculiarly trying, and I personally believed that no harm, but good, would

come from both of us doing everything possible to fan the Missionary spirit.

Clearing out from her sister ships, then in harbour, the *John Williams* and the *John Wesley*, our little *Dayspring* sailed for Tasmania. At Hobart we were visited by thousands of children and parents, and afterwards at Launceston, who were proud to see their own ship, in which they were "shareholders" for Jesus. Daily, all over the Colony, I preached in Churches and addressed public meetings, and got collections, and gave out Collecting Cards to be returned within two weeks. But here also the little rift began to show itself. At a public meeting in Hobart, the Congregational Minister said,—

"We support the *John Williams* for the London Missionary Society. Let the Presbyterians do as much for the *Dayspring!*"

I replied, that I was there by special invitation from those who had called the meeting, and that, rather than have any unseemly wrangling, my friend, Dr. Nicolson, and I would quietly retire. But the Chairman intervened, and insisted that the meeting should go forward in a Christian spirit, and without any word of recrimination. To find ourselves, even by a misunderstanding, regarded as inimical to the London Missionary Society, one of the most Catholic-spirited and Christlike Societies in the world, was peculiarly painful. Still the little rift seemed to widen at every turn, and we found ourselves thrown more and more exclusively on Presbyterians alone.

But thus also the hearts of *two* great Communions were concentrated on Heathendom, where one only or chiefly had been bearing the burden heretofore. And the Lord hath need of all.

We received many tokens of interest and sympathy. The steam tug was granted to us free, and the harbour dues were remitted. Many presents were also sent on board the *Dayspring*. Still, after meeting all necessary outlays, the trip to Tasmania gave us only £227 8*s.* 11*d.* clear for the Mission fund.

Sailing now for South Australia, we arrived at Adelaide. Many friends there showed the deepest interest in our plans. Thousands of children and parents came to visit their own Mission Ship by several special trips. Daily and nightly I addressed meetings, and God's people were moved greatly in the cause. After meeting all expenses while in port, there remained a sum of £634 9*s.* 2*d.* for the up-keep of the vessel. The Honourable George Fife Angus gave me £241—a dear friend belonging to the Baptist Church. But there was still a deficit of £400 before the *Dayspring* could sail free of debt, and my heart was sore as I cried for it to the Lord.

Leaving the ship to sail direct for Sydney, I took steamer to Melbourne ; but, on arriving there, sickness and anxiety laid me aside for three days. Under great weakness, I crept along to my dear friends at the Scotch College, Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, and Miss Fraser, and threw myself on their advice.

"Come along," said the Doctor cheerily, "and I'll

introduce you to Mr. Butchart and one or two friends in East Melbourne, and we'll see what can be done!"

I gave all information, being led on in conversation by the Doctor, and tried to interest them in our work, but no subscriptions were asked or received. Ere I sailed for Sydney, however, the whole deficiency was sent to me. I received in all, on this tour, the sum of £1,726 9*s.* 10*d.* Our *Dayspring* once more sailed free, and our hearts overflowed with gratitude to the Lord and to His stewards!

On my return to Sydney, and before sailing to the Islands, I called, by advertisement, a public meeting of Ministers and other friends to report success, and to take counsel for the future.

My report was received with hearty thanksgiving to Almighty God. And a resolution was unanimously adopted, in view of all that had transpired, urging that a scheme must be organized, whereby the Presbyterian Churches and Sabbath Schools of Australia should be banded together for the support of the *Dayspring*, and so prevent the necessity of such spasmodic efforts for all future time.

From that day, practically, the *Dayspring* was supported by the Presbyterians alone. At the first, all helped in the original purchase of the Mission Ship, and she was to do all needful work on the Loyalty Islands for the London Society's Missionaries, as well as on the New Hebrides for us. This was the agreement; and, despite little misunderstandings with the Agents, the *Dayspring* was for some years placed

heartily at their service. When the *John Williams* was wrecked, our ship, at great loss and expense, accompanied her to Sydney, and spent four months of the following year for them entirely amongst the Eastern Islands. The brethren on the Loyalty Islands sent up their Mr. Macfarland to the Colonies to secure that the promised support should be given by their friends to the *Dayspring;* but, this failing, they in 1870 declined finally to have her doing their work, when no longer paid for by their Churches. This little rift, however, amongst the contributing Churches never affected us in the Mission field ; they and we have ever wrought together there in most perfect cordiality of brotherhood.

Perhaps the true way to look upon the whole series of events is this : the Australian Presbyterian Churches had been led to hear from God a special call, and must necessarily organize themselves to answer it. In this blessed work of converting the Heathen, we can all loyally rejoice, whether the instruments in the Lord's hand be Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational ! I glory in the success of every Protestant Mission, and daily pray for them all. It was God's own wise providence, and not my zeal, wise or intrusive, that matured these arrangements, and gave the Australian Presbyterian Churches a Mission Ship of their own, and a Mission field at their doors. The Ministers and the Sabbath Schools felt constrained as by one impulse to undertake this gracious work. The Presbyterian Churches in all these Colonies re-

ceived this duty as from God; and the organizing of Missionary Societies in Congregations and Sabbath Schools, for the effective accomplishment of the same, has been a principal means in the hands of the Lord of promoting and uplifting the cause of Christ throughout Australasia. It is worth while to re-travel that old road once again, were it for no other purpose than to show how, despite apparent checks and reverses, the mighty tide of Divine Love moves resistlessly onward, covers up temporary obstructions, and claims everything for Jesus.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *CONCERNING FRIENDS AND FOES.*

First of Missionary Duties.—Maré and Nòumea.—The French in the Pacific.—The *Curaçoa* Affair.—The "Gospel and Gunpowder" Cry.—The Missionaries on their Defence.—The Mission Synod's Report.—The Shelling of the Tannese Villages.—Public Meeting and Presbytery.—Fighting at Bay.—Federal Union in Missions.—A Fiery Furnace at Geelong.—Results of Australian Tour.—New Hebrides Mission Adopted by Colonies.

WE went down to the Islands with the *Dayspring* in 1865. The full story of the years that had passed was laid before my Missionary brethren at their Annual Synod. They resolved that permanent arrangements must now be made for the Vessel's support, and that I must return to the Colonies and see these matured. This, meantime, appeared to all of them the most clamant of all Missionary duties,—their very lives, and the existence of the Mission itself, depending thereon. The Lord seemed to leave me no alternative; and, with great reluctance, my back was again turned away from the Islands. The *Dayspring*, doing duty among the Loyalty Islands, left me, along with my dear wife, on Maré, there to

await an opportunity of getting to New Caledonia, and thence to Sydney.

Detained there for some time, we saw the noble work done by Messrs. Jones and Creagh, of the London Missionary Society, all being cruelly undone by the tyranny and Popery of the French. One day, in an inland walk, Mrs. Paton and I came on a large Conventicle in the bush. They were teaching each other, and reading the Scriptures which the Missionaries had translated into their own language, and which the French had forbidden them to use. They cried to God for deliverance from their oppressors! Missionaries were prohibited from teaching the Gospel to the Natives without the permission of France; their books were suppressed, and they themselves placed under military guard on the island of Lifu. Even when, by Britain's protest, the Missionaries were allowed to resume their work, the French language was alone to be used by them; and some, like Rev. J. Jones (as far down as 1888), were marched on board a Man-of-war, at half an hour's notice, and, without crime laid to their charge, forbidden ever to return to the Islands. While, on the other hand, the French Popish Missionaries were everywhere fostered and protected, presenting to the Natives as many objects of idolatry as their own, and following, as is the custom of the Romish Church in those Seas, in the wake of every Protestant Mission, to pollute and to destroy.

Being detained also for two weeks on Noumea, we

saw the state of affairs under military rule. English Protestant residents, few in number, appealed to me to conduct worship, but liberty could not be obtained from the authorities, who hated everything English. But a number of Protestant parents, some French, others English and German, applied to me to baptize their children at their own houses. To have asked permission would have been to court refusal, and to falsify my position. I laid the matter before the Lord, and baptized them all. Within two days the Private Secretary of the Governor arrived with an interpreter, and began to inquire of me,—

"Is it true that you have been baptizing here?"

I replied quite frankly, "It is."

"We are sent to demand on whose authority."

"On the authority of my Great Master."

"When did you get that authority?"

"When I was licensed and ordained to preach the Gospel, I got that authority from my Great Master."

Here a spirited conversation followed betwixt the two in French, and they politely bowed, and left me.

Very shortly they returned, saying,—

"The Governor sends his compliments, and he wishes the honour of a visit from you at Government House at three o'clock, if convenient for you."

I returned my greeting, and said that I would have pleasure in waiting upon his Excellency at the appointed hour. I thought to myself that I was in for it now, and I earnestly cried for Divine guidance.

He saluted me graciously as "de great Missionary

of de New Hebrides." He conversed in a very friendly manner about the work there, and seemed anxious to find any indication as to the English designs. I had to deal very cautiously. He spoke chiefly through the interpreter; but, sometimes dismissing him, he talked to me as good, if not better, English himself. He was eager to get my opinions as to how Britain got and retained her power over the Natives. After a very prolonged interview, we parted without a single reference to the baptisms or to religious services!

That evening the Secretary and interpreter waited upon us at our Inn, saying,—

"The Governor will have pleasure in placing his yacht and crew at your disposal to-morrow. Mrs. Paton and you can sail all round, and visit the Convict island, and the Government gardens, where lunch will be prepared for you."

It was a great treat to us indeed. The crew were in prison garments, but all so kind to us. By Convict labour all the public works seemed to be carried on, and the Gardens were most beautiful. The carved work in bone, ivory, cocoa-nuts, shells, etc., was indeed very wonderful. We bought a few specimens, but the prices were beyond our purse. It was a strange spectacle—these things of beauty and joy, and beside them the chained gangs of fierce and savage Convicts, kept down only by bullet and sword!

Thanking the Governor for his exceeding kindness, I referred to their Man-of-war about to go to Sydney,

and offered to pay full passage money if they would take me, instead of leaving me to wait for a "trader." He at once granted my request, and arranged that we should be charged only at the daily cost for the sailors. At his suggestion, however, I took a number of things on board with me, and presented them to be used at the Cabin table. We were most generously treated,—the Captain giving up his own room to my wife and myself, as they had no special accommodation for passengers.

Noumea appeared to me at that time to be wholly given over to drunkenness and vice, supported as a great Convict settlement by the Government of France, and showing every extreme of reckless, worldly pleasure, and of cruel, slavish toil. When I saw it again, three-and-twenty years thereafter, it showed no signs of progress for the better. In his book on the French Colonies, J. Bonwick, F.R.G.S., says that even yet Noumea and its dependencies contain only 1,068 Colonists from France. If there be a God of justice and of love, His blight cannot but rest on a nation whose pathway is stained with corruption and steeped in blood, as is undeniably the case with France in the Pacific Isles.

Arriving at Sydney, I was at once plunged into a whirlpool of horrors. H.M.S. *Curaçoa* had just returned from her official trip to the Islands, in which the Commodore, Sir William Wiseman, had thought it his duty to inflict punishment on the Natives for murder and robbery of Traders and others. On these

Islands, as in all similar cases, the Missionaries had acted as interpreters, and of course always used their influence on the side of mercy, and in the interests of peace. But Sydney, and indeed Australia and the Christian World, were thrown into a ferment just a few days before our arrival, by certain articles in a leading publication there, and by the pictorial illustrations of the same. They were professedly from an officer on board Her Majesty's ship, and the sensation was increased by their apparent truthfulness and reality. Tanna was the scene of the first event, and a series was to follow in succeeding numbers. The *Curaçoa* was pictured lying off the shore, having the *Dayspring* in tow. The Tannese warriors were being blown to pieces by shot and shell, and lay in heaps on the bloody coast. And the Missionaries were represented as safe in the lee of the Man-of-war, directing the onslaught, and gloating over the carnage.

Without a question being asked or a doubt suggested, without a voice being raised in fierce denial that such men as these Missionaries were known to be could be guilty of such conduct—men who had jeoparded their lives for years on end rather than hurt one hair on a Native's head—a cry of execration, loud and deep and even savage, arose from the Press, and was apparently joined in by the Church itself. The common witticism about the "Gospel and Gunpowder" headed hundreds of bitter and scoffing articles in the journals; and, as we afterwards learned, the shocking news had been telegraphed to Britain and

America, losing nothing in force by the way, and, while filling friends of Missions with dismay, was dished up day after day with every imaginable enhancement of horror for the readers of the secular and infidel Press. As I stepped ashore at Sydney, I found myself probably the best-abused man in all Australia, and the very name of the New Hebrides Mission stinking in the nostrils of the People.

The gage of battle had been thrown and fell at my feet. Without one moment's delay, I lifted it in the name of my Lord and of my maligned brethren. That evening my reply was in the hands of the editor, denying that such battles ever took place, retailing the actual facts of which I had been myself an eye-witness, and intimating legal prosecution unless the most ample and unequivocal withdrawal and apology were at once published. The Newspaper printed my rejoinder, and made satisfactory amends for having been imposed upon and deceived. I waited upon the Commodore, and appealed for his help in redressing this terrible injury to our Mission. He informed me that he had already called his officers to account, but that all denied any connection with the articles or the pictures. He had little doubt, all the same, that some one on board was the prompter, who gloried in the evil that was being done to the cause of Christ. He offered every possible assistance, by testimony or otherwise, to place all the facts before the Christian public and to vindicate our Missionaries.

The outstanding facts are best presented in the following extract from the official report of the Mission Synod :—

"When the New Hebrides Missionaries were assembled at their annual meeting on Aneityum, H.M.S. *Curaçoa*, Sir Wm. Wiseman, Bart., C.B., arrived in the harbour to investigate many grievances of white men and trading vessels among the Islands. A petition having been previously presented to the Governor in Sydney, as drawn out by the Revs. Messrs. Geddie and Copeland, after the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon on Erromanga, requesting an investigation into the sad event, and the removal of a Sandal-wood trader, a British subject, who had excited the Natives to it,—the Missionaries gave the Commodore a memorandum on the loss of life and property that had been sustained by the Mission on Tanna, Erromanga, and Efatè. He requested the Missionaries to supply him with interpreters, and requested the *Dayspring* to accompany him with them. The request was at once acceded to. Mr. Paton was appointed to act as interpreter for Tanna, Mr. Gordon for Erromanga, and Mr. Morrison for Efatè.

"At each of these Islands, the Commodore summoned the principal Chiefs near the harbours to appear before him, and explained to them that his visit was to inquire into the complaints British subjects had made against them, and to see if they had any against British subjects ; and when he had found

out the truth he would punish those who had done the wrong and protect those who had suffered wrong. The Queen did not send him to compel them to become Christians, or to punish them for not becoming Christians. She left them to do as they liked in this matter; but she was very angry at them because they had encouraged her subjects to live amongst them, sold them land and promised to protect them, and afterwards murdered some of them and attempted to murder others, and stolen and destroyed their property; that the inhabitants of these islands were talked of over the whole world for their treachery, cruelty, and murders; and that the Queen would no longer allow them to murder or injure her subjects, who were living peaceably among them either as Missionaries or Traders. She would send a ship of war every year to inquire into their conduct, and if any white man injured any Native they were to tell the captain of the Man-of-war, and the white man would be punished as fast as the black man."

After spending much time, and using peaceably every means in his power in trying to get the guilty parties on Tanna, and not succeeding, he shelled two villages,—having the day before informed the natives that he would do so, and advising to have all women, children, and sick removed, which in fact they did. He also sent a party on shore to destroy canoes, houses, etc. The Tannese were astonished, beyond all precedent, by the terrific display of destructive power that was exhibited in the harbour. It was

found impossible to reach the actual murderers; in these circumstances the Commodore's object was to save life and limit himself to the destruction of property, and so impress the Natives with some idea of those tremendous powers of destruction, which lie slumbering in a Man-of-war, and which can be awakened and brought into action at any moment.

On Erromanga no lives were lost. On Tanna one man was wounded; but, it was reported, three persons were afterwards killed by the bursting of a shell, when the natives were stripping off its lead to make balls. It is matter of deep regret that one man of the party sent on shore was shot by a Native concealed in a tree. Against orders he had wandered from his party, and was in a plantation standing eating a stick of sugar-cane when he was shot.

As I had orders to act as interpreter for the Commodore on Tanna, I will relate what happened there. From day to day, for three continuous days, he besought the Natives to comply with his wishes. He warned them that if they did not, he would shell the two villages of the Chief who murdered the last white man at Port Resolution, and destroy his canoes. He also explained to them, that all who retired to a large bay in the land of Nowar, the Christian Chief (if Christian he can be called), would be safe, as he had protected white men from being murdered; and now he would protect his property and all under his care on this land. The whole of these inhabitants, young and old, went to Nowar's land and were

safe, while they witnessed what a Man-of-war could do in punishing murderers. But, before the hour approached, multitudes of Tannese warriors had assembled on the beach, painted and armed and determined to fight the Man-of-war! When the Commodore gave orders to prepare for action, I approached him and said with tears,—

"O Commodore, surely you are not going to shell these poor and foolish Tannese!" Sharply, but not unkindly, he replied,—

"You are here as interpreter, not as my adviser. I alone am responsible. You see their defiant attitude. If I leave without punishing them now, no vessel or white man will be safe at this harbour. You can go on board your own ship, till I require your services again."

Indeed he had many counts against them, and his instructions were explicit. Shortly before that, Nouka, the Chief of one of the villages, had murdered a trader with a bar of iron, and another was murdered at his instigation. Miaki, the Chief of another, had for many years been ringleader of all mischief and murder on that side of the island. The Chief of a village on the other side of the bay was at that moment assembled with his men on the high ground within our view, and dancing to a war song in defiance!

The Commodore caused a shell to strike the hill and explode with terrific fury just underneath the dancers. The earth and the bush were torn and

thrown into the air above and around them; and next moment the whole host were seen disappearing over the brow of the hill. Two shots were sent over the heads of the warriors on the shore, with terrific noise and uproar; in an instant, every man was making haste for Nowar's land, the place of refuge. The Commodore then shelled the villages, and destroyed their property. Beyond what I have here recorded, absolutely nothing was done.

We return then for a moment to Sydney. The public excitement made it impossible to open my lips in the promotion of our Mission. The Revs. Drs. Dunsmore Lang and Steel, along with Professor Smith of the University, waited on the Commodore, and got an independent version of the facts. They then called a meeting on the affair by public advertisement. Without being made acquainted with the results of their investigations, I was called upon to give my own account of the *Curaçoa's* visit and of the connection of the Missionaries therewith. They then submitted the Commodore's statement, given by him in writing. He exonerated the Missionaries from every shadow of blame and from all responsibility. In the interests of mercy as well as justice, and to save life, they had acted as his interpreters; and there all that they had to do with the *Curaçoa* began and ended. All this was published in the Newspapers next day, along with the speeches of the three deputies. The excitement began to subside. But the poison had been lodged in many hearts,

and the ejectment of it was a slow and difficult process.

The Presbytery of Sydney held a special meeting, and I was summoned to appear before it. Dr. Geddie of Aneityum was also present, being then in the Colonies. Whether the tide of abuse had turned my dear fellow-Missionary's head, I cannot tell; but, on being asked to make a statement, he condemned the Missionaries for acting as interpreters, and wound up with a dramatic exclamation that "rather than have had anything to do with the *Curaçoa's* visit, he would have had his hand burned off in the fire."

The Court applauded. The Moderator then said: "Mr. Paton has heard the noble speech of Dr. Geddie. Let him now solemnly promise that, under no circumstances, will he have anything to do with a Man-of-war. Then we may see our way again to stand by him, and help him in his Mission." And in this spirit, he appealed to me.

On rising, I explained that I appeared before them only out of brotherly courtesy, as their Presbytery had no jurisdiction over me, and I spoke to the following effect:—

"I am indeed a Missionary to the Heathen, but also a British subject. I have never requested redress from Man-of-war, or any civil power; but, like Paul, I reserve my full rights, if need be, to appeal unto Cæsar. If any member of this Presbytery has his house robbed, as a good citizen he seeks redress and protection. But on Tanna I lost my earthly all, and

sought no redress from man. The Tannese Chiefs, indeed, who were friendly, sent a Petition by me to the Governor of Sydney; which, however, was never presented to him at all, fearing that thereby indirectly I might bring punishment upon my poor deluded Tannese. Others were more convinced as to the path of duty, or less considerate of the Natives. Their Petition I now take from my pocket and submit it to you. It was presented to the Governor, Sir John Young, after the death of the Gordons, and prayed for a judicial investigation as to their murders. As soon it was known of, a counter Petition in the interests of the Traders was immediately got up and signed by many of the great merchants of Sydney, protesting against any such visit to the Islands by a Man-of-war. This Petition, then, the original and only one ever presented in favour of a visit from Her Majesty's Commodore, was drawn up and is signed —by whom?"

On Dr. Geddie acknowledging that he had written and signed that Petition, but that it prayed only for an *investigation*, I proceeded,—

"Surely a judicial investigation like this implied all the after consequences, if once undertaken! At any rate, this is the *only* Petition sent from the Missionaries, and it was sent unknown to me. Finally, I must respectfully inform the Presbytery that I will never make such a promise as the Moderator has indicated. I shall remain free to act in humanity and in justice as God and conscience guide me.

I believe I saved both life and property by interpreting for the Commodore, and making things mutually intelligible to him and to the Natives. I have done as clear a Christian duty as I ever did in my life. I am not ashamed. I offer no apology. I do not believe that in the long run, when all facts are known, my conduct in this affair can possibly injure either myself, or, what is more, the Name of my Lord."

Perhaps my words were not too conciliatory. But excitement so blinded many friends, that I had to fight as if at bay, or get no hearing and no justice. The Presbytery hesitated, and closed without coming to any resolution. All the members of it showed me thereafter the same respect as ever before. It was gratifying to learn in due course that all the Churches supporting our Mission, after having independently investigated into the facts, justified the course adopted by us,—Nova Scotia alone excepted. Yet two of her own Missionaries had also to interpret for that Man-of-war, exactly as I had done, nor did I ever hear that any rebuke was administered to them. Feeling absolutely conscious that I had only done my Christian duty, I left all results in the hands of my Lord Jesus, and pressed forward in His blessed work.

More than one dear personal friend had to be sacrificed over this painful affair. A Presbyterian Minister, and a godly elder and his wife, all most excellent and well-beloved, at whose houses I had been received as a brother, intimated to me that owing to this case of the *Curaçoa* their friendship and mine

must entirely cease in this world. And it did cease; but my esteem never changed. I had learned not to think unkindly of friends, even when they manifestly misunderstood my actions. Nor would these things merit being recorded here, were it not that they may be at once a beacon and a guide. God's people are still belied. And the multitude are still as ready as ever to cry, "Crucify! Crucify!"

The scheme for meeting the yearly cost of the *Dayspring*, that had already been tentatively set a-going, had now to be matured and permanently organized. In this my dear friend Dr. J. Dunsmore Lang, well acquainted with the resources of all the Churches, was our judicious counsellor. We proposed that Victoria should raise £500; New South Wales and New Zealand, £200 each; Tasmania, Queensland, and South Australia, £100 each, and £250 each from Novia Scotia and Scotland. Tasmania, South Australia, and Queensland fell a little short of their proportion; Sydney, Scotland, and Novia Scotia met their claims; and Victoria and New Zealand exceeded them, and made up for deficiency in others. This has ever since been done in great measure, though not exclusively, by the Sabbath Scholars of the Churches, through their *Dayspring* "Mission-boxes." In organizing and maturing this scheme, I visited and addressed almost every Presbyterian Congregation and Sabbath School in New South Wales and Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania; and Ministers and Super-

intendents, with scarcely an exception, came to be bound together in a true federal union in support of our Mission and our Ship.

For the first three years, when everything was new, the *Dayspring* cost us about £1,400 per annum; but since then she has cost on an average little short of £2,000 over all. There has too often been a floating debt of £300 or more, which has given us great anxiety; but the Lord has sent what was required, and enabled us to keep her sailing with the Gospel and His servants amongst these Islands, free of any actual burden,—His own pure messenger of Good Tidings, unstained with the polluting and bloody associations of the foul-winged trading Ships!

Another fiery furnace awaited me on this tour, when I reached Geelong. One of the prominent Ministers refused to shake hands. An agent of the London Missionary Society had informed them "that the £3,000 paid for the *Dayspring* had been thrown away, that the Vessel was useless, fitted only for carrying stores, and having no accomodation for passengers; and that on her second trip to the Islands our Missionaries had to wait and go down by the *John Williams*." It was an abiding sorrow to me, that local misrepresentations gave the Societies an appearance of conflict, whereof the parent organizations knew nothing whatever. But, for all the interests at stake, facts *had* to be made known. Several Congregations had resolved to withdraw from the support of our Mission; and several

Ministers at Ballarat, and elsewhere, were by similar accounts prejudiced against us.

I demanded an opportunity of stating the facts, and vindicating myself and others, in a public meeting duly called for the purpose. They at once agreed. I wrote once and a second time to the Agent, but got no answer, only an evasive note. I went by rail and saw him. He would give no explanation, or authority for his statements, but practically put me out, on a pretence of there being sickness at the house. Nevertheless, in a spirit of determined brotherhood, I resolved only to explain facts about the *Dayspring*, and not to drag in the name of that great sister Society which he so poorly served.

There was a crowded meeting. The Minister who refused to shake hands was voted to the chair. I was called upon to explain my position. By this time I had communicated with the *Dayspring* officials, and, producing the log-book, I read from it, regarding the voyage referred to, the following:—

"When the *Dayspring* sailed from Sydney for the Islands, she had as passengers on board, Rev. Mr. Paton, Mrs. Paton, and child, Rev. Mr. McNair and Mrs. McNair, Rev. Mr. Niven and Mrs. Niven, Mrs. Ella and child, of the London Missionary Society, Captain Fraser, Mrs. Fraser, child, and servant, besides all the year's Mission supplies for both the New Hebrides and the Loyalty Islands. And on reaching these Islands, as the French Government had ordered the removal of all the Eastern Teachers

of the London Missionary Society from that group, the *Dayspring* had to undertake an unexpected voyage of three months from the Loyalties to Samoa, Rarotonga, etc., with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sleigh of the London Missionary Society, and sixty-one of their Native Teachers, who, along with their families, were all in health landed safely on their respective islands, as passengers by the *Dayspring*."

I also read a corroborative narrative from Captain Fraser, written from memory, as he was at that time far inland in the country, and had not access to the records of his vessel. And my statement closed to this effect,—

"It must now be manifest to all, that the damaging reports circulated in Geelong are more than replied to. By the Captain, and from the log, they are proved to be false, both as to capacity for goods and passengers. At present the *Dayspring* is everything that could be desired for the furtherance of our Mission. If *you* are satisfied, I wish to leave this painful subject, and proceed with my proper work. But I am prepared to answer any question from the Chairman or the meeting, and to give the fullest information."

The round of applause that followed was my complete vindication. The Chairman gave me his hand, and pledged his utmost support. He proposed the following resolution, which was carried with acclamation,—

"That this meeting, having heard Mr. Paton with satisfaction, pledges the Churches, Sabbath Schools,

and friends in Geelong, henceforth to support the *Dayspring* and the New Hebrides Mission to the utmost of their power, and to receive and encourage him as much as ever in his work on behalf of the Mission."

The special object of my visit was then explained, and several Ministers and others spoke heartily in furtherance of the proposals for the permanent support of the *Dayspring* through the Sabbath Schools.

All battles through mere misunderstandings are painful, but especially those amongst Christian brethren. Still they had to be fought, never laying aside the weapons of the Cross; and God has overruled them for the promotion of His Kingdom in a way which makes all Catholic-spirited followers of the Lord Jesus equally rejoice.

On this tour, in Victoria alone, I spent 250 days and addressed 265 meetings, representing 180 Congregations and their Sabbath Schools. The proportion was on the same scale in the other Colonies visited. And all these arrangements I had to make for myself, by painful and laborious correspondence night and day. But the Lord's blessing was abundantly vouchsafed. Victoria gave £1,954 19*s.* 3*d*; Tasmania, £76 12*s.* 7*d.*; South Australia, £222 16*s.*; New South Wales, £249; being a total of £2,503 7*s.* 10*d.*, besides £220 in yearly donations of £5, promised for the maintenance of the Native Teachers.

In 1862 I appealed to the Victorian General Assembly to take up the New Hebrides Mission as their own. The appeal was followed by Rev. J.

Clark, Convener of Heathen Missions Committee in 1863, getting the Assembly to accept the proposal. And in 1865 the Rev. Dr. A. J. Campbell carried our scheme, and the Assembly pledged itself to give £500 per annum for the support of the *Dayspring*, from the offerings of the Sabbath Schools. New Zealand and other Colonies soon followed Victoria's example, until all were pledged to uphold the New Hebrides Mission. For my dear friend and old College companion, Rev. Joseph Copeland, had visited at the same time Queensland and New Zealand, and had received from them respectively £101 2*s.* 4*d.* and £580; so that all the Churches adopted our scheme for the permanent support of the *Dayspring*, and the Mission fund had now a fair balance on the right side.

At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria in 1866, I was adopted—being officially transferred from the Church in Scotland—as the first Missionary from the Presbyterian Churches of Australia to the New Hebrides.. Dr. Geddie would also have been adopted at the same time, but Novia Scotia could not agree to part with its first and most highly-honoured Missionary. The Victorian Church therefore engaged the Rev. James Cosh, M.A., on his way out from Scotland, as its other agent, in the hope that we two might be able to re-open and carry on the Tanna Mission. In their *Christian Review* of 1867, they said :—

"The idea which we in Victoria had, when the

Missionaries left us in July last was, that Messrs. Paton and Cosh would be associated on Tanna, and labour for its evangelization, under the special auspices as well as at the cost of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria; but Mr. Cosh, having chosen the station at Pango on Efatè, where the Natives were more prepared for the Gospel, and where life and property were safe, went to spend a year's novitiateship with Mr. and Mrs. Morrison on Efatè. Mr. Paton would have fain gone back to Tanna, but the Missionaries generally feared that no one European life would have been safe at the time on Tanna. They therefore, and no doubt wisely, sent Mr. Paton to the small and less savage, but not less Heathen, Island of Aniwa."

It was indeed one of the bitterest trials of my life, not to be able to return and settle down at once on dear old Tanna; but I could not go alone, against the decided opposition of all the other Missionaries—Dr. Inglis, however, at last sympathizing most strongly with my views. I went, as will appear hereafter, to Aniwa, the nearest island to the scene of my former woes and perils, in the hope that God would soon open up my way and enable me to return to blood-stained Tanna.

My heart bleeds for the Heathen, and I long to see a Teacher for every tribe and a Missionary for every island of the New Hebrides. The hope still burns that I may witness it; and then I could gladly rest.

## CHAPTER V.

### *SETTLEMENT ON ANIWA.*

The *John Williams* on the Reef.—A Native's Soliloquy.—Nowar Pleading for Tanna.—The White Shells of Nowar.—The Island of Aniwa.—First Landing on Aniwa.—The Site of our New Home.—"Me no Steal!"—House Building for God.—Native Expectations.—Tafigeitu or Sorcery.—The Miracle of Speaking Wood.—Perils through Superstition.—The Mission Premises.—A City of God.—Builders and their Wages.—Great Swimming Feat.—Stronger than the "Gods" of Aniwa.

EVERYTHING being now arranged for in the Colonies, in connection with the Mission and *Dayspring*, as far as could possibly be, we sailed for the Islands on the 8th August, 1866. Besides my wife and child, the following accompanied us to the field: Revs. Copeland, Cosh, and McNair, along with their respective wives. On August 20th we reached Aneityum; and, having landed some of our friends, we sailed Northwards, as far as Efatè, to let the new Missionaries see all the Islands open for occupation, and to bring all our Missionaries back to the annual meeting, where the permanent settlements would be finally agreed upon.

On our return, we found that the beautiful new *John Williams*, reaching Aneityum on 5th of September, had stuck fast on the coral reef and swung there for three days. By the unceasing efforts of the Natives, working in hundreds, she was saved, though badly damaged. At a united meeting of all the Missionaries, representing the London Missionary Society and our own, it was resolved that she must be taken to Sydney for repairs. Twenty stout Aneityumese were placed on board to keep her pumps going by day and night, and the *Dayspring* was sent to keep her company in case of any dire emergency. Missionaries were waiting to be settled, and the season was stealing away. But the cause of humanity and the claims of a sister Mission were paramount. We remained at Aneityum for five weeks, and awaited the return of the *Dayspring*.

At our annual Synod, after much prayerful deliberation and the careful weighing of every vital circumstance, I was constrained by the united voice of my brethren not to return to Tanna, but to settle on the adjoining island of Aniwa (A-neé-wa). It was even hoped that thereby Tanna might eventually be the more surely reached and evangelized.

By the new Missionaries all the other old Stations were re-occupied and some fresh Islands were entered upon in the name of Jesus.* As we moved about with our *Dayspring*, and planted the Missionaries here and there, nothing could repress the wonder of Natives.

"How is this?" they cried; "we slew or drove them all away! We plundered their houses and robbed them. Had we been so treated, nothing would have made us return. But they come back with a beautiful new ship, and with more and more Missionaries. And is it to trade and to get money, like the other white men? No! no! But to tell us of their Jehovah God and of His Son Jesus. If their God makes them do all that, we may well worship Him too."

In this way, island after island was opened up to receive the Missionary, and their Chiefs bound themselves to protect and cherish him, before they knew anything whatever of the Gospel, beyond what they saw in the disposition and character of its Preachers or heard rumoured regarding its fruits on other Islands. Even *Cannibals* have sometimes been found thus prepared to welcome the Missionary, and to make not only his property but his life comparatively safe. The Isles "wait" for Christ.

On our way to Aniwa, the *Dayspring* had to call at Tanna. By stress of weather we lay several days in Port Resolution. And there many memories were again revived—wounds that after five-and-twenty years, when I now write, still bleed afresh! Nowar, the old Chief, unstable but friendly, was determined to keep us there by force or by fraud. The Captain told him that the council of the Missionaries had forbidden him to land our boxes at Tanna.

"Don't land them," said the wily Chief; "just throw them over; my men and I will catch everything before it reaches the water, and carry them all safely ashore!"

The Captain said he durst not. "Then," persisted Nowar, "just point them out to us; you will have no further trouble; we will manage everything for Missi."

They were in distress when he refused; and poor old Nowar tried another tack. Suspecting that my dear wife was afraid of them, he got us on shore to see his extensive plantations. Turning eagerly to her, he said, leaving me to interpret,—

"Plenty of food! While I have a yam or a banana, you shall not want."

She answered, "I fear not any lack of food."

Pointing to his warriors, he cried, "We are many! We are strong! We can always protect you."

"I am not afraid," she calmly replied.

He then led us to that fig-tree, in the branches of which I had sat during a lonely and memorable night, when all hope had perished of any earthly deliverance, and said to her with a manifest touch of genuine emotion,—

"The God who protected Missi there will always protect you."

She told him that she had no fear of that kind, but explained to him that we must for the present go to Aniwa, but would return to Tanna, if the Lord opened up our way. Nowar, Arkurat, and the

rest, seemed to be genuinely grieved, and it touched my soul to the quick.

A beautiful incident was the outcome, as we learned only in long after years. There was at that time an Aniwan Chief on Tanna, visiting friends. He was one of their great Sacred Men. He and his people had been promised a passage home in the *Dayspring*, with their canoes in tow. When old Nowar saw that he could not keep us with himself, he went to this Aniwan Chief, and took the white shells, the insignia of Chieftainship, from his own arm, and bound them on the Sacred Man, saying,—

"By these you promise to protect my Missionary and his wife and child on Aniwa. Let no evil befall them; or, by this pledge, I and my people will revenge it."

In a future crisis, this probably saved our lives, as shall be afterwards related. After all, a bit of the Christ-Spirit had found its way into that old Cannibal's soul! And the same Christ-Spirit in me yearned more strongly still, and made it a positive pain to pass on to another Island, and leave him in that dim-groping twilight of the soul.

Aniwa became my Mission Home in November, 1866; and ever since, save on my, alas! too frequent deputation pilgrimages among Churches in Great Britain and in the Colonies, it has been the heart and centre of my personal labours amongst the Heathen. God never guided me back to Tanna; but others, my dear friends, have seen His Kingdom

planted and beginning to grow amongst that slowly relenting race. Aniwa was to be the land wherein my past years of toil and patience and faith were to see their fruits ripening at length. I claimed Aniwa for Jesus, and by the Grace of God Aniwa now worships at the Saviour's feet.

The Island of Aniwa is one of the smaller isles of the New Hebrides. It measures about nine miles by three and a half, and is everywhere girt round with a belt of coral reef. The sea breaks thereon heavily, with thundering roar, and the white surf rolls in furious and far. But there are days of calm, when all the sea is glass, and the spray on the reef is only a fringe of silver.

The ledges of coral rock indicate that Aniwa has been heaved up from its ocean bed, at three or four separate bursts of mighty volcanic power. No stone or other rock anywhere appears, but only and always the coral, in its beautiful and mysterious variety. The highest land is less than three hundred feet above the level of the sea ; and though the soil is generally light, there are patches good and deep, mostly towards the southern end of the island, and near the crater of an extinct volcano, where excellent plantations are found, and which, if carefully cultivated, might support ten times the present population.

Aniwa, having no hills to attract and condense the clouds, suffers badly for lack of genial rains ; and the heavy rains of hurricane and tempest seem to

disappear as if by magic through the light soil and porous rock. The moist atmosphere and the heavy dews, however, keep the Island covered with green, while large and fruitful trees draw wondrous nourishment from their rocky beds. The Natives suffer from a species of Elephantiasis, in all probability produced by their bad drinking waters, and from the hot and humid climate of their isle.

Aniwa has no harbour, or safe anchorage of any kind for ships; though, in certain winds, they have been seen at anchor on the outer edge of the reef, always a perilous haven! There is one crack in the coral belt, through which a boat can safely run to shore; but the little wharf, built there of the largest coral blocks that could be rolled together, has been once and again swept clean off by the hurricane, leaving "not a wrack behind."

I had had a glimpse of Aniwa before, in the *John Knox*, when Mr. Johnston accompanied me; and again with my dear friend Gordon, who was murdered on Erromanga; besides, I had seen Aniwans in their canoes at Tanna in search of food. They had pleaded with us to remain amongst them, arguing against there being two Missionaries on Tanna and none on Aniwa. Their "orator," a very subtle man, who spoke Tannese well, informed us that the white Traders told them that if they killed or drove away the Missionaries they would get plenty of ammunition and tobacco. This was why our life had been so often attempted. Beyond this all was strange.

Everything had to be learned afresh on Aniwa, as on Tanna.

When we landed, the Natives received us kindly. They and the Aneityumese Teachers led us to a temporary home, prepared for our abode. It was a large Native Hut. Walls and roof consisted of sugar-cane leaf and reeds, intertwisted on a strong wooden frame. It had neither doors nor windows, but open spaces instead of these. The earthen floor alone looked beautiful, covered thick with white coral broken small. It had only one Apartment; and that, meantime, had to serve also for Church and School and Public Hall. We screened off a little portion, and behind that screen planted our bed, and stored our valuables. All the Natives within reach assembled to watch us taking our food! A box at first served for a chair, the lid of another box was our table, our cooking was all done in the open air under a large tree, and we got along with amazing comfort. But the house was under the shelter of a coral rock, and we saw at a glance that at certain seasons it would prove a very hotbed of fever and ague. We were, however, only too thankful to enter it, till a better could be built, and on a breezier site.

The Aniwans were not so violently dishonourable as the Tannese. But they had the knack of asking in a rather menacing manner whatever they coveted; and the tomahawk was sometimes swung to enforce an appeal. For losses and annoyance, we had of

course no redress. But we tried to keep things well out of their way, knowing that the opportunity there, as elsewhere, sometimes develops the thief. We strove to get along quietly and kindly, in the hope that when we knew their language, and could teach them the principles of Jesus, they would be saved, and life and property would be secure. But the rumour of the *Curaçoa's* visit and her punishment of murder and robbery did more, by God's blessing, to protect us during those Heathen days than all other influences combined. The savage Cannibal was heard to whisper to his bloodthirsty mates, "not to murder or to steal, for the Man-of-war that punished Tanna would blow up their little Island!"

Sorrowful experience on Tanna had taught us to seek the site for our Aniwan house on the highest ground, and away from the malarial swamps near the shore. There was one charming mound, covered with trees whose roots ran down into the crevices of coral, and from which Tanna and Erromanga are clearly seen. But there the Natives for some superstitious reason forbade us to build, and we were constrained to take another rising-ground somewhat nearer the shore. In the end, this turned out to be the very best site on the Island for us, central and suitable every way. But we afterwards learned that perhaps superstition also led them to sell us this site, in the malicious hope that it would prove our ruin. The mounds on the top, which had to be

cleared away, contained the bones and refuse of their Cannibal feasts for ages. None but their Sacred Men durst touch them; and the Natives watched us hewing and digging, certain that their gods would strike us dead! That failing, their thoughts may probably have been turned to reflect that after all the Jehovah God was stronger than they. In levelling the site, and gently sloping the sides of the ground for good drainage purposes, I had gathered together two large baskets of human bones. I said to a Chief in Tannese,—

"How do these bones come to be here?"

And he replied, with a shrug worthy of a cynical Frenchman,—

"Ah, we are not Tanna men! We don't eat the bones!"

While I was away building the house, Mrs. Paton had one dreadful fright. She generally remained about half a mile off, in charge of the Native hut in which our property had been stored, with one or two of the friendly Natives around her, though as yet she could not speak their language. One day she sat alone, the baby playing at her feet. A rustling commenced amongst the boxes behind the curtain. She had been there all the morning, and no one had entered. Horror-smitten, her eyes were fastened towards the noise. Suddenly, the blanket-screen was thrown aside, and a black face, with blood-red eyes and milk-white teeth peered out, and cried in broken English,—

"Me no steal! Me no steal!"

Then, with a bound like that of a deer, the man sprang out and ran for the village. My dear wife, fearing his sudden return, snatched up her child and rushed to the place where I was working, never feeling the ground beneath her till she sank down almost fainting at my feet. Thanking God for her escape, we thought it wiser to remain where we were and finish our task for the day. We learned that, since we did not return, his wrath had cooled down and he had withdrawn. This man was a sort of wild beast in his passionate moods. His body became convulsed and his muscles twitched with rage. He had lately murdered a neighbour, a man of his own tribe, in his frenzy. We believe that the Lord baffled his rage on that memorable day, and said to his tumultuous soul,—"Peace! be still."

The site being now cleared, we questioned whether to build only a temporary home, hoping to return to dear old Tanna as soon as possible, or, though the labour would be vastly greater, a substantial house—for the comfort of our successors, if not of ourselves We decided that, as this was work for God, we would make it the very best we could. We planned two central rooms, sixteen feet by sixteen, with a five-feet wide lobby between, so that other rooms could be added when required. About a quarter of a mile from the sea, and thirty-five feet above its level, I laid the foundations of the house. Coral blocks raised the wall about three feet high all round. Air

passages carried sweeping currents underneath each room, and greatly lessened the risk of fever and ague. A wide trench was dug all round, and filled up as a drain with broken coral. At back and front, the verandah stretched five feet wide; and pantry, bath-room and tool-house were partitioned off under the verandah behind. The windows sent to me had hinges; I added two feet to each, with wood from Mission boxes, and made them French door-windows, opening from each room to the verandah. And so we had, by God's blessing, a healthy spot to live in, if not exactly a thing of beauty!

The Mission House, as ultimately finished, had six rooms, three on each side of the lobby, and measured ninety feet in length, surrounded by a verandah, one hundred feet by five, which kept everything shaded and cool. Underneath two rooms, a cellar was dug eight feet deep, and shelved all round for a store. In more than one terrific hurricane that cellar saved our lives,—all crushing into it when trees and houses were being tossed like feathers on the wings of the wind. Altogether, the house at Aniwa has proved one of the healthiest and most commodious of any that have been planted by Christian hands on the New Hebrides. In selecting site and in building "the good hand of our God was upon us for good."

I built also two Orphanages, almost as inevitably necessary as the Missionary's own house. They stood on a line with the front of my own dwelling, one for girls, the other for boys, and we had them constantly

under our own eyes. The Orphans were practically boarded at the Mission premises, and adopted by the Missionaries. Their clothing was a heavy drain upon our resources; and every odd and curious article that came in any of the boxes or parcels was utilized. We trained these young people for Jesus. And at this day many of the best of our Native Teachers, and most devoted Christian helpers, are amongst those who would probably have perished but for these Orphanages.

A grievous accident deprived me of special help in house-building. I cut my ankle badly with an adze, as I had done before on Tanna, through a knot in the tree. Binding my handkerchief tightly round it, I appealed to the Natives to carry me back to our hut. They stipulated for payment. My vest pocket being filled with fish-hooks, a current coin on all these Islands, I got a fellow to understand the bribe. He carried me a little, got some hooks, and then called another, who did the same, and then called a third, and so on, each man earning his hooks, and passing on the burden and the pay to another, while I suffered terribly and bled profusely. Being my own doctor, I dressed the wound for weeks, kept it constantly in cold water bandages, and by the kindness of the Lord it recovered, though it left me lame for many a day.

But the greatest sorrow was this: the good and kind Aneityumese, who had been hired to come and help me with all the unskilled parts of the labour, could do nothing without me, and when the *Dayspring*

came round at the appointed time I had to pay them in full and let them return, deprived of their valuable aid. Even to keep them in food would have exhausted our limited stores, and some months must elapse before our next supplies could arrive from Sydney.

The Aniwans themselves could scarcely be induced to work at all, even for payment. Their personal wants were few, and were supplied by their own plantations. They replied to my appeals with all the unction of philosophers, and told me,—

"The conduct of the men of Aniwa is to stand by, or sit and look on, while their women do the work!"

On Aniwa we soon found ourselves face to face with blank Heathenism. The natives at first expected that the Missionary's *Piritania tavai* (= British Medicine) would cure at once all their complaints. Disappointment led to resentment in their ignorant and childish minds. They also expected to get for the asking, or for any trifle, an endless supply of knives, calico, fish-hooks, blankets, etc. Every refusal irritated them. Again, our Medicines relieved or cured them, so they blamed us also for their diseases, —all their Sacred Men not only curing but also *causing* sickness. Further, they generally came to us only after exhausting every resource of their own witchcraft and superstition, and when it was probably too late. I had often to taste the Medicine in their sight before the sufferers would touch it; and if one dose did not cure them, it was almost impossible to

get them to persevere. But time taught them its value, and the yearly expenditure for Medicine soon became a very heavy tax on our modest salary.

Still we set our bell a-ringing every day after dinner—intimating our readiness to give advice or medicine to all who were sick. We spoke to them, so soon as we had learned, a few words about Jesus. The weak received a cup of tea and a piece of bread. The demand was sometimes great, especially when epidemics befell them. But some rather fled from us as the cause of their sickness, and sought refuge from our presence in remotest corners, or rushed off at our approach and concealed themselves in the bush. They were but children, and full of superstition ; and we had to win them by kindly patience, never losing faith in them and hope for them, any more than the Lord did with us !

As on Tanna, all sicknesses and deaths were supposed to be caused by sorcery, there called *Nahak*, on Aniwa called *Tafigeitu*. Some Sacred Man burned the remains of food such as the skin of a banana, or a hair from the head, or something that the person had even touched, and he was the disease-maker. Hence they were kept in a state of constant terror, and breathed the very atmosphere of revenge. When one became sick, all the people of his village met day after day, and made long speeches and tried to find out the enemy who was causing it. Having fixed on some one, they first sent presents of mats, baskets, and food to the supposed disease-makers ; if the per-

son recovered, they took credit for it ; if the person died, his friends sought revenge on the supposed murderers. And such revenge took a wide sweep, satisfying itself with the suspected enemy, or any of his family, or of his village, or even of his tribe. Thus endless bloodshed and unceasing intertribal wars kept the people from one end of the Island to the other in one long-drawn broil and turmoil.

Learning the language on Aniwa was marked by similar incidents to those of Tanna, related in Part First; though a few of them could understand my Tannese, and that greatly helped me. One day a man, after carefully examining some article, turned to his neighbour and said,—

"Taha tinei?"

I inferred that he was asking, "What is this?"

Pointing to another article, I repeated their words; they smiled at each other, and gave me its name. On another occasion, a man said to his companion, looking towards me,—

"Taha neigo?"

Concluding that he was asking my name, I pointed towards him, and repeated the words, and they at once gave me their names. Readers would be surprised to discover how much you can readily learn of any language, with these two short questions constantly on your lips, and with people ready at every turn to answer—"What's this?" "What's your name?" Every word was at once written down, spelled phonetically and arranged in alphabetic

order, and a note appended as to the circumstances in which it was used. By frequent comparison of these notes, and by careful daily and even hourly imitation of all their sounds, we were able in a measure to understand each other before we had gone far in the house-building operations, during which some of them were constantly beside me.

One incident of that time was very memorable, and God turned it to good account for higher ends. I often tell it as "the miracle of the speaking bit of wood;" and it has happened to other Missionaries exactly as to myself. While working at the house, I required some nails and tools. Lifting a piece of planed wood, I pencilled a few words on it, and requested our old Chief to carry it to Mrs. Paton, and she would send what I wanted. In blank wonder, he innocently stared at me, and said,—

"But what do you want?"

I replied, "The wood will tell her." He looked rather angry, thinking that I befooled him, and retorted,—

"Who ever heard of wood speaking?"

By hard pleading I succeeded in persuading him to go. He was amazed to see her looking at the wood and then fetching the needed articles. He brought back the bit of wood, and eagerly made signs for an explanation. Chiefly in broken Tannese I read to him the words, and informed him that in the same way God spoke to us through His Book. The will of God was written there, and by-and-bye,

when he learned to read, he would hear God *speaking* to him from its page, as Mrs. Paton heard me from the bit of wood.

A great desire was thus awakened in the poor man's soul to see the very Word of God printed in his own language. He helped me to learn words and master ideas with growing enthusiasm. And when my work of translating portions of Holy Scripture began, his delight was unbounded and his help invaluable. The miracle of a speaking page was not less wonderful than that of speaking wood!

One day, while building the house, an old Inland Chief and his three sons came to see us. Everything was to them full of wonder. After returning home one of the sons fell sick, and the father at once blamed us and the Worship, declaring that if the lad died we all should be murdered in revenge. By God's blessing, and by our careful nursing and suitable medicine, he recovered and was spared. The old Chief superstitiously wheeled round almost to another extreme. He became not only friendly, but devoted to us. He attended the Sabbath Services, and listened to the Aneityumese Teachers, and to my first attempts, partly in Tannese, translated by the orator Taia or the chief Namakei, and explained in our hearing to the people in their mother tongue.

But, on the heels of this, another calamity overtook us. So soon as two rooms of the Mission House were roofed in, I hired the stoutest of the young men to carry our boxes thither. Two of them started off

with a heavy box suspended on a pole from shoulder to shoulder, their usual custom. They were shortly after attacked with vomiting of blood; and one of them actually died, an Erromangan. The father of the other swore that, if his son did not get better, every soul at the Mission House should be slain in revenge. But God mercifully restored him.

As the boat-landing was nearly three-quarters of a mile distant, and such a calamity recurring would be not only sorrowful in itself but perilous in the extreme for us all, I steeped my wits, and, with such crude materials as were at hand, I manufactured not only a hand-barrow, but a wheel-barrow, for the pressing emergencies of the time. In due course, I procured a more orthodox hand-cart from the Colonies, and coaxed and bribed the Natives to assist me in making a road for it. Perhaps the ghost of *Macadam* would shudder at the appearance of that road, but it has proved immensely useful ever since.

Our Mission House was once and again threatened with fire, and we ourselves with musket, before its completion. The threats to set fire to our premises stirred up Namakei, however, to befriend us; and we learned that he and his people had us under a guard by night and by day. But a savage Erromangan lurked about for ten days, watching for us with tomahawk and musket, and we knew that our peril was extreme. Looking up to God for protection, I went on with my daily toils, having a small American tomahawk beside me, and showing no fear. The

main thing was to take every precaution against surprise, for these murderers are all cowards, and will attempt nothing when observed. I sent for the old Chief, whose guest the Erromangan was, and warned him that God would hold him guilty too if our blood was shed.

"Missi," he warmly replied, "I knew not, I knew not! But by the first favourable wind he shall go, and you will see him no more."

He kept his word, and we were rescued from the enemy and the avenger.

The site was excellent and very suitable for our Mission Station. The ground sloped away nearly all round us, and the pathway up to it was adorned on each side with beautiful crotons and island plants, and behind these a row of orange trees. A cocoa-nut grove skirted the shore for nearly three miles, and shaded the principal public road. Near our premises were many leafy chestnuts and wide-spreading bread-fruit trees. When, in the course of years, everything had been completed to our taste, we lived practically in the midst of a beautiful Village,—the Church, the School, the Orphanage, the Smithy and Joiner's Shop, the Printing Office, the Banana and Yam House, the Cook House, etc.; all very humble indeed, but all standing sturdily up there among the orange trees, and preaching the Gospel of a higher civilization and of a better life for Aniwa. The little road leading to each door was laid with the white coral broken small. The fence around all shone

fresh and clean with new paint. Order and taste were seen to be laws in the white man's New Life; and several of the Natives began diligently to follow our example.

Many and strange were the arts which I had to try to practise, such as handling the adze, the mysteries of tenon and mortise, and other feats of skill. If a Native wanted a fish-hook, or a piece of red calico to bind his long whip-cord hair, he would carry me a block of coral or fetch me a beam; but continuous daily toil seemed to him a mean existence. The women were tempted, by calico and beads for pay, to assist in preparing the sugar-cane leaf for thatch, gathering it in the plantations, and tying it over reeds four or six feet long with strips of bark or pandanus leaf, leaving a long fringe hanging over on one side. How differently they acted when the Gospel began to touch their hearts! They built their Church and their School then, by their own free toil, rejoicing to labour without money or price; and they have ever since kept them in good repair, for the service of the Lord, by their voluntary offerings of wood and sugar-cane leaf and coral-lime.

The roof was firmly tied on and nailed; thereon were laid the reeds, fringed with sugar-cane leaf, row after row tied firmly to the wood; the ridge was bound down by cocoa-nut leaves, dexterously plaited from side to side and skewered to the ridge pole with hard wooden pins; and over all, a fresh storm-roof was laid on yearly for the hurricane months,

composed of folded cocoa-nut leaves, held down with planks of wood, and bound to the frame-work below, —which, however, had to be removed again in April to save the sugar-cane leaf from rotting beneath it. There you were snugly covered in, and your thatching good to last from eight years to ten; that is, provided you were not caught in the sweep of the hurricane, before which trees went flying like straws, huts disappeared like autumn leaves, and your Mission House, if left standing at all, was probably swept bare alike of roof and thatch at a single stroke! Well for you at such times if you have a good barometer indicating the approach of the storm; and better still, a large cellar like ours, four-and-twenty feet by sixteen, built round with solid coral blocks,—where goods may be stored, and whereinto also all your household may creep for safety, while the tornado tosses your dwelling about, and sets huge trees dancing around you!

We had also to invent a lime kiln, and this proved one of the hardest nuts of all that had to be cracked. The kind of coral required could be obtained only at one spot, about three miles distant. Lying at anchor in my boat, the Natives dived into the sea, broke off with hammer and crowbar piece after piece, and brought it up to me, till I had my load. We then carried it ashore, and spread it out in the sun to be blistered there for two weeks or so. Having thus secured twenty or thirty boat loads, and had it duly conveyed round to the Mission Station, a huge pit

was dug in the ground, dry wood piled in below, and green wood above to a height of several feet, and on the top of all the coral blocks were orderly laid. When this pile had burned for seven or ten days, the coral had been reduced to excellent lime, and the plaster work made therefrom shone like marble.

On one of these trips the Natives performed an extraordinary feat. The boat with full load was struck heavily by a wave, and the reef drove a hole in her side. Quick as thought the crew were all in the sea, and, to my amazement, bearing up the boat with their shoulder and one hand, while swimming and guiding us ashore with the other! There on the land we were hauled up, and four weary days were spent fetching and carrying from the Mission Station every plank, tool, and nail, necessary for her repair. Every boat for these seas ought to be built of cedar wood and copper-fastened, which is by far the most economical in the end. And all houses should be built of wood which is as full as possible of gum or resin, since the large white ants devour not only all other soft woods, but even Colonial blue gum trees, the hard cocoa-nut, and window sashes, chairs, and tables!

Glancing back on all these toils, I rejoice that such exhausting demands are no longer made on our newly arrived Missionaries. Houses, all ready for being set up, are now brought down from the Colonies. Zinc roofs and other improvements have been introduced. The Synod appoints a deputation to accompany the young Missionary, and plant the

house along with himself at the Station committed to his care. Precious strength is thus saved for higher uses; and not only property but life itself is oftentimes preserved.

I will close this chapter with an incident which, though it came to our knowledge only years afterwards, closely bears upon our Settlement on Aniwa. At first we had no idea why they so determinedly refused us one site, and fixed us to another of their own choice. But after the old Chief, Namakei, became a Christian, he one day addressed the Aniwan people in our hearing to this effect:—

"When Missi came we saw his boxes. We knew he had blankets and calico, axes and knives, fish-hooks and all such things. We said, 'Don't drive him off, else we will lose all these things. We will let him land. But we will force him to live on the Sacred Plot. Our gods will kill him, and we will divide all that he has amongst the men of Aniwa.' But Missi built his house on our most sacred spot. He and his people lived there, and the gods did not strike. He planted bananas there, and we said, 'Now when they eat of these they will all drop down dead, as our fathers assured us, if any one ate fruit from that ground, except only our Sacred Men themselves.' These bananas ripened. They did eat them. We kept watching for days and days, but no one died! Therefore what we say, and what our fathers have said, is not true. Our gods cannot kill them. Their Jehovah God is stronger than the gods of Aniwa."

I enforced old Namakei's appeal, telling them that, though they knew it not, it was the living and true and only God who had sent them every blessing which they possessed, and had at last sent us to teach them how to serve and love and please Him. In wonder and silence they listened, while I tried to explain to them that Jesus, the Son of this God, had lived and died and gone to the Father to save them, and that He was now willing to take them by the hand and lead them through this life to glory and immortality together with Himself.

The old Chief led them in prayer—a strange, dark, groping prayer, with streaks of Heathenism colouring every thought and sentence ; but still a heart-breaking prayer, as the cry of a soul once Cannibal, but now being thrilled through and through with the first conscious pulsations of the Christ-Spirit, throbbing into the words : "Father, Father ; our Father."

When these poor creatures began to wear a bit of calico or a kilt, it was an outward sign of a change, though yet far from civilization. And when they began to look up and pray to One whom they called "Father, our Father," though they might be far, very far, from the type of Christian that dubs itself "respectable," my heart broke over them in tears of joy ; and nothing will ever persuade me that there was not a Divine Heart in the heavens rejoicing too.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *FACE TO FACE WITH HEATHENISM.*

Navalak and Nemeyan on Aniwa.—Taia the "Orator."—The Two next Aneityumese Teachers.—In the Arms of Murderers.—Our First Aniwan Converts.—Litsi Soré.—Surrounded by Torches.—Traditions of Creation, Fall, and Deluge.—Infanticide and Wife-Murder.—Last Heathen Dance.—Nelwang's Elopement.—Yakin's Bridal Attire.—Christ-Spirit *versus* War-Spirit.—Heathenism in Death-Grips.—A Great Aniwan Palaver.—The Sinking of the Well.—"Missi's Head Gone Wrong."—"Water! Living Water!"—Old Chief's Sermon on "Rain from Below."—The Idols Cast Away.—The New Social Order.—Back of Heathenism Broken.

ON landing in November, 1866, we found the Natives of Aniwa, some very shy and distrustful, and others forward and imperious. No clothing was worn; but the wives and elder women had grass aprons or girdles like our first Parents in Eden. The old Chief interested himself in us and our work; but the greater number showed a far deeper interest in the axes, knives, fish-hooks, stripes of red calico and blankets, received in payment for work or for bananas. Even for payment they would scarcely work at first, and they were most unreason-

able, easily offended, and started off in a moment at any imaginable slight.

For instance, a Chief once came for Medicine. I was so engaged that I could not attend to him for a few minutes. So off he went, in a great rage, threatening revenge, and muttering, "I must be attended to! I won't wait on *him*." Such are the exactions of a naked Savage!

Shortly before our arrival, an Aneityumese Teacher was sacrificed on Aniwa. The circumstances are illustrative of what may be almost called their worship of revenge. Many long years ago, a party of Aniwans had gone to Aneityum on a friendly visit; but the Aneityumese, then all Savages, murdered and ate every man of them save one, who escaped into the bush. Living on cocoa-nuts, he awaited a favourable wind, and, launching his canoe by night, he arrived in safety. The bereaved Aniwans, hearing his terrible story, were furious for revenge; but the forty-five miles of sea between proving too hard an obstacle, they made a deep cut in the earth and vowed to renew that cut from year to year till the day of revenge came round. Thus the memory of the event was kept alive for nearly eighty years.

At length the people of Aneityum came to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. They strongly yearned to spread that saving Gospel to the Heathen Islands all around. Amid prayers and strong cryings to God they, like the Church at Antioch, designated two of their leading men to go as Native Teachers and

evangelize Aniwa, viz., Navalak and Nemeyan; whilst others went forth to Fotuna, Tanna, and Erromanga, as opportunity arose. Namakei, the principal Chief of Aniwa, had promised to protect and be kind to them. But as time went on, it was discovered that the Teachers belonged to the Tribe on Aneityum, and one of them to the very land, where long ago the Aniwans had been murdered. The Teachers had from the first known their danger, but were eager to make known the Gospel to Aniwa. It was resolved that they should die. But the Aniwans, having promised to protect them, shrank from doing it themselves; so they hired two Tanna men and an Aniwan Chief, one of whose parents had belonged to Tanna, to waylay and shoot the Teachers as they returned from their tour of Evangelism among the villages on Sabbath afternoon. Their muskets did not go off, but the murderers rushed upon them with clubs and left them for dead.

Nemeyan was dead, and entered that day amongst the noble army of the Martyrs. Poor Navalak was still breathing, and the Chief Namakei carried him to his village and kindly nursed him. He pled with the people that the claims of revenge had been satisfied, and that Navalak should be cherished and sent home,—the Christ-Spirit beginning to work in that darkened soul! Navalak was restored to his people, and is yet living—a high-class Chief on Aneityum and an honour to the Church of God, bearing on his body "the marks of the Lord Jesus." And often

since has he visited Aniwa, in later years, and praised the Lord amongst the very people who once thirsted for his blood and left him by the wayside as good as dead!

For a time, Aniwa was left without any witness for Jesus,—the London Missionary Society Teachers, having suffered dreadfully for lack of food and from fever and ague, being also removed. But on a visit of a Mission vessel, Namakei sent his orator Taia to Aneityum, to tell them that now revenge was satisfied, the cut in the earth filled up, and a cocoa-nut tree planted and flourishing where the blood of the Teachers had been shed, and that no person from Aneityum would ever be injured by Aniwans. Further, he was to plead for more Teachers, and to pledge his Chief's word that they would be kindly received and protected. They knew not the Gospel, and had no desire for it; but they wanted friendly intercourse with Aneityum, where trading vessels called, and whence they might obtain mats, baskets, blankets, and iron tools. At length two Aneityumese again volunteered to go, Kangaru and Nelmai, one from each side of the Island, and were located by the Missionaries, along with their families, on Aniwa, one with Namakei, and the other at the south end, to lift up the Standard of a Christlike life among their Heathen neighbours.

Taia, who went on the Mission to Aneityum, was a great speaker and also a very cunning man. He was the old Chief's appointed "Orator" on all state

occasions, being tall and stately in appearance, of great bodily strength, and possessed of a winning manner. On the voyage to Aneityum, he was constantly smoking and making things disagreeable to all around him. Being advised not to smoke while on board, he pled with the Missionary just to let him take a whiff now and again till he finished the tobacco he had in his pipe, and then he would lay it aside. But, like the widow's meal, it lasted all the way to Aneityum, and never appeared to get less—at which the innocent Taia expressed much astonishment!

The two Teachers and their wives on Aniwa were little better than slaves when we landed there, toiling in the service of their masters and living in constant fear of being murdered. They conducted the Worship in Aneityumese, while the Aniwans lay smoking and talking all round till it was over. The language of Aniwa had never yet been reduced to a written form, and consequently no book had been printed in it. The Teachers and their wives were kept hard at work on Friday and Saturday, cooking and preparing food for the Aniwans, who, after the so-called Worship, feasted together and had a friendly talk. We immediately put an end to this Sabbath feasting. That made them angry and revengeful. They even demanded food, etc., in payment for coming to the Worship, which we always resolutely refused. Doubtless, however, the mighty contrast presented by the life, character, and disposition of these godly Teachers

was the sowing of the seed that bore fruit in other days,—though as yet no single Aniwan had begun to wear clothing out of respect to Civilization, much less been brought to know and love the Saviour.

I could now speak a little to them in their own language; and so, accompanied generally by my dear wife and by an Aneityumese Teacher, and often by some friendly Native, I began to visit regularly at their villages and to talk to them about Jesus and His love. We tried also to get them to come to our Church under the shade of the banyan tree. Nasi and some of the worst characters would sit scowling not far off, or follow us with loaded muskets. Using every precaution, we still held on doing our work; sometimes giving fish-hooks or beads to the boys and girls, showing them that our objects were kind and not selfish. Such visits gained their confidence.

And however our hearts sometimes trembled in the presence of imminent death and sank within us, we stood fearless in their presence, and left all results in the hands of Jesus. Often have I had to run into the arms of some savage, when his club was swung or his musket levelled at my head, and, praying to Jesus, so clung round him that he could neither strike nor shoot me till his wrath cooled down and I managed to slip away. Often have I seized the pointed barrel and directed it upwards, or, pleading with my assailant, uncapped his musket in the struggle. At other times, nothing could be said, nothing done, but stand still in silent prayer, asking

God to protect us or to prepare us for going home to His Glory. He fulfilled His own promise,—"I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

The first Aniwan that ever came to the knowledge and love of Jesus was the old Chief Namakei. We came to live on his land, as it was near our diminutive harbour; and upon the whole, he and his people were the most friendly; though his only brother, the Sacred Man of the tribe, on two occasions tried to shoot me. Namakei came a good deal about us at the Mission House, and helped us to acquire the language. He discovered that we took tea evening and morning. When we gave him a cup and a piece of bread, he liked it well, and gave a sip to all around him. At first he came for the tea, perhaps, and disappeared suspiciously soon thereafter; but his interest manifestly grew, till he showed great delight in helping us in every possible way. Along with him, and as his associates, came also the Chief Naswai and his wife Katua. These three grew into the knowledge of the Saviour together. From being savage Cannibals they rose before our eyes, under the influence of the Gospel, into noble and beloved characters; and they and we loved each other exceedingly.

Namakei brought his little daughter, his only child, the Queen of her race, called Litsi Soré (= Litsi the Great), and said,—

"I want to leave my Litsi with you. I want you to train her for Jesus."

She was a very intelligent child, learned things like any white girl, and soon became quite a help to Mrs. Paton. On seeing his niece dressed and so smart-looking, the old Chief's only brother, the Sacred Man that had attempted to shoot me, also brought his child, Litsi Sisi (= the Little) to be trained like her cousin. The mothers of both were dead. The children reported all they saw, and all we taught them, and so their fathers became more deeply interested in our work, and the news of the Gospel spread far and wide. Soon we had all the Orphans committed to us, whose guardians were willing to part with them, and our Home became literally *the School of Christ*,—the boys growing up to help all my plans, and the girls to help my wife and to be civilized and trained by her, and many of them developing into devoted Teachers and Evangelists.

Our earlier Sabbath Services were sad affairs. Every man came armed—indeed, every man slept with his weapons of war at his side—and bow and arrow, spear and tomahawk, club and musket, were always ready for action. On fair days we assembled under the banyan tree, on rainy days in a Native hut partly built for the purpose. One or two seemed to listen, but the most lay about on their backs or sides, smoking, talking, sleeping! When we stopped the feast at the close, for which they were always ready, the audiences at first went down to two or three; but these actually came to learn, and a better

tone began immediately to pervade the Service. We informed them that it was for their good that we taught them, and that they would get no "pay" for attending Church or School, and the greater number departed in high dudgeon as very ill-used persons! Others of a more commercial turn came offering to sell their "idols," and when we would not purchase them but urged them to give them up and cast them away for love to Jesus, they carried them off saying they would have nothing to do with this new Worship.

Amidst our frequent trials and dangers in those earlier times on Aniwa, our little Orphans often warned us privately and saved our lives from cruel plots. When, in baffled rage, our enemies demanded who had revealed things to us, I always said, "It was a little bird from the bush." So, the dear children grew to have perfect confidence in us. They knew we would not betray them; and they considered themselves the guardians of our lives.

The excitement increased on both sides, when a few men openly gave up their idols. Morning after morning, I noticed green cocoa-nut leaves piled at the end of our house, and wondered if it were through some Heathen superstition. But one night the old Chief knocked upon me and said,—

"Rise, Missi, and help! The Heathen are trying to burn your house. All night we have kept them off, but they are many and we are few. Rise quickly, and light a lamp at every window. Let us pray to

Jehovah, and talk loud as if we were many. God will make us strong."

I found that they had the buckets and pails from all my Premises full of water,—that the surrounding bush was swarming with Savages, torch in hand,—that the Teachers and other friendly Natives had been protecting themselves from the dews under the large cocoa-nut leaves which I saw, while they kept watch over us. After that I took my turn with them in watching, each guard being changed after so many hours. But they held a meeting and said amongst each other,—

"If our Missi is shot or killed in the dark, what will we have to watch for then? We must compel Missi to remain indoors at night!"

I yielded so far to their counsel; but still went amongst them, watch after watch, to encourage them.

What a suggestive tradition of the Fall came to me in one of those early days on Aniwa! Upon our leaving the hut and removing to our new house, it was seized upon by Tupa for his sleeping place; though still continuing to be used by the Natives, as club-house, court of law, etc. One morning at daylight this Tupa came running to us in great excitement, wielding his club furiously, and crying,—

"Missi, I have killed the Tebil. I have killed Teapolo. He came to catch me last night. I raised all the people, and we fought him round the house with our clubs. At daybreak he came out and I

killed him dead. We will have no more bad conduct or trouble now. Teapolo is dead!"

I said, "What nonsense! Teapolo is a spirit, and cannot be seen."

But in mad excitement he persisted that he had killed him. And at Mrs. Paton's advice, I went with the man, and he led me to a great Sacred Rock of coral near our old hut, over which hung the dead body of a huge and beautiful sea-serpent, and exclaimed,—

"There he lies! Truly I killed him."

I protested: "That is not the Devil; it is only the body of a serpent."

The man quickly answered, "Well, but it is all the same! He is Teapolo. He makes us bad, and causes all our troubles."

Following up this hint by many inquiries, then and afterwards, I found that they clearly associated man's troubles and sufferings somehow with the serpent. They worshipped the Serpent, as a spirit of evil, under the name of Matshiktshiki; that is to say, they lived in abject terror of his influence, and all their worship was directed towards propitiating his rage against men.

Their story of Creation, at least of the origin of their own Aniwa and the adjacent Islands, is much more an outcome of the Native mind. They say that Matshiktshiki fished up these lands out of the sea. And they show the deep print of his foot on the coral rocks, opposite each island, whereon he stood as he strained and lifted them up above the

waters. He then threw his great fishing-line round Fotuna, thirty-six miles distant, to draw it close to Aniwa and make them one land; but, as he pulled, the line broke and he fell into the sea,—so the Islands remain separated unto this day.

Matshiktshiki placed men and women on Aniwa. On the southern end of the Island, there was a beautiful spring and a freshwater river, with rich lands all around for plantations. But the people would not do what Matshiktshiki wanted them; so he got angry, and split off the richer part of Aniwa, with the spring and river, and sailed thence across to Aneityum,—leaving them where Dr. Inglis has since built his beautiful Mission Station. To this day, the river there is called "the water of Aniwa" by the inhabitants of both Islands; and it is the ambition of all Aniwans to visit Aneityum and drink of that spring and river, as they sigh to each other,—

"Alas, for the waters of Aniwa!"

Their picture of the Flood is equally grotesque. Far back, when the volcano, now on Tanna, was part of Aniwa, the rain fell and fell from day to day, and the sea rose till it threatened to cover everything. All were drowned except the few who climbed up on the volcano mountain. The sea had already put out the volcano at the southern end of Aniwa; and Matshiktshiki, who dwelt in the greater volcano, becoming afraid of the extinction of his big fire too, split it off from Aniwa with all the land on the south-eastern side, and sailed it across to Tanna on the top

of the flood. There, by his mighty strength, he heaved the volcano to the top of the highest mountain of Tanna, where it remains to this day. For, on the subsiding of the sea, he was unable to transfer his big fire to Aniwa; and so it was reduced to a very small island, without a volcano, and without a river, for the sins of the people long ago.

Even where there are no snakes they apply the superstitions about the serpent to a large, black, poisonous lizard called *kekvau*. They call it Tcapolo's; and women or children scream wildly at the sight of one. The Natives of several of our Islands have the form of the lizard, as also of the snake and the bird and the face of man, cut deep into the flesh of their arms. When the cuts begin to heal, they tear open the figures and press back the skin and force out the flesh, till the forms stand out above the skin and abide there as a visible horror for all their remaining days. When they become Christians and put on clothing, they are very anxious to cover these reminders of Heathenism from public view.

The darkest and most hideous blot on Heathenism is the practice of Infanticide. Only three cases came to our knowledge on Aniwa; but we publicly denounced them at all hazards, and awoke not only natural feeling, but the selfish interests of the community for the protection of the children. These three were the last that died there by parents' hands. A young husband, who had been jealous of his wife, buried their male child alive as soon as born. An

old Tanna woman, who had no children living, having at last a fine healthy boy born to her, threw him into the sea before any one could interfere to save. And a Savage, in anger with his wife, snatched her baby from her arms, hid himself in the bush till night, and returned without the child, refusing to give any explanation, except that he was dead and buried. Praise be to God, these three murderers of their own children were by-and-bye touched with the story of Jesus, became members of the Church, and each adopted little orphan children, towards whom they continued to show the most tender affection and care.

Wife murder was also considered quite legitimate. In one of our inland villages dwelt a young couple, happy in every respect except that they had no children. The man, being a Heathen, resolved to take home another wife, a widow with two children. This was naturally opposed by his young wife. And, without the slightest warning, while she sat plaiting a basket, he discharged a ball into her from his loaded musket. It crashed through her arm and lodged in her side. Everything was done that was in my power to save her life; but on the tenth day tetanus came on, and she soon after passed away. The man appeared very attentive to her all the time; but, being a Heathen, he insisted that she had no right to oppose his wishes! He was not in any way punished or disrespected by the people of his village, but went out and in amongst them as usual, and took

home the other woman as his wife a few weeks thereafter. His second wife began to attend Church and School regularly with her children; and at last he also came along with them, changing very manifestly from his sullen and savage former self. They have a large family; they are avowedly trying to train them all for the Lord Jesus; and they take their places meekly at the Lord's Table.

It would give a wonderful shock, I suppose, to many namby-pamby Christians, to whom the title "Mighty to Save" conveys no ideas of reality, to be told that nine or ten converted murderers were partaking with them the Holy Communion of Jesus! But the Lord who reads the heart, and weighs every motive and circumstance, has perhaps much more reason to be shocked by the presence of some of themselves. Penitence opens all the Heart of God—"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Amongst the heathen, a murderer was often honoured; and if he succeeded in terrifying those who ought to take revenge, he was sometimes even promoted to be a Chief. One who had thus risen to tyrannize over his village was so feared and obeyed, that one of the lads there said to me,—

"Missi, I wish I had lived long ago! I could have murdered some great man, and come to honour. As Christians, we have no prospects; where are your warriors? Are we always to remain common men?"

I told him of greatness in the service of Jesus, of

glory and honour with our Lord. That lad afterwards became a Native Teacher, first in his own village, and then on a Heathen Island,—the Lord the Spirit having opened up for his ambition the nobler path.

The last Heathen Dance on Aniwa was intended, strange to say, in honour of our work. We had finished the burning of a large lime-kiln for our buildings, and the event was regarded as worthy of a festival. To our surprise, loud bursts of song were followed by the tramp, tramp of many feet. Men and women and children poured past us, painted, decorated with feathers and bush twigs, and dressed in their own wildest form, though almost entirely nude so far as regards the clothing of civilization. They marched into the village Public Ground, and with song and shout and dance made the air hideous to me. They danced in inner and outer circles, men with men and women with women; but I do not know that the thing looked more irrational to an outsider than do the balls at home. Our Islanders, on becoming followers of Jesus, have always *voluntarily* withdrawn from all these scenes, and regard such dancings as inconsistent with the presence and fellowship of the Saviour.

On calling one of their leading men and asking him what it all meant, he said,—

"Missi, we are rejoicing for you, singing and dancing to our gods for you and your works."

I told him that my Jehovah God would be angry

at His Church being so associated with Heathen gods. The poor bewildered soul look grieved, and asked,—

"Is it not good, Missi? Are we not helping you?"

I said, "No! It is not good. I am shocked to see you. I come here to teach you to give up all these ways, and to please the Jehovah God."

He went and called away his wife and all his friends, and told them that the Missi was displeased. But the others held on for hours, and were much disgusted that I would not make them a feast and pay them for dancing! No other dance was ever held near our Station on Aniwa.

Some most absurd and preposterous experiences were forced upon us by the habits and notions of the people. Amongst these I recall very vividly the story of Nelwang's elopement with his bride. I had begun, in spare hours, to lay the foundation of two additional rooms for our house, and felt rather uneasy to see a well-known Savage hanging around every day with his tomahawk, and eagerly watching me at work. He had killed a man, before our arrival on Aniwa; and it was he that startled my wife by suddenly appearing from amongst the boxes, and causing her to run for life. On seeing him hovering so alarmingly near, tomahawk in hand, I saluted him,—

"Nelwang, do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, Missi," he replied; "if you will help me now, I will be your friend for ever."

I answered, "I am your friend. That brought me here and keeps me here."

"Yes," said he very earnestly, "but I want you to be strong as my friend, and I will be strong for you!"

I replied, "Well, how can I help you?"

He quickly answered, "I want to get married, and I need your help."

I protested: "Nelwang, you know that marriages here are all made in infancy, by children being bought and betrothed to their future husbands. How can I interfere? You don't want to bring evil on me and my wife and child? It might cost us our lives."

"No! no! Missi," earnestly retorted Nelwang. "No one hears of this, or can hear. Only help me now. You tell me, if you were in my circumstances, how would you act?"

"That's surely very simple," I answered. "Every man knows how to go about that business, if he wants to be honest! Look out for your intended, find out if she loves you, and the rest will follow naturally,—you will marry her."

"Yes," argued Nelwang, "but just there my trouble comes in!"

"Do you know the woman you would like to get?" I asked, wishing to bring him to some closer issue.

"Yes," replied he very frankly, "I want to marry Yakin, the chief widow up at the inland village, and that will break no infant betrothals."

"But," I persevered, "do you know if she loves you or would take you?"

"Yes," replied Nelwang; "one day I met her on the path and told her I would like to have her for my wife. She took out her ear-rings and gave them to me, and I know thereby that she loves me. I was one of her late husband's men; and if she had loved any of them more than she did me, she would have given them to another. With the ear-rings she gave me her heart."

"Then why," I insisted, "don't you go and marry her?"

"There," said Nelwang gravely, "begins my difficulty. In her village there are thirty young men for whom there are no wives. Each of them wants her, but no one has the courage to take her, for the other nine-and-twenty will shoot him!"

"And if you take her," I suggested, "the disappointed thirty will shoot you."

"That's exactly what I see, Missi," continued Nelwang; "but I want you just to think you are in my place, and tell me how you would carry her off. You white men can always succeed. Missi, hear my plans, and advise me."

With as serious a face as I could command, I had to listen to Nelwang, to enter into his love affair, and to make suggestions, with a view to avoiding bloodshed and other miseries. The result of the deliberations was that Nelwang was to secure the confidence of two friends, his brother and the orator Taia, to place one at each end of the coral rocks above the village as watchmen, to cut down with his

American tomahawk a passage through the fence at the back, and to carry off his bride at dead of night into the seclusion and safety of the bush! Nelwang's eyes flashed as he struck his tomahawk into a tree, and cried,—

"I see it now, Missi! I shall win her from them all. Yakin and I will be strong for you all our days!"

Next morning Yakin's house was found deserted. They sent to all the villages around, but no one had seen her. The hole in the fence behind was then discovered, and the thirty whispered to each other that Yakin had been wooed and won by some daring lover. Messengers were despatched to all the villages, and Nelwang was found to have disappeared on the same night as the widow, and neither could anywhere be found.

The usual revenge was taken. The houses of the offenders burned, their fences broken down, and all their property either destroyed or distributed. Work was suspended, and the disappointed thirty solaced themselves by feasting at Yakin's expense. On the third day I arrived at the scene. Seeing our old friend Naswai looking on at the plunderers, I signalled him, and said innocently,—

"Naswai, what's this your men are about? What's all the uproar?"

The Chief replied, "Have you not heard, Missi?"

"Heard?" said I. "The whole island has heard your ongoings for three days! I can get no peace to study, or carry on my work."

"Missi," said the Chief, "Nelwang has eloped with Yakin, the wealthy widow, and all the young men are taking their revenge."

"Oh," replied I, "is that all? Call your men, and let us speak to them."

The men were all assembled, and I said: "After all your kindness to Yakin, and all your attention to her since her husband's death, has she really run away and left you all? Don't you feel thankful that you are free from such an ungrateful woman? Had one of you been married to her, and she had afterwards run away with this man that she loved, that would have been far worse! And are you really making all this noise over such a person, and destroying so much useful food? Let these two fools go their way, and if she be all that you now say, he will have the worst of the bargain, and you will be sufficiently avenged. I advise you to spare the fruit trees—go home quietly—leave them to punish each other—and let me get on with my work!"

Naswai repeated my appeal.

"Missi's word is good! Gather up the food. Wait till we see their conduct, how it grows. She wasn't worth all this bother and noise!"

Three weeks passed. The runaways were nowhere to be found. It was generally believed that they had gone in a canoe to Tanna or Erromanga. But one morning, as I began my work at my house alone, the brave Nelwang appeared at my side!

"Hillo!" I said, "where have you come from? and where is Yakin?"

"I must not," he replied, "tell you yet. We are hid. We have lived on cocoa-nuts gathered at night. Yakin is well and happy. I come now to fulfil my promise: I will help you, and Yakin will help Missi Paton the woman, and we shall be your friends. I have ground to be built upon and fenced, whenever we dare; but we will come and live with you, till peace is secured. Will you let us come to-morrow morning?"

"All right!" I said. "Come to-morrow!" And, trembling with delight, he disappeared into the bush.

Thus strangely God provided us with wonderful assistance. Yakin soon learnt to wash and dress and clean everything, and Nelwang served me like a faithful disciple. They clung by us like our very shadow, partly through fear of attack, partly from affection; but as each of them could handle freely both musket and tomahawk, which, though laid aside, were never far away, it was not every enemy that cared to try issues with Nelwang and his bride. After a few weeks had thus passed by, and as both of them were really showing an interest in things pertaining to Jesus and His Gospel, I urged them strongly to appear publicly at the Church on Sabbath, to show that they were determined to stand their ground together as true husband and wife, and that the others must accept the position and become reconciled. Delay now could gain no purpose, and I wished the strife and uncertainty to be put to an end

Nelwang knew our customs. Every worshipper has to be seated, when our little bell ceases ringing. Aniwans would be ashamed to enter after the Service had actually begun. As the bell ceased, Nelwang, knowing that he would have a clear course, marched in, dressed in shirt and kilt, and grasping very determinedly his tomahawk! He sat down as near to me as he could conveniently get, trying hard to conceal his manifest agitation. Slightly smiling towards me, he then turned and looked eagerly at the door through which the women entered and left the Church, as if to say, "Yakin is coming!" But his tomakawk was poised ominously on his shoulder, and his courage gave him a defiant and almost impudent air. He was evidently quite ready to sell his life at a high price, if any one was prepared to risk the consequences.

In a few seconds Yakin entered; and if Nelwang's bearing and appearance were rather inconsistent with the feeling of worship,—what on earth was I to do when the figure and costume of Yakin began to reveal itself marching in? The first visible difference betwixt a Heathen and a Christian is,—that the Christian wears some clothing, the Heathen wears none. Yakin determined to show the extent of her Christianity by the amount of clothing she could carry upon her person. Being a Chief's widow before she became Nelwang's bride, she had some idea of state occasions, and appeared dressed in every article of European apparel, mostly portions of male attire,

that she could beg or borrow from about the premises! Her bridal gown was a man's drab-coloured great-coat, put on above her Native grass skirts, and sweeping down to her heels, buttoned tight. Over this she had hung on a vest, and above that again, most amazing of all, she had superinduced a pair of men's trousers, drawing the body over her head, and leaving a leg dangling gracefully over each of her shoulders and streaming down her back. Fastened to the one shoulder also there was a red shirt, and to the other a striped shirt, waving about her like wings as she sailed along. Around her head a red shirt had been twisted like a turban, and her notions of art demanded that a sleeve thereof should hang aloft over each of her ears! She seemed to be a moving monster loaded with a mass of rags. The day was excessively hot, and the perspiration poured over her face in streams. She, too, sat as near to me as she could get on the women's side of the Church. Nelwang looked at me and then at her, smiling quietly, as if to say,—

"You never saw, in all your white world, a bride so grandly dressed!"

I little thought what I was bringing on myself, when I urged them to come to Church. The sight of that poor creature sweltering before me constrained me for once to make the service very short—perhaps the shortest I ever conducted in all my life! The day ended in peace. The two souls were extremely happy; and I praised God that what might have

been a scene of bloodshed had closed thus, even though it were in a kind of wild grotesquerie!

Henceforth I never lacked a body-guard, nor Mrs. Paton a helper. Yakin learned to read and write, and became an excellent teacher in our Sabbath school; she also learned to sing, and led the praise in Church, when my wife was unable to be present. In fact, she could put her hand to everything about the house or the Mission, and became a great favourite amongst the people. Nelwang fulfilled his promise faithfully. He was indeed my friend. Through all my inland tours, either he or the Sacred Man, Kalangi (who first attempted twice to shoot me, and then, after his conversion, acted as if God had entrusted him with the keeping of my life), faithfully accompanied me. With tomahawk or musket, or both in hand, they were always within reach, and instantly started to the front wherever danger seemed to threaten us. These were amongst our first and best Church members. Nelwang and the Sacred Man have both gone to their rest. But Yakin of the many garments has also had many husbands. She rejoices now in her *fourth*, and is still a devoted Christian, and a most interesting character in many ways.

The progress of God's work was most conspicuous in relation to wars and revenges among the Natives. The two high Chiefs, Namakei and Naswai, frequently declared,—

"We are the men of Christ now. We must not

fight. We must put down murders and crimes among our people."

Two young fools, returning from Tanna with muskets, attempted twice to shoot a man in sheer wantonness and display of malice. The Islanders met, and informed them that if man or woman was injured by them, the other men would load their muskets and shoot them dead in public council. This was a mighty step towards public order, and I greatly rejoiced before the Lord. His Spirit, like leaven, was at work!

My constant custom was, in order to prevent war, to run right in between the contending parties. My faith enabled me to grasp and realize the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." In Jesus I felt invulnerable and immortal, so long as I was doing His work. And I can truly say, that these were the moments when I felt my Saviour to be most truly and sensibly present, inspiring and empowering me.

Another scheme had an excellent educative and religious influence. I tried to interest all the villages, and to treat all the Chiefs equally. In our early days, after getting into my two-roomed house, I engaged the Chief, or representative man of each district, to put up one or other of the many out-houses required at the Station. One, along with his people, built the cook-house; another, the store; another, the banana and yam-house; another, the washing-house; another, the boys' and girls' house; the houses for servants and teachers, the School-

house, and the large shed, a kind of shelter where Natives sat and talked when not at work about the Premises. Of course these all were at first only Native huts, of larger or smaller dimensions. But they were all built by contract for articles which they highly valued, such as axes, knives, yards of prints and calico, strings of beads, blankets, etc. They served our purpose for the time, and when another party, by contract also, had fenced around our Premises, the Mission Station was really a beautiful little lively and orderly Village, and in itself no bad emblem of Christian and Civilized life. The payments, made to all irrespectively, but only for work duly done and according to reasonable bargain, distributed property and gifts amongst them on wholesome principles, and encouraged a well-conditioned rivalry which had many happy effects.

Heathenism made many desperate and some strange efforts to stamp out our Cause on Aniwa, but the Lord held the helm. One old Chief, formerly friendly, turned against us. He ostentatiously set himself to make a canoe, working at it very openly and defiantly on Sabbaths. He, becoming sick and dying, his brother started, on a Sabbath morning and in contempt of the Worship, with an armed company to provoke our people to war. They refused to fight; and one man, whom he struck with his club, said,—

"I will leave my revenge to Jehovah."

A few days thereafter, this brother also fell sick and suddenly died. The Heathen party made much of these incidents, and some clamoured for our death in revenge, but most feared to murder us; so they withdrew and lived apart from our friends, as far away as they could get. By-and-bye, however, they set fire to a large district belonging to our supporters, burning cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees and plantations. Still our people refused to fight, and kept near to protect us. Then all the leading men assembled to talk it over. Most were for peace, but some insisted upon burning our house and driving us away or killing us, that they might be left to live as they had hitherto done. At last a Sacred Man, a Chief who had been on Tanna when the *Curaçoa* punished the murderers and robbers but protected the villages of the friendly Natives there, stood up and spoke in our defence, and warned them what might happen; and other three, who had been under my instruction on Tanna, declared themselves to be the friends of Jehovah and of His Missionary. Finally the Sacred Man rose again, and showed them rows of beautiful white shells strung round his left arm, saying,—

"Nowar, the great Chief at Port Resolution on Tanna, when he saw that Missi and his wife could not be kept there, took me to his heart, and pledged me by these, the shells of his office as Chief, taken from his own arms and bound on mine, to protect them from all harm. He told me to declare to the

men of Aniwa that if the Missi be injured or slain, he and his warriors will come from Tanna and take the full revenge in blood." This turned the scale. The meeting closed in our favour.

Close on the heels of this, another and a rather perplexing incident befell us. A party of Heathens assembled and made a great display of fishing on the Lord's Day, in contempt of the practice of the men on Jehovah's side, threatening also to waylay the Teachers and myself in our village circuits. A meeting was held by the Christian party, at the close of the Sabbath Services. All who wished to serve Jehovah were to come to my house next morning, unarmed, and accompany me on a visit to our enemies, that we might talk and reason together with them. By daybreak, the Chiefs and nearly eighty men assembled at the Mission, declaring that they were on Jehovah's side, and wished to go with me. But, alas! they refused to lay down their arms, or leave them behind; nor would they either refrain from going or suffer me to go alone. Pledging them to peace, I was reluctantly placed at their head, and we marched off to the village of the unfriendly party.

The villagers were greatly alarmed. The Chief's two sons came forth with every available man to meet us. That whole day was consumed in talking and speechifying, sometimes chanting their replies: the Natives are all inveterate talkers! To me the day was utterly wearisome; but it had one redeeming feature,—their rage found vent in hours of palaver,

instead of blows and blood. It ended in peace. The Heathen were amazed at the number of Jehovah's friends; and they pledged themselves henceforth to leave the Worship alone, and that every one who pleased might come to it unmolested. For this, worn out and weary, we returned, praising the Lord.

But I must here record the story of the Sinking of the Well, which broke the back of Heathenism on Aniwa. Being a flat coral island, with no hills to attract the clouds, rain is scarce there as compared with the adjoining mountainous islands; and even when it does fall heavily, with tropical profusion, it disappears, as said before, through the light soil and porous rock, and drains itself directly into the sea. Hence, because of its greater dryness, Aniwa is more healthy than many of the surrounding isles; though, probably for the same reason, its Natives are subject to a form of Elephantiasis, known as the "Barbadoes leg." The Rainy Season is from December to April, and then the disease most characteristic of all these regions is apt to prevail, viz., fever and ague.

At certain seasons, the Natives drank very unwholesome water; and, indeed, the best water they had at any time for drinking purposes was from the precious cocoa-nut, a kind of Apple of Paradise for all these Southern Isles! They also cultivate the sugar-cane very extensively, and in great variety; and they chew it, when we would fly to water for thirst, so it is to them both food and drink. The

black fellow carries with him to the field, when he goes off for a day's work, four or five sticks of sugar-cane, and puts in his time comfortably enough on these. Besides, the sea being their universal bathing-place, in which they swattle like fish, and little water, almost none, being required for cooking purposes, and none whatever for washing clothes (!), the lack of fresh springing water was not the dreadful trial to them that it would be to us. Yet they appreciate and rejoice in it immensely too ; though the water of the green cocoa-nut is refreshing, and in appearance, taste, and colour not unlike lemonade—one nut filling a tumbler ; and though, when mothers die they feed the babies on it and on the soft white pith, and they flourish on the same ; yet the Natives themselves show their delight in preferring, when they can get it, the milk from the goat and the water from the well.

My household felt sadly the want of fresh water. I prepared two large casks, to be filled when the rain came. But when we attempted to do so at the water-hole near the village, the Natives forbade us, fearing that our large casks would carry all the water away, and leave none for them with their so much smaller cocoa-nut bottles. This public water-hole was on the ground of two Sacred Men, who claimed the power of emptying and filling it by rain at will. The superstitious Natives gave them presents to bring the rain. If it came soon, they took all the credit for it. If not, they demanded larger gifts to

satisfy their gods. Even our Aneityumese Teachers said to me, when I protested that surely they could not believe such things,—

'It is hard to know, Missi. The water does come and go quickly. If you paid them well, they might bring the rain, and let us fill our casks!"

I told them that, as followers of Jehovah, we must despise all Heathen mummeries, and trust in Him and in the laws of His Creation to help us.

Aniwa, having therefore no permanent supply of fresh water, in spring or stream or lake, I resolved by the help of God to sink a well near the Mission Premises, hoping that a wisdom higher than my own would guide me to the source of some blessed spring. Of the scientific conditions of such an experiment I was completely ignorant; but I counted on having to dig through earth and coral above thirty feet, and my constant fear was, that owing to our environment, the water, if water I found, could only be salt water after all my toils! Still I resolved to sink that shaft in hope, and in faith that the Son of God would be glorified thereby.

One morning I said to the old Chief and his fellow-Chief, both now earnestly inquiring about the religion of Jehovah and of Jesus,—

"I am going to sink a deep well down into the earth, to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below."

They looked at me with astonishment, and said in a tone of sympathy approaching to pity,—

"O Missi! Wait till the rain comes down, and we will save all we possibly can for you."

I replied, "We may all die for lack of water. If no fresh water can be got, we may be forced to leave you."

The old Chief looked imploringly, and said: "O Missi! you must not leave us for that. Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our Island to send up showers of rain from below?"

I told him: "Fresh water does come up springing from the earth in my Land at home, and I hope to see it here also."

The old Chief grew more tender in his tones, and cried: "O Missi, your head is going wrong; you are losing something, or you would not talk wild like that! Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again."

But I started upon my hazardous job, selecting a spot near the Mission Station and close to the public path, that my prospective well might be useful to all. I began to dig, with pick and spade and bucket at hand, an American axe for a hammer and crowbar, and a ladder for service by-and-bye. The good old Chief now told off his men in relays to watch me, lest I should attempt to take my own life, or do anything outrageous, saying,—

"Poor Missi! That's the way with all who go mad. There's no driving of a notion out of their heads. We must just watch him now. He will find

it harder to work with pick and spade than with his pen, and when he's tired we'll persuade him to give it up."

I did get exhausted sooner than I expected, toiling under that tropical sun; but we never own before the Natives that we are beaten, so I went into the house and filled my vest pocket with large beautiful English-made fish-hooks. These are very tempting to the young men, as compared with their own,—skilfully made though *they* be out of shell, and serving their purposes wonderfully. Holding up a large hook, I cried,—"One of these to every man who fills and turns over three buckets out of this hole!"

A rush was made to get the first turn, and back again for another and another. I kept those on one side who had got a turn, till all the rest in order had a chance, and bucket after bucket was filled and emptied rapidly. Still the shaft seemed to lower very slowly, while my fish-hooks were disappearing very quickly. I was constantly there, and took the heavy share of everything, and was thankful one evening to find that we had cleared more than twelve feet deep,—when lo! next morning, one side had rushed in, and our work was all undone.

The old Chief and his best men now came around me more earnestly than ever. He remonstrated with me very gravely. He assured me for the fiftieth time that rain would never be seen coming up through the earth on Aniwa!

"Now," said he, "had you been in that hole

last night, you would have been buried, and a Man-of-war would have come from Queen 'Toria to ask for the Missi that lived here. We would say, 'Down in that hole.' The Captain would ask, 'Who killed him and put him down there?' We would have to say, 'He went down there himself!' The Captain would answer, 'Nonsense! who ever heard of a white man going down into the earth to bury himself? You killed him, you put him there; don't hide your bad conduct with lies!' Then he would bring out his big guns and shoot us, and destroy our Island in revenge. You are making your own grave, Missi, and you will make ours too. Give up this mad freak, for no rain will be found by going downwards on Aniwa. Besides, all your fish-hooks cannot tempt my men again to enter that hole; they don't want to be buried with you. Will you not give it up now?"

I said all that I could to quiet his fears, explained to them that this falling in had happened by my neglect of precautions, and finally made known that by the help of my God, even without all other help, I meant to persevere.

Steeping my poor brains over the problem, I became an extemporized engineer. Two trees were searched for, with branches on opposite sides, capable of sustaining a cross tree betwixt them. I sank them on each side firmly into the ground, passed the beam across them over the centre of the shaft, fastened thereon a rude home-made pulley and block, passed a rope over the wheel, and swung my largest bucket to

the end of it. Thus equipped, I began once more sinking away at the well, but at so wide an angle that the sides might not again fall in. Not a Native, however, would enter that hole, and I had to pick and dig away till I was utterly exhausted. But a Teacher, in whom I had confidence, took charge above, managing to hire them with axes, knives, etc., to seize the end of the rope and walk along the ground pulling it till the bucket rose to the surface, and then he himself swung it aside, emptied it, and lowered it down again. I rang a little bell which I had with me, when the bucket was loaded, and that was the signal for my brave helpers to pull their rope. And thus I toiled on from day to day, my heart almost sinking sometimes with the sinking of the well, till we reached a depth of about thirty feet. And the phrase, "living water," "living water," kept chiming through my soul like music from God, as I dug and hammered away!

At this depth the earth and coral began to be soaked with damp. I felt that we were nearing water. My soul had a faith that God would open a spring for us; but side by side with this faith was a strange terror that the water would be salt. So perplexing and mixed are even the highest experiences of the soul; the rose-flower of a perfect faith, set round and round with prickly thorns. One evening I said to the old Chief,—

"I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole!"

The Chief said, "No, Missi; you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this Island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop through into the sea, and the sharks will eat you! That will be the end of it; death to you, and danger to us all."

I still answered, "Come to-morrow. I hope and believe that Jehovah God will send you the rain water up through the earth. At the moment I knew I was risking much, and probably incurring sorrowful consequences, had no water been given; but I had faith that the Lord was leading me on, and I knew that I sought His glory, not my own.

Next morning, I went down again at daybreak and sank a narrow hole in the centre about two feet deep. The perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement, and I trembled through every limb, when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, and the little "tinny" dropped from my hand with sheer joy, and I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom to praise the Lord. It was water! It was fresh water! It was living water from Jehovah's well! True, it was a little brackish, but nothing to speak of; and no spring in the desert, cooling the parched lips of a fevered pilgrim, ever appeared more worthy of being called a Well of God than did that water to me!

The Chiefs had assembled with their men near by

They waited on in eager expectancy. It was a rehearsal, in a small way, of the Israelites coming round, while Moses struck the rock and called for water. By-and-bye, when I had praised the Lord, and my excitement was a little calmed, the mud being also greatly settled, I filled a jug, which I had taken down empty in the sight of them all, and ascending to the top called for them to come and see the rain which Jehovah God had given us through the well. They closed around me in haste, and gazed on it in superstitious fear. The old Chief shook it to see if it would spill, and then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it, and shouted, "Rain! Rain! Yes, it is Rain! But how did you get it?"

I repeated, "Jehovah my God gave it out of His own Earth in answer to our labours and prayers. Go and see it springing up for yourselves!"

Now, though every man there could climb the highest tree as swiftly and as fearlessly as a squirrel or an opossum, not one of them had courage to walk to the side and gaze down into that well. To them this was miraculous! But they were not without a resource that met the emergency. They agreed to take firm hold of each other by the hand, to place themselves in a long line, the foremost man to lean cautiously forward, gaze into the well, and then pass to the rear, and so on till all had seen "Jehovah's rain" far below. It was somewhat comical, yet far

more pathetic, to stand by and watch their faces, as man after man peered down into the mystery, and then looked up at me in blank bewilderment! When all had seen it with their own very eyes, and were "weak with wonder," the old Chief exclaimed,—

"Missi, wonderful, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God! No god of Aniwa ever helped us in this way. But, Missi," continued he, after a pause that looked like silent worship, "will it always rain up through the earth? or, will it come and go like the rain from the clouds?"

I told them that I believed it would always continue there for our use, as a good gift from Jehovah.

"Well, but, Missi," replied the Chief, some glimmering of self-interest beginning to strike his brain, "will you or your family drink it all, or shall we also have some?"

"You and all your people," I answered, "and all the people of the Island may come and drink and carry away as much of it as you wish. I believe there will always be plenty for us all, and the more of it we can use the fresher it will be. That is the way with many of our Jehovah's best gifts to men, and for it and for all we praise His Name!"

"Then, Missi," said the Chief, "it will be our water, and we may all use it as our very own."

"Yes," I answered, "whenever you wish it, and as much as you need, both here and at your own houses, as far as it can possibly be made to go."

The Chief looked at me eagerly, fully convinced at

length that the well contained a treasure, and exclaimed, "Missi, what can we do to help you now?"

Oh, how like is human nature all the world over! When one toils and struggles, when help is needed which many around could easily give and be the better, not the worse, for giving it, they look on in silence, or bless you with ungenerous criticism, or ban you with malicious judgment. But let them get some peep of personal advantage by helping you, or even of the empty bubble of praise for offering it, and how they rush to your aid!

But I was thankful to accept of the Chief's assistance, though rather late in the day, and I said,—

"You have seen it fall in once already. If it falls again, it will conceal the rain from below which our God has given us. In order to preserve it for us and for our children in all time, we must build it round and round with great coral blocks from the bottom to the very top. I will now clear it out, and prepare the foundation for this wall of coral. Let every man and woman carry from the shore the largest blocks they can bring. It is well worth all the toil thus to preserve our great Jehovah's gift!"

Scarcely were my words repeated, when they rushed to the shore, with shoutings and songs of gladness; and soon every one was seen struggling under the biggest block of coral with which he dared to tackle. They lay like limestone rocks, broken up by the hurricanes, and rolled ashore in the arms of

mighty billows; and in an incredibly short time scores of them were tumbled down for my use at the mouth of the well. Having prepared a foundation, I made ready a sort of box to which every block was firmly tied and then let down to me by the pulley,—a Native Teacher, a faithful fellow, cautiously guiding it. I received and placed each stone in its position, doing my poor best to wedge them one against the other, building circularly, and cutting them to the needed shape with my American axe. The wall is about three feet thick, and the masonry may be guaranteed to stand till the coral itself decays. I wrought incessantly, for fear of any further collapse, till I had it raised about twenty feet; and now, feeling secure, and my hands being dreadfully cut up, I intimated that I would rest a week or two, and finish the building then. But the Chief advanced and said,—

"Missi, you have been strong to work. Your strength has fled. But rest here beside us; and just point out where each block is to be laid. We will lay them there, we will build them solidly behind like you. And no man will sleep till it is done."

With all their will and heart they started on the job; some carrying, some cutting and squaring the blocks, till the wall rose like magic, and a row of the hugest rocks laid round the top bound all together, and formed the mouth of the well. Women, boys, and all wished to have a hand in building it, and it remains to this day, a solid wall of masonry, the

circle being thirty-four feet deep, eight feet wide at the top, and six at the bottom. I floored it over with wood above all, and fixed the windlass and bucket, and there it stands as one of the greatest material blessings which the Lord has given to Aniwa. It rises and falls with the tide, though a third of a mile distant from the sea; and when, after using it, we tasted the pure fresh water on board the *Dayspring*, it seemed so insipid that I had to slip a little salt into my tea along with the sugar before I could enjoy it! All visitors are taken to see the well, as one of the wonders of Aniwa; and an Elder of the Church said to me lately,—

"But for that water, during the last two years of drought, we would all have been dead!"

Very strangely, though the Natives themselves have since tried to sink six or seven wells in the most likely places near their different villages, they have either come to coral rock which they could not pierce, or found only water that was salt. And they say amongst themselves,—

"Missi not only used pick and spade, but he prayed and cried to his God. We have learned to dig, but not how to pray, and therefore Jehovah will not give us the rain from below!"

The well was now finished. The place was neatly fenced in. And the old Chief said,—

"Missi, now that this is the water for all, we must take care and keep it pure."

I was so thankful that all were to use it. Had we

alone drawn water therefrom, they could so easily have poisoned it, as they do the fish-pools, in caverns among the rocks by the shore, with their nuts and runners, and killed us all. But there was no fear, if they themselves were to use it daily. The Chief continued,—

"Missi, I think I could help you next Sabbath. Will you let me preach a sermon on the well?"

"Yes," I at once replied, "if you will try to bring all the people to hear you."

"Missi, I will try," he eagerly promised. The news spread like wildfire that the Chief Namakei was to be the Missionary on the next day for the Worship, and the people, under great expectancy, urged each other to come and hear what he had to say.

Sabbath came round. Aniwa assembled in what was for that island a great crowd. Namakei appeared dressed in shirt and kilt. He was so excited, and flourished his tomahawk about at such a rate, that it was rather lively work to be near him. I conducted short opening devotions, and then called upon Namakei. He rose at once, with eye flashing wildly, and his limbs twitching with emotion. He spoke to the following effect, swinging his tomahawk to enforce every eloquent gesticulation,—

"Friends of Namakei, men and women and children of Aniwa, listen to my words! Since Missi came here he has talked many strange things we could not understand—things all too wonderful; and we said regarding many of them that they must be lies.

White people might believe such nonsense, but we said that the black fellow knew better than to receive it. But of all his wonderful stories, we thought the strangest was about sinking down through the earth to get rain! Then we said to each other, The man's head is turned; he's gone mad. But the Missi prayed on and wrought on, telling us that Jehovah God heard and saw, and that his God would give him rain. Was he mad? Has he not got the rain deep down in the earth? We mocked at him; but the water was there all the same. We have laughed at other things which the Missi told us, because we could not see them. But from this day I believe that all he tells us about his Jehovah God is true. Some day our eyes will see it. For to-day we have seen the rain from the earth."

Then, rising to a climax, first the one foot and then the other making the broken coral on the floor fly behind like a war-horse pawing the ground, he cried with great eloquence,—

"My people, the people of Aniwa, the world is turned upside down since the word of Jehovah came to this land! Who ever expected to see rain coming up through the earth? It has always come from the clouds! Wonderful is the work of this Jehovah God. No god of Aniwa ever answered prayers as the Missi's God has done. Friends of Namakei, all the powers of the world could not have forced us to believe that rain could be given from the depths of the earth, if we had not seen it with our eyes, felt it

and tasted it as we here do. Now, by the help of Jehovah God the Missi brought that invisible rain to view, which we never before heard of or saw, and,"—(beating his hand on his breast, he exclaimed),—

"Something here in my heart tells me that the Jehovah God does exist, the Invisible One, whom we never heard of nor saw till the Missi brought Him to our knowledge. The coral has been removed, the land has been cleared away, and lo! the water rises. Invisible till this day, yet all the same it was there, though our eyes were too weak. So I, your Chief, do now firmly believe that when I die, when the bits of coral and the heaps of dust are removed which now blind my old eyes, I shall then see the Invisible Jehovah God with my soul, as Missi tells me, not less surely than I have seen the rain from the earth below. From this day, my people, I must worship the God who has opened for us the well, and who fills us with rain from below. The gods of Aniwa cannot hear, cannot help us, like the God of Missi. Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God. Let every man that thinks with me go now and fetch the idols of Aniwa, the gods which our fathers feared, and cast them down at Missi's feet. Let us burn and bury and destroy these things of wood and stone, and let us be taught by the Missi how to serve the God who can hear, the Jehovah who gave us the well, and who will give us every other blessing, for He sent His Son Jesus to die for us and bring us to Heaven. This is what the Missi has been telling us every day

since he landed on Aniwa. We laughed at him, but now we believe him. The Jehovah God has sent us rain from the earth. Why should He not also send us His Son from Heaven? Namakei stands up for Jehovah!"

This address, and the Sinking of the Well, broke, as I already said, the back of Heathenism on Aniwa. That very afternoon, the old Chief and several of his people brought their idols and cast them down at my feet beside the door of our house. Oh, the intense excitement of the weeks that followed! Company after company came to the spot, loaded with their gods of wood and stone, and piled them up in heaps, amid the tears and sobs of some, and the shoutings of others, in which was heard the oft-repeated word, "Jehovah! Jehovah!" What could be burned, we cast into the flames; others we buried in pits twelve or fifteen feet deep; and some few, more likely than the rest to feed or awaken superstition, we sank far out into the deep sea. Let no Heathen eyes ever gaze on them again!

We do not mean to indicate that, in all cases, their motives were either high or enlightened. There were not wanting some who wished to make this new movement pay, and were much disgusted when we refused to "buy" their gods! On being told that Jehovah would not be pleased unless they gave them up of their own free will, and destroyed them without pay or reward, some took them home again and held on by them for a season, and others threw them

away in contempt. Meetings were held; speeches were delivered, for these New Hebrideans are irrepressible orators, florid, and amazingly graphic; much talk followed, and the destruction of idols went on apace. By-and-bye two Sacred Men and some other selected persons were appointed a sort of detective Committee, to search out and expose those who pretended to give them all up, but were hiding certain idols in secret, and to encourage wavcrers to come to a thorough decision for Jehovah. In these intensely exciting days, we "stood still" and saw the salvation of the Lord.

They flocked around us now at every meeting we held. They listened eagerly to the story of the life and death of Jesus. They voluntarily assumed one or other article of clothing. And everything transpiring was fully and faithfully submitted to us for counsel or for information. One of the very first things of a Christian discipline to which they readily and almost unanimously took was the asking of God's blessing on every meal and praising the great Jehovah for their daily bread. Whosoever did not do so was regarded as a Heathen. (Query: how many *white* Heathens are there?) The next step, and it was taken in a manner as if by some common consent that was not less surprising than joyful, was a form of Family Worship every morning and evening. Doubtless the prayers were often very queer, and mixed up with many remaining superstitions; but they were prayers to the great Jehovah, the

compassionate Father, the Invisible One—no longer to gods of stone!

Necessarily these were the conspicuous features of our life as Christians in their midst—morning and evening Family Prayer, and Grace at Meat; and hence, most naturally, their instinctive adoption and imitation of the same as the first outward tokens of Christian discipline. Every house in which there was not Prayer to God in the family was known thereby to be Heathen. This was a direct and practical evidence of the New Religion; and, so far as it goes (and that is very far indeed, where there is any sincerity at all), the test was one about which there could be no mistake on either side.

A third conspicuous feature stood out distinctly and at once,—the change as to the Lord's Day. Village after village followed in this also the example of the Mission House. All ordinary occupations ceased. Sabbath was spoken of as the Day for Jehovah. Saturday came to be called "Cooking Day," referring to the extra preparations for the day of rest and worship. They believed that it was Jehovah's will to keep the first day holy. The reverse was a distinctive mark of Heathenism.

The first traces of a new Social Order began to rise visibly on the delighted eye. The whole inhabitants, young and old, now attended School,—three generations sometimes at the one copy or A B C book! Thefts, quarrels, crimes, etc., were settled now, not by club law, but by fine or bonds or lash, as

agreed upon by the Chiefs and their people. Everything was rapidly and surely becoming "new" under the influence of the leaven of Jesus. Industry increased. Huts and plantations were safe. Formerly every man, in travelling, carried with him all his valuables; now they were secure, left at home.

Even a brood of fowls or a litter of pigs would be carried in bags on their persons in Heathen days. Hence at Church we had sometimes lively episodes, the chirruping of chicks, the squealing of piggies, and the barking of puppies, one gaily responding to the other, as we sang, or prayed, or preached the Gospel! Being glad to see the Natives there, even with all their belongings, we carefully refrained from finding fault; but the thread of devotion was sometimes apt to slip through one's fingers, especially when the conflict of the owner to silence a baby-pig inspired the little wretch to drown everything in a long-sustained and angry swinish scream.

The Natives, finding this state of matters troublesome to themselves and disagreeable all round, called a General Assembly, unanimously condemned dishonesty, agreed upon severe fines and punishments for every act of theft, and covenanted to stand by each other in putting it down. The Chiefs, however, found this a long and difficult task, but they held at it under the inspiration of the Gospel and prevailed. Even the trials and difficulties with which they met were overruled by God, in assisting them to form by the light of their own experience a simple code

of Social Laws, fitted to repress the crimes there prevailing, and to encourage the virtues specially needing to be cultivated there. Heathen Worship was gradually extinguished; and, though no one was compelled to come to Church, every person on Aniwa, without exception, became an avowed worshipper of Jehovah God. Again, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

Often since have I meditated on that old Cannibal Chief reasoning himself and his people, from the sinking of the well and the bringing of the invisible water to view, into a belief as to the existence and power of the great Invisible God, the only Hearer and Answerer of prayer. And the contrasted picture rises before my mind of the multitudes in Britain, America, Germany, and our Colonies, all whose wisdom, science, art, and wealth have only left them in spiritual darkness—miserable doubters! In their pride of heart, they deny their Creator and Redeemer, so gloriously revealed to them alike in Nature and in Scripture, and are like a dog barking against the sun. They will accept nothing but what their poorly-developed Science can demonstrate; yet that Science, as compared with the All-Truth of the Universe, is infinitely smaller than was the poor Chief Namakei's knowledge as compared with mine! They do certainly know that their very existence, at every moment, depends on things that neither reason nor science can fathom, any more than Namakei could understand the rain from below. For every reason that he and

his people had to believe in the Invisible God, who brought the water to their view, these sons and daughters of civilization, "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time," have ten thousand more —from history, from science, from material progress —yet in their pride of Intellect they refuse to acknowledge and adore that Invisible and Inscrutable God, in whom every day they live, and move, and have their being, and who has spoken to us by His Son from Heaven. If their own sons, daughters, or servants, who are infinitely less dependent on them than they are upon God, should treat themselves as they are treating their Creator, what would they think? How would they feel? I pity from the depth of my heart every human being, who, from whatever cause, is a stranger to the most ennobling, uplifting, and consoling experience that can come to the soul of man—blessed communion with the Father of our Spirits, through gracious union with the Lord Jesus Christ. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight. . . . Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light" (Matt. xi. 25–30).

## CHAPTER VII.

### *THE LIGHT THAT SHINETH MORE AND MORE.*

My first Aniwan Book.—The Power of Music.—A Pair of Glass Eyes.—Church Building for Jesus.—The Hanging of the Bell.—Patesa and his Bride.—An Armed Embassage.—Youwili's Taboo.—Youwili's Conversion.—The Tobacco Idol.—First Communion on Aniwa.—Our Village Day Schools.—New Social Laws.—A Sabbath Day's Work on Aniwa.—Our Week-day Life.—The Orphans and their Biscuits.—"The Wreck of the *Dayspring*."—God's Own Finger-Posts.—God's Work our Guarantee.—Profane Swearers Rebuked.—A Heavenly Vision.—On Wing through New Zealand.—Our Second *Dayspring*.

THE printing of my first Aniwan book was a great event, not so much for the toil and worry which it cost me, though that was enough to have broken the heart of many a compositor, as rather for the joy it gave to the old Chief Namakei.

The break-up at Tanna had robbed me of my own neat little printing press. I had since obtained at Aneityum the remains of one from Erromanga, that had belonged to the murdered Gordon. But the supply of letters, in some cases, was so deficient that I could print only four pages at a time; and, besides, bits of the press were wanting, and I had first to manufac-

ture substitutes from scraps of iron and wood. I managed, however, to make it go, and by-and-bye it did good service. By it I printed our Aniwan Hymn-Book, a portion of Genesis in Aniwan, a small book in Erromangan for the second Gordon, and other little things.

The old Chief had eagerly helped me in translating and preparing this first book. He had a great desire "to hear it speak," as he graphically expressed it. It was made up chiefly of short passages from the Scriptures, that might help me to introduce them to the treasures of Divine truth and love. Namakei came to me, morning after morning, saying,—

"Missi, is it done? Can it speak?"

At last I was able to answer, "Yes!"

The old Chief eagerly responded, "Does it speak my words?"

I said, "It does."

With rising interest, Namakei exclaimed,—

"Make it speak to me, Missi! Let me hear it speak."

I read to him a part of the book, and the old man fairly shouted in an ecstasy of joy: "It does speak! It speaks my own language, too! Oh, give it to me!"

He grasped it hurriedly, turned it all round every way, pressed it to his bosom, and then, closing it with a look of great disappointment, handed it back to me, saying, "Missi, I cannot make it speak! It will never speak to me."

"No," said I; "you don't know how to read it yet,

how to make it speak to you ; but I will teach you to read, and then it will speak to you as it does to me."

"O Missi, dear Missi, show me how to make it speak!" persisted the bewildered Chief. He was straining his eyes so, that I suspected they were dim with age, and could not see the letters. I looked out for him a pair of spectacles, and managed to fit him well. He was much afraid of putting them on at first, manifestly in dread of some sort of sorcery. At last, when they were properly placed, he saw the letters and everything so clearly that he exclaimed in great excitement and joy,—

"I see it all now! This is what you told us about Jesus. He opened the eyes of a blind man. The word of Jesus has just come to Aniwa. He has sent me these glass eyes. I have gotten back again the sight that I had when a boy. O Missi, make the book speak to me now!"

I walked out with him to the public Village Ground. There I drew A B C in large characters upon the dust, showed him the same letters in the book, and left him to compare them, and find out how many occurred on the first page. Fixing these in his mind, he came running to me, and said,—

"I have lifted up A B C. They are here in my head, and I will hold them fast. Give me other three."

This was repeated time after time. He mastered the whole Alphabet, and soon began to spell out the smaller words. Indeed, he came so often, getting

me to read it over and over, that before he himself could read it freely he had it word for word committed to memory. When strangers passed him, or young people came around, he would get out the little book, and say,—

"Come, and I will let you hear how the book speaks our own Aniwan words. You say, it is hard to learn to read and make it speak. But be strong to try! If an old man like me has done it, it ought to be much easier for you."

One day I heard him read to a company with wonderful fluency. Taking the book, I asked him to show me how he had done it so quickly. Immediately I perceived that he could recite the whole from memory. He became our right-hand helper in the Conversion of Aniwa.

Next after God's own Word, perhaps the power of Music was most amazingly blessed in opening up our way. Amongst many other illustrations, I may mention how Namakei's wife was won. The old lady positively shuddered at coming near the Mission House, and dreaded being taught anything. One day she was induced to draw near the door, and fixing a hand on either post, and gazing inwards, she exclaimed, "Awái, Missi! Kái, Missi!"—the Native cry for unspeakable wonder. Mrs. Paton began to play on the harmonium, and sang a simple hymn in the old woman's language. Manifestly charmed, she drew nearer and nearer, and drank in the music, as it were, at every pore of her being. At last she ran off, and

we thought it was with fright, but it was to call together all the women and girls from her village "to hear the *bokis* sing!" (Having no *x*, the word *box* is pronounced thus.) She returned with them all at her heels. They listened with dancing eyes. And ever after the sound of a hymn, and the song of the *bokis*, made them flock freely to class or meeting.

Being myself as nearly as possible destitute of the power of singing, all my work would have been impaired and sadly hindered, and the joyous side of the Worship and Service of Jehovah could not have been presented to the Natives, but for the gift bestowed by the Lord on my dear wife. She led our songs of praise, both in the family and in the Church, and that was the first avenue by which the New Religion winged its way into the heart of Cannibal and Savage.

The old Chief was particularly eager that this same aged lady, his wife Yauwaki, should be taught to read. But her sight was far gone. So, one day, he brought her to me, saying, "Missi, can you give my wife also a pair of new glass eyes like mine? She tries to learn, but she cannot see the letters. She tries to sew, but she pricks her finger, and throws away the needle. saying, 'The ways of the white people are not good!' If she could get a pair of glass eyes, she would be in a new world like Namakei." In my bundle I found a pair that suited her. She was in positive terror about putting them on her face, but at last she cried with delight,—

"Oh, my new eyes! my new eyes! I have the sight of a little girl. I will learn hard now. I will make up for lost time."

Her progress was never very great, but her influence for good on other women and girls was immense.

In all my work amongst the Natives, I have striven to train them to be self-supporting, and have never helped them where I could train them to help themselves. In this respect I was exceedingly careful, when the question arose of building their Churches, and Schools. At first we moved about amongst them from village to village, acquired their language, and taught them everywhere,—by the roadside, under the shade of a tree, or on the public Village Ground. Our old Native Hut, when we removed to the Mission House formerly referred to, was used for all sorts of public meetings. Feeling by-and-bye that the time had come to interest them in building a new Church, and that it would be every way helpful, I laid the proposal before them, carefully explaining that for this work no one would be paid, that the Church was for all the Islanders and for the Worship alone, and that every one must build purely for the love of Jesus.

I told them that God would be pleased with such materials as they had to give, that they must not begin till they had divided the work and counted the cost, and that for my part I would do all that I could to direct and help, and would supply the sinnet

(=cocoa-nut fibre rope) which I had brought from Aneityum, and the nails brought from Sydney.

They held meeting after meeting throughout the Island. Chiefs made long speeches; orators chanted their palavers; and warriors acted their part by waving of club and tomahawk. An unprecedented friendliness sprang up amongst them. They agreed to sink every quarrel, and unite in building the first Church on Aniwa,—one Chief only holding back. Women and children began to gather and prepare the sugar-cane leaf for thatch. Men searched for and cut down suitable trees.

The Church measured sixty-two feet by twenty-four. The wall was twelve feet high. The studs were of hard iron-wood, and were each by tenon and mortise fastened into six iron-wood trees forming the upper wall plates. All were not only nailed, but strongly tied together by sinnet-rope, so as to resist the hurricanes. The roof was supported by four huge iron-wood trees, and another of equally hard wood, sunk about eight feet into the ground, surrounded by building at the base, and forming massive pillars. There were two doorways and eight window spaces; the floor was laid with white coral, broken small, and covered with cocoa-nut tree leaf-mats, on which the people sat. I had a small platform, floored and surrounded with reeds; and Mrs. Paton had a seat enclosing the harmonium, also made of reeds, and in keeping. Great harmony prevailed all the time, and no mishap marred the work. One hearty

fellow fell from the roof-tree to the ground, and was badly stunned. But, jumping up, he shook himself, and saying,—"I was working for Jehovah! He has saved me from being hurt,"—he mounted the roof again and went on cheerily with his work.

Our pride in the New Church soon met with a dreadful blow. That very season a terrific hurricane levelled it with the ground. After much wailing, the principal Chief, in a great Assembly, said,—

"Let us not weep, like boys over their broken bows and arrows! Let us be strong, and build a yet stronger Church for Jehovah."

By our counsel, ten days were spent first in repairing houses and fences, and saving food from the plantations, many of which had been swept into utter ruin. Then they assembled on the appointed day. A hymn was sung. God's blessing was invoked, and all the work was dedicated afresh to Him. Days were spent in taking the iron-wood roof to pieces, and saving everything that could be saved. The work was allocated equally amongst the villages, and a wholesome emulation was created. One Chief still held back. After a while, I visited him and personally invited his help,—telling him that it was God's House, and for all the people of Aniwa; and that if he and his people did not do their part, the others would cast it in their teeth that they had no share in the House of God. He yielded to my appeal, and entered vigorously upon the work.

One large tree was still needed to complete the

couples, and could nowhere be found. The work was at a standstill; for, though the size was now reduced to fifty feet by twenty-two, and the roof had been lowered by four feet in order to give the windlass sufficient purchase, there was plenty of smaller wood on Aniwa, but the larger trees were apparently exhausted. One morning, however, we were awoke at early daybreak by the shouting and singing of a company of men, carrying a great black tree to the Church, with this same Chief dancing before them, leading the singing, and beating time with the flourish of his tomahawk. Determined not to be beaten, though late in the field, he had lifted the roof-tree out of his own house, as black as soot could make it, and was carrying it to complete the couplings. The rest of the builders shouted against this. All the other wood of the Church was white and clean, and they would not have this black tree, conspicuous in the very centre of all. But I praised the old Chief for what he had done, and hoped he and his people would come and worship Jehovah under his own roof-tree. At this all were delighted; and the work went on apace, with many songs and shoutings.

Whenever the Church was roofed in, we met in it for Public Worship. Coral was being got and burned, and preparations made for plastering the walls. The Natives were sharp enough to notice that I was not putting up the bell; and suspicions arose that I kept it back in order to take it with me when I returned to Tanna. It was a beautiful Church bell, cast and

sent out by our dear friend, James Taylor, Esq., Engineer, Birkenhead. The Aniwans, therefore, gave me no rest till I agreed to have it hung on their new Church. They found a large iron-wood tree near the shore, cut a road for half a mile through the bush, tied poles across it every few feet, and with shouts lifted it bodily on their shoulders—six men or so at each pole—and never set it down again till they reached the Church; for as one party got exhausted, others were ready to rush in and relieve them at every stage of the journey. The two old Chiefs, flourishing their tomahawks, went capering in front of all the rest, and led the song to which they marched, joyfully bearing their load. They dug a deep hole into which to sink it; I squared the top and screwed on the bell; then we raised the tree by ropes, letting it sink into the hole, built it round eight feet deep with coral blocks and lime, and there from its top swings and rings ever since the Church bell of Aniwa.

A fortnight's cessation of labour at the Church now followed. Their own plantations were attended to, and other needful duties performed. Our resumption of operations at the Church gave the opportunity for a deed of horrid cruelty. The Chief's son, Patesa, had just been married to a youthful widow, whom Nasi, a Tanna man living on Aniwa, had also desired. The people of the young bridegroom's village agreed to sleep overnight near the Mission Premises, in order to be ready for the work early next morning; and they deputed the young couple

to return to the village and sleep there, watching over their property. Nasi and his half-brother, Nouka, knowing they were alone, crept stealthily towards their hut at earliest daybreak, and removed the door without awaking either of the sleepers. Next moment a ball struck the young husband dead. The wife sprang up and implored Nasi to spare her; but he sent a ball through her heart, and she fell dead upon her dead spouse. Their people, hearing the double shot, rushed to the scene, and found the hut flowing with blood. Early that same forenoon the bride and bridegroom were laid in the same grave, in the sleep of love and death.

For a week all our work was suspended. Men and boys went about fully armed, and all their talk was for revenge. Nasi had a number of desperate fellows at his back, all armed with muskets, and I feared the loss of many lives. I implored them for once to leave the vengeance in the hands of God, and to stand by each other in carrying forward the work of Jehovah. But I solemnly forbade the murderers to come near the Mission House, or to help us with the Church. My counsel was so far accepted. But every man came to the work armed with musket, tomahawk, spear, and club, and the boys with bows and arrows; and these were piled up round the fence at hand, with watchmen stationed for alarm. Thus, literally with sword in one hand and trowel in the other, the House of the Lord was reared again on Aniwa.

Coral was secured, as described in a preceding

chapter; lime was prepared therefrom by burning it in extemporized kilns; and each village vied with all the rest in plastering beautifully its own allocated portion—the first job of the kind they had ever done. The floor was covered with broken coral and mats, but the Natives are now (1889) furnishing it with white men's seats. Originally they had a row of seats all round it inside, made of bamboo cane and reeds. The women and girls enter by one door, and the men and boys by another; and they sit on separate sides,—except at the Lord's table, when all sit together as one family. It was a Church perfectly suitable for their circumstances, and it cost the Home Committees not a single penny. It has withstood many a hurricane. A large number of the original builders are gone to their rest; but their work abides, and witnesses for God amongst their children. On its rude walls I could see the glorious motto—"Jehovah Shammah."

One of the last attempts ever made on my life resulted, by God's blessing, in great good to us all and to the work of the Lord. It was when Nourai, one of Nasi's men, struck at me again and again with the barrel of his musket; but I evaded the blows, till rescued by the women—the men looking on stupefied. After he escaped into the bush, I assembled our people, and said,—

"If you do not now try to stop this bad conduct, I shall leave Aniwa, and go to some island where my life will be protected."

Next morning at daybreak, about one hundred men arrived at my house, and in answer to my query why they came armed they replied,—"We are now going to that village, where the men of wicked conduct are gathered together. We will find out why they sought your life, and we will rebuke their Sacred Man for pretending to cause hurricanes and diseases. We cannot go unarmed. We will not suffer you to go alone. We are your friends and the friends of the Worship. And we are resolved to stand by you, and you must go at our head to-day!"

In great perplexity, yet believing that my presence might prevent bloodshed, I allowed myself to be placed at their head. The old Chief followed next, then a number of fiery young men; then all the rest, single file, along the narrow path. At a sudden turn, as we neared their village, Nourai, who had attacked me the Sabbath day before, and his brother were seen lurking with their muskets; but our young men made a rush in front, and they disappeared into the bush.

We took possession of the Village Public Ground; and the Chief, the Sacred Man, and others soon assembled. A most characteristic Native Palaver followed. Speeches, endless speeches, were fired by them at each other. My friends declared, in every conceivable form of language and of graphic illustration, that they were resolved at any cost to defend me and the worship of Jehovah, and that they would as one man punish every attempt to injure me or take my life. The orator, Taia, exclaimed,—

"You think that Missi is here alone, and that you can do with him as you please! No! We are now all Missi's men. We will fight for him and his rather than see him injured. Every one that attacks him attacks us. That is finished to-day!"

In the general scolding, the Sacred Man had special attention, for pretending to cause hurricanes. One pointed out that he had himself a stiff knee, and argued,—

"If he can make a hurricane, why can't he restore the joint of his own knee? It is surely easier to do the one than the other!"

The Natives laughed heartily, and taunted him. Meantime he sat looking down to the earth in sullen silence; and a ludicrous episode ensued. His wife, a big, strong woman, scolded him roundly for the trouble he had brought them all into; and then, getting indignant as well as angry, she seized a huge cocoa-nut leaf out of the bush, and with the butt end thereof began thrashing his shoulders vigorously, as she poured out the vials of her wrath in torrents of words, always winding up with the cry,—

"I'll knock the Tevil out of him! He'll not try hurricanes again!"

The woman was a Malay, as many of the Aniwans were. Had a Papuan woman on Tanna or Erromanga dared such a thing, she would have been killed on the spot. But even on Aniwa, the unwonted spectacle of a wife beating her husband created uproarious amusement. At length I remonstrated, saying,—

"You had better stop now! You don't want to kill him, do you? You seem to have knocked 'the Tevil' pretty well out of him now! You see how he receives it all in silence, and repents of all his bad talk and bad conduct."

They exacted from him a solemn promise as to the making of no more diseases or hurricanes, and that he would live at peace with his neighbours. The offending villagers at length presented a large quantity of sugar-cane and food to us as a peace-offering; and we returned, praising God that the whole day's scolding had ended in talk, not blood. The result was every way most helpful. Our friends knew their strength and took courage. Our enemies were disheartened and afraid. We saw the balance growing heavier every day on the side of Jesus; and our souls blessed the Lord.

These events suggest to me another incident of those days full at once of trial and of joy. It pertains to the story of our young Chief, Youwili. From the first, and for long, he was most audacious and troublesome. Observing that for several days no Natives had come near the Mission House, I asked the old Chief if he knew why, and he answered,—

"Youwili has *tabooed* the paths, and threatens death to any one who breaks through it."

I at once replied: "Then I conclude that you all agree with him, and wish me to leave. We are here only to teach you and your people. If he has power to prevent that, we shall leave with the *Dayspring*."

The old Chief called the people together, and they came to me, saying,—"Our anger is strong against Youwili. Go with us and break down the *taboo*. We will assist and protect you."

I went at their head and removed it. It consisted simply of reeds stuck into the ground, with twigs and leaves and fibre tied to each in a peculiar way, in a circle round the Mission House. The Natives had an extraordinary dread of violating the *taboo*, and believed that it meant death to the offender or to some one of his family. All present entered into a bond to punish on the spot any man who attempted to replace the *taboo*, or to revenge its removal. Thus a mortal blow was publicly struck at this most miserable superstition, which had caused bloodshed and misery untold.

One day, thereafter, I was engaged in clearing away the bush around the Mission House, having purchased and paid for the land for the very purpose of opening it up, when suddenly Youwili appeared and menacingly forbade me to proceed. For the sake of peace I for the time desisted. But he went straight to my fence, and with his tomahawk cut down the portion in front of our house, also some bananas planted there,—their usual declaration of war, intimating that he only awaited his opportunity similarly to cut down me and mine. We saw the old Chief and his men planting themselves here and there to guard us, and the Natives prowling about armed and excited. On calling them, they explained

the meaning of what Youwili had done, and that they were determined to protect us. I said,—

"This must not continue. Are you to permit one young fool to defy us all, and break up the Lord's work on Aniwa? If you cannot righteously punish him, I will shut myself up in my House and withdraw from all attempts to teach or help you, till the Vessel comes, and then I can leave the Island."

Now that they had begun really to love us, and to be anxious to learn more, this was always my most powerful argument. We retired into the Mission House. The people surrounded our doors and windows and pleaded with us. After long silence, we replied,—

"You know our resolution. It is for you now to decide. Either you must control that foolish young man, or we must go!"

Much speech-making, as usual, followed. The people resolved to seize and punish Youwili; but he fled, and had hid himself in the bush. Coming to me, the Chief said,—

"It is left to you to say what shall be Youwili's punishment. Shall we kill him?"

I replied firmly, "Certainly not! Only for murder can life be lawfully taken away."

"What then?" they continued. "Shall we burn his houses and destroy his plantations?"

I answered, "No."

"Shall we bind him and beat him?"

"No."

"Shall we place him in a canoe, thrust him out to sea, and let him drown or escape as he may?"

"No! by no means."

"Then, Missi," said they, "these are our ways of punishing. What other punishment remains that Youwili cares for?"

I replied, "Make him with his own hands, and alone, put up a new fence, and restore all that he has destroyed; and make him promise publicly that he will cease all evil conduct towards us. That will satisfy me."

This idea of punishment seemed to tickle them greatly. The Chiefs reported our words to the Assembly; and the Natives laughed and cheered, as if it were a capital joke! They cried aloud,—

"It is good! It is good! Obey the word of the Missi."

After considerable hunting, the young Chief was found. They brought him to the Assembly and scolded him severely and told him their sentence. He was surprised by the nature of the punishment, and cowed by the determination of the people.

"To-morrow," said he, "I will fully repair the fence. Never again will I oppose the Missi. His word is good."

By daybreak next morning Youwili was diligently repairing what he had broken down, and before evening he had everything made right, better than it was before. While he toiled away, some fellows of his own rank twitted him, saying,—

"Youwili, you found it easier to cut down Missi's fence than to repair it again. You will not repeat that in a hurry!"

But he heard all in silence. Others passed with averted heads, and he knew they were laughing at him. He made everything tight, and then left without uttering a single word. My heart yearned after the poor fellow, but I thought it better to let his own mind work away, on its new ideas as to punishment and revenge, for a little longer by itself alone. I instinctively felt that Youwili was beginning to turn, that the Christ-Spirit had touched his darkly-groping soul. My doors were now thrown open, and every good work went on as before. We resolved to leave Youwili entirely to Jesus, setting apart a portion of our prayer every day for the enlightenment and conversion of the young Chief, on whom all our means had been exhausted apparently in vain.

A considerable time elapsed. No sign came, and our prayers seemed to fail. But one day, I was toiling between the shafts of a hand-cart, assisted by two boys, drawing it along from the shore loaded with coral blocks. Youwili came rushing from his house, three hundred yards or so off the path, and said,—

"Missi, that is too hard work for you. Let me be your helper!"

Without waiting for a reply, he ordered the two boys to seize one rope, while he grasped the other,

threw it over his shoulder and started off, pulling with the strength of a horse. My heart rose in gratitude, and I wept with joy as I followed him. I knew that that rope was but a symbol of the yoke of Christ, which Youwili with his change of heart was beginning to carry! Truly there is only one way of being born again, regeneration by the power of the Spirit of God, the new heart; but there are many ways of conversion, of outwardly turning to the Lord, of taking the actual first step that shows on whose side we are. Regeneration is the sole work of the Holy Spirit in the human heart and soul, and is in every case one and the same. Conversion, on the other hand, bringing into play the action also of the human will, is never absolutely the same perhaps in even two souls,—as like and yet as different as are the faces of men.

Like those of old praying for the deliverance of Peter, and who could not believe their ears and eyes when Peter knocked and walked in amongst them, so we could scarcely believe our eyes and ears when Youwili became a disciple of Jesus, though we had been praying for his conversion every day. His once sullen countenance became literally bright with inner light. His wife came immediately for a book and a dress, saying,—

"Youwili sent me. His opposition to the Worship is over now. I am to attend Church and School. He is coming too. He wants to learn how to be strong, like you, for Jehovah and for Jesus."

Oh, Jesus! to Thee alone be all the glory. Thou hast the key to unlock every heart that Thou hast created.

Youwili proved to be slow at learning to read, but he had perseverance, and his wife greatly helped him. The two attended the Communicants' Class together, and ultimately both sat down at the Lord's Table. After his first Communion, he waited for me under an orange-tree near the Mission House, and said,—

"Missi, I've given up everything for Jesus, *except one*. I want to know if it is bad, if it will make Jesus angry; for if so, I am willing to give it up. I want to live so as to please Jesus now."

We feared that it was some of their Heathenish immoralities, and were in a measure greatly relieved when he proceeded,—

"Missi, I have not yet given up my pipe and tobacco! O Missi, I have used it so long, and I do like it so well; but if you say that it makes Jesus angry with me, I will smash my pipe now, and never smoke again!"

The man's soul was aflame. He was in tremendous earnest, and would have done anything for me. But I was more anxious to instruct his conscience than to dominate it. I therefore replied in effect thus,—

"I rejoice, Youwili, that you are ready to give up anything to please Jesus. He well deserves it, for He gave up His life for you. For my part, you know that I do not smoke; and from my point of view I would think it wrong in me to waste time and money

and perhaps health in blowing tobacco smoke into the air. It would do me no good. It could not possibly help me to serve or please Jesus better. I think I am happier and healthier without it. And I am certain that I can use the time and money, spent on this selfish and rather filthy habit, far more for God's glory in many other ways. But I must be true to you, Youwili, and admit that many of God's dear people differ from me in these opinions. They spend time and money, and sometimes injure health, in smoking, besides setting a wasteful example to lads and young men, and do not regard it as sinful. I will not therefore condemn these, our fellow Christians, by calling smoking a *sin* like drunkenness; but I will say to you that I regard it as a foolish and wasteful indulgence, a bad habit, and that though you may serve and please Jesus with it, you might serve and please Jesus very much better without it."

He looked very anxious, as if weighing his habit against his resolution, and then said,—

"Missi, I give up everything else. If it won't make Jesus angry, I will keep the pipe. I have used it so long, and oh, I do like it!"

Renewing our advice and counsel, but leaving him free to do in that matter so as to please Jesus according to his own best light, Youwili departed with a conscience so far greatly relieved, and we had many meditations upon the incident. Most of our Natives, on their conversion, have voluntarily renounced the Tobacco Idol; but what more could I say to Youwili,

with thousands of white Christians at my back burning incense to that same idol every day of their lives? Marvellous to me, in this connection, has often been the working of a tender conscience, asking itself how to serve and please Jesus, or how to do more for Jesus. Some years ago, for instance, I met a State School Teacher in Victoria, who had been lately brought under the power of the Gospel. In his fresh love, he wanted to do something to show his gratitude to Jesus. He had a young family, and the way was barred to the Mission field. His dear wife and he calculated over all their expenditure, to find out how much they could save to support the work of Jesus at home and abroad. Little or nothing could be spared from what appeared necessary claims. He fell upon his knees, and in tears implored God to show him how he could do something more to save the perishing. A voice came to him like a flash,—

"If you so care for Me and My work, you can easily sacrifice your pipe."

He instantly took up his pipe, and laid it before the Lord, saying,—

"There it is, O my Lord, and whatsoever it may have cost me, shall now from year to year be Thine!"

He was not what is called a heavy smoker,—anything under one shilling per week being considered "moderate," as I am informed. But he found that he had been spending thirty-one shillings per annum on tobacco; and every year since he has laid that

money upon the altar to Jesus, and prayed Him to use it in sending His Gospel to Heathen lands. I wonder which soul is the richer at the end of a year—he who lays his money, saved from a selfish indulgence, at the feet of Jesus, or he who blows it away in filthy smoke?

And this leads me to relate the story of our First Communion on Aniwa. It was Sabbath, 24th October, 1869; and surely the Angels of God and the Church of the Redeemed in Glory were amongst the great cloud of witnesses who eagerly "peered" down upon the scene,—when we sat around the Lord's Table and partook of His body and blood with those few souls rescued out of the Heathen World. My Communicants' Class had occupied me now a considerable time. The conditions of attendance at this early stage were explicit, and had to be made very severe, and only twenty were admitted to the roll. At the final examination only twelve gave evidence of understanding what they were doing, and of having given their hearts to the service of the Lord Jesus. At their own urgent desire, and after every care in examining and instructing, they were solemnly dedicated in prayer to be baptized and admitted to the Holy Table. On that Lord's Day, after the usual opening Service, I gave a short and careful exposition of the Ten Commandments and of the Way of Salvation according to the Gospel. The twelve Candidates then stood up before all the inhabitants there assembled; and, after a brief exhortation to them as

Converts, I put to them the two questions that follow, and each gave an affirmative reply,—

"Do you, in accordance with your profession of the Christian Faith, and your promises before God and the people, wish me now to baptize you?

And,—"Will you live henceforth for Jesus only, hating all sin and trying to love and serve your Saviour?"

Then, beginning with the old Chief, the twelve came forward, and I baptized them one by one according to the Presbyterian usage. Two of them had also little children, and they were at the same time baptized, and received as the lambs of the flock. Solemn prayer was then offered, and in the name of the Holy Trinity the Church of Christ on Aniwa was formally constituted. I addressed them on the words of the Holy Institution—1 Corinthians xi. 23—and then, after the prayer of Thanksgiving and Consecration, administered the Lord's Supper,—the first time since the Island of Aniwa was heaved out of its coral depths! Mrs. McNair, my wife, and myself along with six Aneityumese Teachers, communicated with the newly baptized twelve. And I think, if ever in all my earthly experience, on that day I might truly add the blessed words—Jesus "in the midst."

The whole Service occupied nearly three hours. The Islanders looked on with a wonder whose unwonted silence was almost painful to bear. Many were led to inquire carefully about everything they saw, so new and strange. For the first time the

Dorcas Street Sabbath School Teachers' gift from South Melbourne Presbyterian Church was put to use—a new Communion Service of silver. They gave it in faith that we would require it, and in such we received it. And now the day had come and gone! For three years we had toiled and prayed and taught for this. At the moment when I put the bread and wine into those dark hands, once stained with the blood of Cannibalism, now stretched out to receive and partake the emblems and seals of the Redeemer's love, I had a foretaste of the joy of Glory that well nigh broke my heart to pieces. I shall never taste a deeper bliss, till I gaze on the glorified face of Jesus Himself.

On the afternoon of that Communion Day, an open-air Prayer Meeting was held under the shade of the great banyan tree in front of our Church. Seven of the new Church members there led the people in prayer to Jesus, a hymn being sung betwixt each. My heart was so full of joy that I could do little else but weep. Oh, I wonder, I *wonder*, when I see so many good Ministers at home, crowding each other and treading on each other's heels, whether they would not part with all their home privileges, and go out to the Heathen World and reap a joy like this—"the joy of the Lord."

Having now our little Aniwan book, we set about establishing Schools at every village on the Island. Mrs. Paton and I had been diligently instructing those around us, and had now a number prepared to

act as helpers. Experience has proved that, for the early stages, their own fellow-Islanders are the most successful instructors. Each village built its own School, which on Sabbath served as a district Church. For the two most advanced Schools I had our good Aneityumese Teachers, and for the others I took the best readers that could be found. These I changed frequently, returning them to our own School for a season, which was held for them in the afternoon; and, to encourage them, a small salary was granted to each of them yearly, drawn from what is known throughout the Churches as the Native Teachers' Fund.

These village Schools have all to be conducted at daybreak, while the heavy dews still drench the bush; for, so soon as the dews are lifted by the rising sun, the Natives are off to their plantations, on which they depend for their food almost exclusively. I had a large School at the Mission Station also at daybreak, besides the afternoon School at three o'clock for the training of Teachers. At first they made very little progress; but they began to form habits of attention; and they learned the fruitful habit of acknowledging God always, for all our Schools were opened and closed with prayer. As their knowledge and faith increased, we saw their Heathen practices rapidly passing away, and a new life shaping itself around us. Mrs. Paton taught a class of about fifty women and girls. They became experts at sewing, singing, plaiting hats, and reading. Nearly all the

girls could at length cut out and make their own dresses, as well as shirts or kilts for the men and clothing for the children. Yet, three short years before, men and women alike were running about naked and savage. The Christ-Spirit is the true civilizing power.

The new Social Order, referred to already in its dim beginnings, rose around us like a sweet-scented flower. I never interfered directly, unless expressly called upon or appealed to. The two principal Chiefs were impressed with the idea that there was but one law,—the Will of God, and one rule for them and their people as Christians,—to please the Lord Jesus. In every difficulty they consulted me. I explained to them and read in their hearing the very words of Holy Scripture, showing what appeared to me to be the will of God and what would please the Saviour; and then sent them away to talk it over with their people, and to apply these principles of the word of God as wisely as they could according to their circumstances. Our own part of the work went on very joyfully, notwithstanding occasional trying and painful incidents. Individual cases of greed and selfishness and vice brought us many a bitter pang. But the Lord never lost patience with us, and we durst not therefore lose patience with them! We trained the Teachers, we translated and printed and expounded the Scriptures, we ministered to the sick and dying; we dispensed medicines every day, we taught them the use of tools, we advised them as

to laws and penalties; and the New Society grew and developed, and bore amidst all its imperfections some traces of the fair Kingdom of God amongst men.

Our life and work will reveal itself to the reader, if I briefly outline a Sabbath Day on Aniwa. Breakfast is partaken of immediately after daylight. The Church bell then rings, and ere it stops every worshipper is seated. The Natives are guided in starting by the sunrise, and are forward from farthest corners at this early hour. The first Service is over in about an hour; there is an interval of twenty minutes; the bell is again rung, and the second Service begins. We follow the ordinary Presbyterian ritual; but in every Service I call upon an Elder or a Church Member to lead in one of the prayers, which they do with great alacrity and with much benefit to all concerned.

As the last worshipper leaves, at close of second Service, the bell is sounded twice very deliberately, and that is the signal for the opening of my Communicants' Class. I carefully expound the Church's Shorter Catechism, and show how its teachings are built upon Holy Scripture, applying each truth to the conscience and the life. This Class is conducted all the year round, and from it, step by step, our Church Members are drawn as the Lord opens up their way, the most of them attending two full years at least before being admitted to the Lord's Table. This discipline accounts for the fact that so very few

of our baptized converts have ever fallen away—as few in proportion, I verily believe, as in Churches at home. Meantime, many of the Church members have been holding a prayer meeting amongst themselves in the adjoining School,—a thing started of their own free accord,—in which they invoke God's blessing on all the work and worship of the day.

Having snatched a brief meal of tea, or a cold dinner cooked on Saturday, the bell rings within an hour, and our Sabbath School assembles,—in which the whole inhabitants, young and old, take part, myself superintending and giving the address, as well as questioning on the lesson, Mrs. Paton teaching a large class of adult women, and the Elders and best readers instructing the ordinary classes for about half an hour or so.

About one o'clock the School is closed, and we then start off in our village tours. An experienced Elder, with several Teachers, takes one side of the Island this Sabbath, I with another company taking the other side, and next Sabbath we reverse the order. A short Service is conducted in the open air, or in Schoolrooms, at every village that can be reached ; and on their return they report to me cases of sickness, or any signs of progress in the work of the Lord. The whole Island is thus steadily and methodically evangelized.

As the sun is setting I am creeping home from my village tour ; and when darkness begins to approach, the canoe drum is beat at every village, and the

people assemble under the banyan-tree for evening village prayers. The Elder or Teacher presides. Five or six hymns are joyously sung, and five or six short prayers offered between, and thus the evening hour passes happily in the fellowship of God. On a calm evening, after Christianity had fairly taken hold of the people, and they loved to sing over and over again their favourite hymns, these village prayer-meetings formed a most blessed close to every day, and set the far-distant bush echoing with the praises of God.

At the Mission House, before retiring to rest, we assembled all the young people and any of our villagers who chose to join them. They sat round the dining-room floor in rows, sang hymns, read verses of the Bible, and asked and answered questions about the teaching of the day. About nine o'clock we dismissed them, but they pled to remain and hear our Family Worship in English:—

"Missi, we like the singing! We understand a little. And we like to be where prayer is rising!"

Thus Sabbath after Sabbath flowed on in incessant service and fellowship. I was often wearied enough, but it was not a "weary" day to me, nor what some would call Puritanical and dull. Our hearts were in it, and the people made it a weekly festival. They had few other distractions; and amongst them "The Worship" was an unfailing sensation and delight. As long as you gave them a chance to sing, they knew not what weariness was. When I returned to

so-called civilization, and saw how the Lord's Day was abused in *white* Christendom, my soul longed after the holy Sabbaths of Aniwa!

Nor is our week-day life less crowded or busy, though in different ways. At grey dawn on Monday, and every morning, the *Tavaka* (=the canoe drum) is struck in every village on Aniwa. The whole inhabitants turn in to the early School, which lasts about an hour and a half, and then the Natives are off to their plantations. Having partaken my breakfast, I then spend my forenoon in translating or printing, or visiting the sick, or whatever else is most urgent. About two o'clock the Natives return from their work, bathe in the sea, and dine off cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, or anything else that comes handily in the way. At three o'clock the bell rings, and the afternoon School for the Teachers and the more advanced learners then occupies my wife and myself for about an hour and a half. After this, the Natives spend their time in fishing or lounging or preparing supper,—which is amongst them always *the* meal of the day. Towards sundown the *Tavaka* sounds again, and the day closes amid the echoes of village prayers from under their several banyan trees.

Thus day after day and week after week passes over us on Aniwa; and much the same on all the Islands where the Missionary has found a home. In many respects it is a simple and happy and beautiful life; and the man, whose heart is full of things that are dear to Jesus, feels no desire to exchange

it for the poor frivolities of what calls itself "Society," and seems to finds its life in pleasures that Christ cannot be asked to share, and in which, therefore, Christians should have neither lot nor part.

The habits of morning and evening family prayer and of grace at meat took a very wonderful hold upon the people; and became, as I have shown elsewhere, a distinctive badge of Christian *versus* Heathen. This was strikingly manifested during a time of bitter scarcity that befell us. I heard a father, for instance, at his hut door, with his family around him, reverently blessing God for the food provided for them, and for all His mercies in Christ Jesus. Drawing near and conversing with them, I found that their meal consisted of fig leaves which they had gathered and cooked,—a poor enough dish; but hunger makes a happy appetite, and contentment is a grateful relish.

During the same period of privation, my Orphans suffered badly also. Once they came to me, saying,—

"Missi, we are very hungry."

I replied,—"So am I, dear children, and we have no more white food till the *Dayspring* comes."

They continued,—"Missi, you have two beautiful fig trees. Will you let us take one feast of the young and tender leaves? We will not injure branch or fruit."

I answered,—"Gladly, my children, take your fill!"

In a twinkling each child was perched upon a branch; and they feasted there happy as squirrels.

Every night we prayed for the vessel, and in the morning our Orphan boys rushed to the coral rocks and eagerly scanned the sea for an answer. Day after day they returned with sad faces, saying,—

"Missi, *Tavaka jimra!*" (=No vessel yet).

But at grey dawn of a certain day, we were awoke by the boys shouting from the shore and running for the Mission House with the cry,—"*Tavaka oa! Tavaka oa!*" (=The vessel, hurrah!)

We arose at once, and the boys exclaimed,—"Missi, she is not our own vessel, but we think she carries her flag. She has three masts, and our *Dayspring* only two!"

I looked through my glass, and saw that they were discharging goods into the vessel's boats; and the children, when I told them that boxes and bags and casks were being sent on shore, shouted and danced with delight. As the first boat-load was discharged, the Orphans surrounded me, saying,—

"Missi, here is a cask that rattles like biscuits! Will you let us take it to the Mission House?"

"I told them to do so if they could; and in a moment it was turned into the path, and the boys had it flying before them, some tumbling and hurting their knees, but up and at it again, and never pausing till it rolled up at the door of our Storehouse. On returning I found them all around it, and they said,—

"Missi, have you forgotten what you promised us?"

I said,—"What did I promise you?"

They looked very disappointed and whispered to each other,—"Missi has forgot!"

"Forgot what?" inquired I.

"Missi," they answered, "you promised that when the vessel came you would give each of us a biscuit."

"Oh," I replied, "I did not forget; I only wanted to see if you remembered it!"

They laughed, saying,—"No fear of that, Missi! Will you soon open the cask? We are dying for biscuits."

At once I got hammer and tools, knocked off the hoops, took out the end, and then gave girls and boys a biscuit each. To my surprise, they all stood round, biscuit in hand, but not one beginning to eat.

"What," I exclaimed, "you are dying for biscuits! Why don't you eat? Are you expecting another?"

One of the eldest said,—"We will first thank God for sending us food, and ask Him to bless it to us all."

And this was done in their own simple and beautiful childlike way; and then they *did* eat, and enjoyed their food as a gift from the Heavenly Father's hand. (Is there any child reading this, or hearing it read, who never thanks God or asks Him to bless daily bread? Then is that child not a *white* Heathen?) We ourselves at the Mission House could very heartily rejoice with the dear Orphans. For some weeks past our European food had been all exhausted, except a little tea, and the cocoa-nut had been our chief support. It was beginning to tell against us. Our souls rose in gratitude to the Lord,

who had sent us these fresh provisions that we might love Him better and serve Him more.

The children's sharp eyes had read correctly. It was not the *Dayspring*. Our brave little ship had gone to wreck on 6th January, 1873; and this vessel was the *Paragon*, chartered to bring down our supplies. Alas! the wreck had gone by auction sale to a French slaving company, who cut a passage through the coral reef, and had the vessel again floating in the Bay,—elated at the prospect of employing our Mission Ship in the blood-stained *Kanaka*-traffic (=a mere euphemism for South Sea slavery)! Our souls sank in horror and concern. Many Natives would unwittingly trust themselves to the *Dayspring;* and revenge would be taken on us, as was done on noble Bishop Patteson, when the deception was found out. What could be done? Nothing but cry to God, which all the friends of our Mission did day and night, not without tears, as we thought of the possible degradation of our noble little Ship. Listen! The French Slavers, anchoring their prize in the Bay, and greatly rejoicing, went ashore to celebrate the event. They drank and feasted and revelled. But that night a mighty storm arose, the old *Dayspring* dragged her anchor, and at daybreak she was seen again on the reef, but this time with her back broken in two and for ever unfit for service, either fair or foul. Oh, white-winged Virgin of the waves, better for thee, as for thy human sisters, to die and pass away than to suffer pollution and live on in disgrace!

Dr. Steel had chartered the *Paragon*, a new three-masted schooner, built at Balmain, Sydney, to come down with our provisions, letters, etc.; and the owners had given a written agreement that if we could purchase her within a year we would get her for £3,000. She proved in every way a suitable vessel, and it became abundantly manifest that in the interests of our Mission her services ought to be permanently secured.

I had often said that I would not again leave my beloved work on the Islands, unless compelled to do so either by the breakdown of health, or by the loss of our Mission Ship and my services being required to assist in providing another. Very strange, that in this one season both of these events befell us. During the hurricanes, from January to April, 1873, when the *Dayspring* was wrecked, we lost a darling child by death, my dear wife had a protracted illness, and I was brought very low with severe rheumatic fever. I was reduced so far that I could not speak, and was reported as dying. The Captain of a vessel, having seen me, called at Tanna, and spoke of me as in all probability dead by that time. Our unfailing and ever-beloved friends and fellow Missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, at once started from Kwamera, Tanna, in their open boat and rowed and sailed thirty miles to visit us. But a few days before they arrived I had fallen into a long and sound sleep, out of which, when I awoke, consciousness had again returned to me. I had got the turn; there was no

further relapse ; but when I did regain a little strength, my weakness was so great that I had to travel about on crutches for many a day.

Being ordered to seek health by change and by higher medical aid, and if possible in the cooler air of New Zealand, we took the first opportunity and arrived at Sydney, anxious to start the new movement to secure the *Paragon* there, and then to go on to the Sister Colony. Being scarcely able to walk without the crutches, we called privately a preliminary meeting of friends for consultation and advice. The conditions were laid before them and discussed. The Insurance Company had paid £2,000 on the first *Dayspring*. Of that sum £1,000 had been spent on chartering and maintaining the *Paragon ;* so that we required an additional £2,000 to purchase her, besides a large sum for alterations and equipment for the Mission. The late Mr. Learmouth looked across to Mr. Goodlet, and said,—

"If you'll join me, we will at once secure this vessel for the Missionaries, that God's work may not suffer from the wreck of the *Dayspring*."

Those two servants of God, excellent Elders of the Presbyterian Church, consulted together, and the vessel was purchased next day. How I did praise God, and pray Him to bless them and theirs ! The late Dr. Fullarton, our dear friend, said to them,— "But what guarantee do you ask from the Missionaries for your money ? "

Mr. Learmouth's noble reply was, and the other

heartily re-echoed it,—"God's work is our guarantee! From them we will ask none. What guarantee have they to give us, except their faith in God? That guarantee is ours already."

I answered,—"You take God and His work for your guarantee. Rest assured that He will soon repay you, and you will lose nothing by this noble service."

Having secured St. Andrew's Church for a public meeting, I advertised it in all the papers. Ministers, Sabbath School Teachers, and other friends came in great numbers. The scheme was fairly launched, and Collecting Cards largely distributed. Some of our fellow-Missionaries thought that the Colonial Churches should now do all these things voluntarily, without our personal efforts. But in every great emergency some one must take action and show the way, else golden opportunities are apt to slip. Committees carried everything out into detail, and all worked for the fund with great goodwill.

I then sailed from Sydney to Victoria, and addressed the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in session at Melbourne. The work was easily set agoing there, and willing workers fully and rapidly organized it through Congregations and Sabbath Schools.

Under medical advice, I next sailed for New Zealand in the S.S. *Hero*, Captain Logan. A large number of fast men and gamblers were on board, returning from the Melbourne Races, and their language

was extremely profane. Having prayed over it, I said on the second day at the dinner table,—

"Gentlemen, will you bear with me a moment? I am sure no man at this table wishes to wound the feelings of another or to give needless pain."

Every eye stared at me, and there was a general cry as to what I meant. I continued,—

"Gentlemen, we are to be fellow-passengers for a week or more. Now I am cut and wounded to my very heart to hear you cursing the name of my Heavenly Father, and taking in vain the name of my blessed Saviour. It is God in whom we live and move, it is Jesus who died to save us, and I would rather ten times over you would wound and abuse me, which no gentleman here would think of doing, than profanely use those Holy Names so dear to me."

There was a painful silence, and most faces grew crimson, some with rage, some perhaps with shame. At last a banker, who was there, a man dying of consumption, replied with a profane oath and with wrathful words. Keeping perfectly calm, in sorrow and pity, I replied, looking him kindly in the face,—

"Dear Sir, you and I are strangers. But I have pitied you very tenderly, ever since I came on board, for your heavy trouble and hacking cough. You ought to be the last to curse that blessed Name, as you may soon have to appear in His presence. I return, however, no railing word. If the Saviour was as dear to your heart as He is to mine, you would better understand me."

Little else was said during the remainder of that meal. But an hour later Captain Logan sent for me to his room, and said,—

"Sir, I too am a Christian. I would not give my quiet hour in the Cabin with this Bible for all the pleasures that the world can afford. You did your duty to-day amongst these profane men. But leave them and their consciences now in the hands of God, and take no further notice during the voyage."

I never heard another oath on board that ship. The banker met me in New Zealand and warmly invited me to his house!

My health greatly improved during the voyage; but I was sorely perplexed about this new undertaking. A sum of £2,800 must be raised, else the vessel could not sail free for the New Hebrides. I trembled, in my reduced state, at the task that seemed laid upon me again. One night, after long praying, I fell into a deep sleep in my Cabin, and God granted me a Heavenly Dream or Vision which greatly comforted me, explain it how you will. Sweetest music, praising God, arrested me and came nearer and nearer. I gazed towards it approaching, and seemed to behold hosts of shining beings bursting into view. The brilliancy came pouring all from one centre, and that was ablaze with insufferable brightness. Blinded with excess of light, my eyes seemed yet to behold in fair outline the form of the glorified Jesus; but as I lifted them to gaze on His face, the joy deepened into pain, my hand rose instinctively to

shade my eyes, I cried with ecstasy, the music passed farther and farther away, and I started up hearing a Voice saying, in marvellous power and sweetness, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." At this some will only smile. But to me it was a great and abiding consolation. And I kept repeating to myself, "He is Lord, and they all are ministering Spirits; if He cheers me thus in His own work, I take courage, I know I shall succeed."

Reaching Auckland, I was in time to address the General Assembly of the Church there also. They gave me cordial welcome, and every Congregation and Sabbath School might be visited as far as I possibly could. The ministers promoted the movement with hearty zeal. The Sabbath Scholars took Collecting Cards for "shares" in the new Mission Ship. A meeting was held every day, and three every Sabbath. Auckland, Nelson, Wellington, Dunedin, and all towns and Churches within reach of these were rapidly visited; and I never had greater joy or heartiness in any of my tours than in this happy intercourse with the Ministers and People of the Presbyterian Church in New Zealand.

I arrived back in Sydney about the end of March. My health was wonderfully restored, and New Zealand had given me about £1,700 for the new ship. With the £1,000 of insurance money, and about £700 from New South Wales, and £400 from Victoria, besides the £500 for her support also from Victoria,

we were able to pay back the £3,000 of purchase money, and about £800 for alterations and repairs, as well as equip and provision her to sail for her next year's work amongst the Islands free of debt. I said to our two good friends at Sydney,—

"You took God and His work for your guarantee. He has soon relieved you from all responsibility. You have suffered no loss, and you have had the honour and privilege of serving your Lord. I envy you the joy you must feel in so using your wealth, and I pray God's double blessing on all your store."

Our agent, Dr. Steele, had applied to the Home authorities for power to change the vessel's name from *Paragon* to *Dayspring*, so that the old associations might not be broken. This was cordially granted. And so our second *Dayspring*, owing no man anything, sailed on her annual trip to the New Hebrides, and we returned with her, praising the Lord and reinvigorated alike in spirit and in body.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *PEN-PORTRAITS OF ANIWANS.*

The Gospel in Living Capitals.—"A Shower of Spears."—The Tannese Refugees.—Pilgrimage and Death of Namakei.—The Character of Naswai.—Christianity and Cocoa-Nuts.—Nerwa the Agnostic.—Nerwa's Beautiful Farewell.—The Story of Ruwawa.—Waiwai and his Wives.—Nelwang and Kalangi.—Mungaw and Litsi Soré.—The Maddening of Mungaw.—The Queen of Aniwa a Missionary.—The Surrender of Nasi to Jesus.—Day-Light Prayer Meeting on Aniwa.—Candidates for Baptism.—The Appeal and Testimony of Lamu.

IN Heathendom every true Convert becomes at once a Missionary. The changed life, shining out amid the surrounding darkness, is a Gospel in largest Capitals which all can read. Our Islanders, especially, having little to engage or otherwise distract attention, become intense and devoted workers for the Lord Jesus, if once the Divine Passion for souls stirs within them. Many a reader, not making due allowance for these special circumstances, would therefore be tempted to think our estimate of their enthusiasm for the Gospel was overdone; but thoughtful men will easily perceive that Natives,

touched with the mighty impulses of Calvary, and undistracted by social pleasures or politics, or literature, or business claims, would almost by a moral necessity pour all the currents of their being into Religion, and probably show an apostolic devotion and self-sacrifice too seldom seen, alas, amid the thousand clamouring appeals of Civilization.

A Heathen has been all his days groping after peace of soul in dark superstition and degrading rites. You pour into his soul the light of Revelation. He learns that God is love, that God sent His Son to die for him, and that he is the heir of Life Eternal in and through Jesus Christ. By the blessed enlightenment of the Spirit of the Lord he believes all this. He passes into a third heaven of joy, and he burns to tell every one of this Glad Tidings. Others see the change in his disposition, in his character, in his whole life and actions; and, amid such surroundings, every Convert is a burning and a shining light. Even whole populations are thus brought into the Outer Court of the Temple; and Islands, still Heathen and Cannibal, are positively eager for the Missionary to live amongst them, and would guard his life and property now in complete security, where a very few years ago everything would have been instantly sacrificed on touching their shores! They are not Christianized, neither are they Civilized, but the light has been kindled all around them, and though still only shining afar, they cannot but rejoice in its beams

But even where the path is not so smooth, nor any welcome awaiting them, Native Converts show amazing zeal. For instance, one of our Chiefs, full of the Christ-kindled desire to seek and to save, sent a message to an inland Chief, that he and four attendants would come on Sabbath and tell them the Gospel of Jehovah God. The reply came back sternly forbidding their visit, and threatening with death any Christian that approached their village. Our Chief sent in response a loving message, telling them that Jehovah had taught the Christians to return good for evil, and that they would come unarmed to tell them the story of how the Son of God came into the world and died in order to bless and save His enemies. The Heathen Chief sent back a stern and prompt reply once more :—"If you come, you will be killed." On Sabbath morning, the Christian Chief and his four companions were met outside the village by the Heathen Chief, who implored and threatened them once more. But the former said,—

"We come to you without weapons of war! We come only to tell you about Jesus. We believe that He will protect us to-day."

As they steadily pressed forward towards the village, spears began to be thrown at them. Some they evaded, being all except one most dexterous warriors; and others they literally received with their bare hands, and turned them aside in an incredible manner. The Heathen, apparently thunderstruck

at these men thus approaching them without weapons of war, and not even flinging back their own spears which they had caught, after having thrown what the old Chief called "a shower of spears," desisted from mere surprise. Our Christian Chief called out, as he and his companions drew up in the midst of them on the village Public Ground,—

"Jehovah thus protects us. He has given us all your spears! Once we would have thrown them back at you and killed you. But now we come not to fight, but to tell you about Jesus. He has changed our dark hearts. He asks you now to lay down all these your other weapons of war, and to hear what we can tell you about the love of God, our great Father, the only living God."

The Heathen were perfectly over-awed. They manifestly looked upon these Christians as protected by some Invisible One. They listened for the first time to the story of the Gospel and of the Cross. We lived to see that Chief and all his tribe sitting in the School of Christ. And there is perhaps not an Island in these Southern Seas, amongst all those won for Christ, where similar acts of heroism on the part of Converts cannot be recited by every Missionary to the honour of our poor Natives and to the glory of their Saviour.

Larger and harder tests were sometimes laid upon their new faith. Once the war on Tanna drove about one hundred of them to seek refuge on Aniwa. Not so many years before their lives would never

have been thus entrusted to the inhabitants of another Cannibal Island. But the Christ-Spirit was abroad upon Aniwa. The refugees were kindly cared for, and in process of time were restored to their own lands by our Missionary ship the *Dayspring*. The Chiefs, however, and the Elders of the Church laid the new laws before them very clearly and decidedly. They would be helped and sheltered, but Aniwa was now under law to Christ, and if any of the Tannese broke the public rules as to moral conduct, or in any way disturbed the Worship of Jehovah, they would at once be expelled from the Island and sent back to Tanna. In all this, the Chief of the Tanna party, my old friend Nowar, strongly supported our Christian Chiefs. The Tannese behaved well, and many of them wore clothing and began to attend Church; and the heavy drain upon the poor resources of Aniwa was borne with a noble and Christian spirit, which greatly impressed the Tannese and commended the Gospel of Christ.

In claiming Aniwa for Christ, and winning it as a jewel for His crown, we had the experience which has ever marked God's path through history,—He raised up around us and wonderfully endowed men to carry forward His own blessed work. Among these must be specially commemorated Namakei, the old Chief of Aniwa. Slowly, but very steadily, the light of the Gospel broke in upon his soul, and he was ever very eager to communicate to his people all that he learned. In Heathen days he was a Cannibal and

a great warrior; but from the first, as shown in the preceding chapters, he took a warm interest in us and our work,—a little selfish, no doubt, at the beginning, but soon becoming purified as his eyes and heart were opened to the Gospel of Jesus.

On the birth of a son to us on the Island, the old Chief was in ecstasies. He claimed the child as his heir, his own son being dead, and brought nearly the whole inhabitants in relays to see the *white* Chief of Aniwa! He would have him called Namakei the Younger, an honour which I fear we did not too highly appreciate. As the child grew, he took his hand and walked about with him freely amongst the people, learning to speak their language like a Native, and not only greatly interesting them in himself, but even in us and in the work of the Lord. This, too, was one of the bonds, however purely human, that drew them all nearer and nearer to Jesus.

The death of Namakei had in it many streaks of Christian romance. He had heard about the Missionaries annually meeting on one or other of the Islands and consulting about the work of Jehovah. What ideas he had formed of a Mission Synod one cannot easily imagine; but in his old age, and when very frail, he formed an impassioned desire to attend our next meeting on Aneityum, and see and hear all the Missionaries of Jesus gathered together from the New Hebrides. Terrified that he would die away from home, and that that might bring great reverses to the good work on Aniwa,

where he was truly beloved, I opposed his going with all my might. But he and his relations and his people were all set upon it, and I had at length to give way. His few little books were then gathered together, his meagre wardrobe was made up, and a small Native basket carried all his belongings. He assembled his people and took an affectionate farewell, pleading with them to be "strong for Jesus," whether they ever saw him again or not, and to be loyal and kind to Missi. The people wailed out, and many wept bitterly. Those on board the *Dayspring* were amazed to see how his people loved him. The old Chief stood the voyage well. He went in and out to our meeting of Synod, and was vastly pleased with the respect paid to him on Aneityum. When he heard of the prosperity of the Lord's work, and how Island after Island was learning to sing the praises of Jesus, his heart glowed, and he said,—

"Missi, I am lifting up my head like a tree. I am growing tall with joy!"

On the fourth or fifth day, however, he sent for me out of the Synod, and when I came to him, he said, eagerly,—

"Missi, I am near to die! I have asked you to come and say farewell. Tell my daughter, my brother, and my people to go on pleasing Jesus, and I will meet them again in the fair World."

I tried to encourage him, saying that God might raise him up again and restore him to his people; but he faintly whispered,—

"O Missi, death is already touching me! I feel my feet going away from under me. Help me to lie down under the shade of that banyan tree."

So saying, he seized my arm, we staggered near to the tree, and he lay down under its cool shade. He whispered again,—

"I am going! O Missi, let me hear your words rising up in prayer, and then my Soul will be strong to go."

Amidst many choking sobs, I tried to pray. At last he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and said in a stronger and clearer tone,—

"O my Missi, my dear Missi, I go before you, but I will meet you again in the Home of Jesus. Farewell!"

That was the last effort of dissolving strength; he immediately became unconscious, and fell asleep. My heart felt like to break over him. He was my first Aniwan Convert,—the first who ever on that Island of love and tears opened his heart to Jesus; and as he lay there on the leaves and grass, my soul soared upward after his, and all the harps of God seemed to thrill with song as Jesus presented to the Father this trophy of redeeming love. He had been our true and devoted friend and fellow-helper in the Gospel, and next morning all the members of our Synod followed his remains to the grave. There we stood, the white Missionaries of the Cross from far distant lands, mingling our tears with Christian Natives of Aneityum, and letting

them fall over one who only a few years before was a blood-stained Cannibal, and whom now we mourned as a brother, a saint, an Apostle amongst his people. Ye ask an explanation? The Christ entered into his heart, and Namakei became a new Creature. "Behold, I make all things new."

We were in positive distress about returning to Aniwa without the Chief, and we greatly feared the consequences. To show our perfect sympathy with them, we prepared a special and considerable present for Litsi his daughter, for his brother, and for other near friends—a sort of object lesson, that we had in every way been kind to old Namakei, as we now wished to be to them. When our boat approached the landing, nearly the whole population had assembled to meet us; and Litsi and his brother were far out on the reef to salute us. Litsi's keen eye had missed old Namakei's form; and far as words could carry I heard her voice crying,—

"Missi, where is my father?"

I made as if I did not hear; the boat was drawing slowly near, and again she cried aloud, "Missi, where is my father? Is Namakei dead!"

I replied,—"Yes. He died on Aneityum. He is now with Jesus in Glory."

Then arose a wild, wailing cry, led by Litsi and taken up by all around. It rose and fell like a chant or dirge, as one after another wailed out praise and sorrow over the name of Namakei. We moved slowly into the boat harbour. Litsi, the daughter,

and Kalangi his brother, shook hands, weeping sadly, and welcomed us back, assuring us that we had nothing to fear. Amidst many sobs and wailings, Litsi told us that they all dreaded he would never return, and explained to this effect :—

"We knew that he was dying, but we durst not tell you. When you agreed to let him go, he went round and took farewell of all his friends, and told them he was going to sleep at last on Aneityum, and that at the Great Day he would rise to meet Jesus with the glorious company of the Aneityumese Christians. He urged us all to obey you and be true to Jesus. Truly, Missi, we will remember my dear father's parting word, and follow in his steps, and help you in the work of the Lord!"

The other Chief, Naswai, now accompanied us to the Mission House, and all the people followed, wailing loudly for Namakei. On the following Sabbath, I told the story of his conversion, life for Jesus, and death on Aneityum; and God overruled this event, contrary to our fears, for greatly increasing the interest of many in the Church and in the claims of Jesus upon themselves.

Naswai, the friend and companion of Namakei, was an inland Chief. He had, as his followers, by far the largest number of men in any village on Aniwa. He had certainly a dignified bearing, and his wife Katua was quite a lady in look and manner as compared with all around her. She was the first woman on the Island that adopted the clothes of

civilization, and she showed considerable instinctive taste in the way she dressed herself in these. Her example was a kind of Gospel in its good influence on all the women; she was a real companion to her husband, and went with him almost everywhere.

Naswai, after he became a Christian, had a touch of scorn in his manner, and was particularly stern against every form of lying or deceit. I used sometimes to let jobs to Naswai, such as fencing or thatching, at a fixed price. He would come with a staff of men, say thirty or forty, see the work thoroughly done, and then divide the price generously in equal portions amongst the workers, seldom keeping anything either in food or wages for himself. On one occasion, the people of a distant village were working for me. Naswai assisted and directed them. On paying them, one of the company said,—

"Missi, you have not paid Naswai. He worked as hard as any of us."

Naswai turned upon him with the dignity of a prince, and said,—

"I did not work for pay! Would you make Missi pay more than he promised? Your conduct is bad. I will be no party to your bad ways."

And, with an indignant wave of his hand, he stalked away in great disdain.

Naswai was younger and more intelligent than Namakei, and in everything except in translating the Scriptures he was much more of a fellow-helper in

the work of the Lord. For many years it was Naswai's special delight to carry my pulpit Bible from the Mission House to the Church every Sabbath morning, and to see that everything was in perfect order before the Service began. He was also the Teacher in his own village School, as well as an Elder in the Church. His preaching was wonderfully happy in its graphic illustrations, and his prayers were fervent and uplifting. Yet his people were the worst to manage on all the Island, and the very last to embrace the Gospel.

He died when we were in the Colonies on furlough in 1875; and his wife Katua very shortly pre-deceased him. His last counsels to his people made a great impression on them. They told us how he pleaded with them to love and serve the Lord Jesus, and how he assured them with his dying breath that he had been "a new creature" since he gave his heart to Christ, and that he was perfectly happy in going to be with his Saviour.

I must here recall one memorable example of Naswai's power and skill as a preacher. On one occasion the *Dayspring* brought a large deputation from Fotuna to see for themselves the change which the Gospel had produced on Aniwa. On Sabbath, after the Missionaries had conducted the usual Public Worship, some of the leading Aniwans addressed the Fotunese; and amongst others, Naswai spoke to the following effect:—

"Men of Fotuna, you come to see what the

Gospel has done for Aniwa. It is Jehovah the living God that has made all this change. As Heathens, we quarrelled, killed and ate each other. We had no peace and no joy in heart or house, in villages or in lands; but we now live as brethren and have happiness in all these things. When you go back to Fotuna, they will ask you, 'What is Christianity?' And you will have to reply, 'It is that which has changed the people of Aniwa.' But they will still say, 'What is it?' And you will answer, 'It is that which has given them clothing and blankets, knives and axes, fish-hooks and many other useful things; it is that which has led them to give up fighting, and to live together as friends.' But they will ask you, 'What is it like?' And you will have to tell them, alas, that you cannot explain it, that you have only seen its workings, not itself, and that no one can tell what Christianity is but the man that loves Jesus, the Invisible Master, and walks with Him and tries to please Him. Now, you people of Fotuna, you think that if you don't dance and sing and pray to your gods, you will have no crops. We once did so too, sacrificing and doing much abomination to our gods for weeks before our planting season every year. But we saw our Missi only praying to the Invisible Jehovah, and planting his yams, and they grew fairer than ours. You are weak every year before your hard work begins in the fields, with your wild and bad conduct to please your gods. But we are strong for our work, for we pray to Jehovah,

and He gives quiet rest instead of wild dancing, and makes us happy in our toils. Since we followed Missi's example, Jehovah has given us large and beautiful crops, and we now know that He gives us all our blessings."

Turning to me, he exclaimed, "Missi, have you the large yam we presented to you? Would you not think it well to send it back with these men of Fotuna, to let their people see the yams which Jehovah grows for us in answer to prayer? Jehovah is the only God who can grow yams like that!"

Then, after a pause, he proceeded,—"When you go back to Fotuna, and they ask you, 'What is Christianity?' you will be like an inland Chief of Erromanga, who once came down and saw a great feast on the shore. When he saw so much food and so many different kinds of it, he asked, 'What is this made of?' and was answered, 'Cocoa-nuts and yams.' 'And this?' 'Cocoa-nuts and bananas.' 'And this?' 'Cocoa-nuts and taro.' 'And this?' Cocoa-nuts and chestnuts,' etc., etc. The Chief was immensely astonished at the host of dishes that could be prepared from the cocoa-nuts. On returning, he carried home a great load of them to his people, that they might see and taste the excellent food of the shore-people. One day, all being assembled, he told them the wonders of that feast; and, having roasted the cocoa-nuts, he took out the kernels, all charred and spoiled, and distributed them amongst his people. They tasted the cocoa-nut, they began to chew it, and then

spat it out, crying, 'Our own food is far better than that!' The Chief was confused and only got laughed at for all his trouble. Was the fault in the cocoa-nuts? No; but they were spoiled in the cooking! So your attempts to explain Christianity will only spoil it. Tell them that a man must live as a Christian before he can show others what Christianity is."

On their return to Fotuna they exhibited Jehovah's yam, given in answer to prayer and labour; they told what Christianity had done for Aniwa; but did not fail to qualify all their accounts with the story of the Erromangan Chief and the cocoa-nuts, with its very practical lesson.

The two Chiefs of next importance on Aniwa were Nerwa and Ruwawa. Nerwa was a keen debater; all his thoughts ran in the channels of logic. When I could speak a little of their language, I visited and preached at his village; but the moment he discovered that the teaching about Jehovah was opposed to their Heathen customs, he sternly forbade us. One day, during my address, he blossomed out into a full-fledged and pronounced Agnostic (with as much reason at his back as the European type!) and angrily interrupted me:—

"It's all lies you come here to teach us, and you call it Worship! You say your Jehovah God dwells in Heaven. Who ever went up there to hear Him or see Him? You talk of Jehovah as if you had visited His Heaven. Why, you cannot climb even to the top of one of our cocoa-nut trees, though we can

and that with ease! In going up to the roof of your own Mission House, you require the help of a ladder to carry you. And even if you could make your ladder higher than our highest cocoa-nut tree, on what would you lean its top? And when you get to its top, you can only climb down the other side and end where you began! The thing is impossible. You never saw that God; you never heard Him speak; don't come here with any of your white lies, or I'll send my spear through you."

He drove us from his village, and furiously threatened murder, if we ever dared to return. But very soon thereafter the Lord sent us a little orphan girl from Nerwa's village. She was very clever, and could both read and write, and told over all that we taught her. Her visits home, or at least amongst the villagers where her home had been, her changed appearance and her childish talk, produced a very deep interest in us and in our work.

An orphan boy next was sent from that village to be kept and trained at the Mission House, and he too took back his little stories of how kind and good to him were Missi the man and Missi the woman. By this time Chief and people alike were taking a lively interest in all that was transpiring. One day the Chief's wife, a quiet and gentle woman, came to the Worship and said,—

"Nerwa's opposition dies fast. The story of the Orphans did it. He has allowed me to attend the Church, and to get the Christian's book."

We gave her a book and a bit of clothing. She went home and told everything. Woman after woman followed her from that same village, and some of the men began to accompany them. The only thing in which they showed a real interest was the children singing the little hymns which I had translated into their own Aniwan tongue, and which my wife had taught them to sing very sweetly and joyfully. Nerwa at last got so interested that he came himself, and sat within earshot, and drank in the joyful sound. In a short time he drew so near that he could hear our preaching, and then began openly and regularly to attend the Church. His keen reasoning faculty was constantly at work. He weighed and compared everything he heard, and soon out-distanced nearly all of them in his grasp of the ideas of the Gospel. He put on clothing, joined our School, and professed himself a follower of the Lord Jesus. He eagerly set himself, with all his power, to bring in a neighbouring Chief and his people, and constituted himself at once an energetic and very pronounced helper to the Missionary.

On the death of Naswai, Nerwa at once took his place in carrying my Bible to the Church, and seeing that all the people were seated before the stopping of the bell. I have seen him clasping the Bible like a living thing to his breast, and heard him cry,—

"Oh, to have this treasure in my own words of Aniwa!"

When Matthew and Mark were at last printed in

Aniwan, he studied them incessantly, and soon could read them freely. He became the Teacher in his own village School, and delighted in instructing others. He was assisted by Ruwawa, whom he himself had drawn into the circle of Gospel influence; and at our next election these two friends were appointed Elders of the Church, and greatly sustained our hands in every good work on Aniwa.

After years of happy and useful service, the time came for Nerwa to die. He was then so greatly beloved that most of the inhabitants visited him during his long illness. He read a bit of the Gospels in his own Aniwan, and prayed with and for every visitor. He sang beautifully, and scarcely allowed any one to leave his bedside without having a verse of one or other of his favourite hymns, "Happy Land," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." On my last visit to Nerwa, his strength had gone very low, but he drew me near his face, and whispered,—

"Missi, my Missi, I am glad to see you. You see that group of young men? They came to sympathize with me; but they have never once spoken the name of Jesus, though they have spoken about everything else! They could not have weakened me so, if they had spoken about Jesus! Read me the story of Jesus; pray for me to Jesus. No! stop, let us call them, and let me speak with them before I go."

I called them all around him, and he strained his dying strength, and said, "After I am gone, let there be no bad talk, no Heathen ways. Sing

Jehovah's songs, and pray to Jesus, and bury me as a Christian. Take good care of my Missi, and help him all you can. I am dying happy and going to be with Jesus, and it was Missi that showed me this way. And who among you will take my place in the village School and in the Church? Who amongst you all will stand up for Jesus?"

Many were shedding tears, but there was no reply; after which the dying Chief proceeded,—

"Now let my last work on earth be this:—we will read a chapter of the Book, verse about, and then I will pray for you all, and the Missi will pray for me, and God will let me go while the song is still sounding in my heart!"

At the close of this most touching exercise, we gathered the Christians who were near-bye close around, and sang very softly in Aniwan, "There is a Happy Land." As they sang, the old man grasped my hand, and tried hard to speak, but in vain. His head fell to one side, "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken."

Soon after his burial, the best and ablest man in the village, the husband now of the orphan girl already referred to, came and offered himself to take the Chief's place as Teacher in the village School; and in that post he was ably assisted by his wife, our "little maid," the first who carried the news of the Gospel life to her tribe, and inclined their ears to listen to the message of Jesus.

His great friend, Ruwawa the Chief, had waited by

Nerwa like a brother till within a few days of the latter's death, when he also was smitten down apparently by the same disease. He was thought to be dying, and he resigned himself calmly into the hands of Christ. One Sabbath afternoon, sorely distressed for lack of air, he instructed his people to carry him from the village to a rising ground on one of his plantations. It was fallow; the fresh air would reach him; and all his friends could sit around him. They extemporized a rest,—two posts stuck into the ground, slanting, sticks tied across them, then dried banana leaves spread on these and also as a cushion on the ground,—and there sat Ruwawa, leaning back and breathing heavily. After the Church Services, I visited him, and found half the people of that side of the Island sitting round him, in silence, in the open air. Ruwawa beckoned me, and I sat down before him. Though suffering sorely, his eye and face had the look of ecstasy.

"Missi," he said, "I could not breathe in my village; so I got them to carry me here, where there is room for all. They are silent and they weep, because they think I am dying. If it were God's will, I would like to live and to help you in His work. I am in the hands of our dear Lord. If He takes me, it is good; if He spares me, it is good! Pray, and tell our Saviour all about it."

I explained to the people, that we would tell our Heavenly Father how anxious we all were to see Ruwawa given back to us strong and well to work

for Jesus, and then leave all to His wise and holy disposal. I prayed, and the place became a very Bochim. When I left him, Ruwawa exclaimed,—

"Farewell, Missi; if I go first, I will welcome you to Glory; if I am spared, I will work with you for Jesus; so all is well!"

One of the young Christians followed me and said,—"Missi, our hearts are very sore! If Ruwawa dies, we have no Chief to take his place in the Church, and it will be a heavy blow against Jehovah's Worship on Aniwa."

I answered,—"Let us each tell our God and Father all that we feel and all that we fear; and leave Ruwawa and our work in His holy hands."

We did so, with earnest and unceasing cry. And when all hope had died out of every heart, the Lord began to answer us; the disease began to relax its hold, and the beloved Chief was restored to health. As soon as he was able, though still needing help, he found his way back to the Church, and we all offered special thanksgiving to God. He indicated a desire to say a few words; and although still very weak, spoke with great pathos thus:—

"Dear Friends, God has given me back to you all. I rejoice thus to come here and praise the great Father, who made us all, and who knows how to make and keep us well. I want you all to work hard for Jesus, and to lose no opportunity of trying to do good and so to please Him. In my deep journey away near to the grave, it was the memory

of what I had done in love to Jesus that made my heart sing. I am not afraid of pain,—my dear Lord Jesus suffered far more for me and teaches me how to bear it. I am not afraid of war or famine or death, or of the present or of the future; my dear Lord Jesus died for me, and in dying I shall live with Him in Glory. I fear and love my dear Lord Jesus, because He loved me and gave Himself for me."

Then he raised his right hand, and cried in a soft, full-hearted voice,—"My own, my dear Lord Jesus!" and stood for a moment looking joyfully upward, as if gazing into his Saviour's face. When he sat down, there was a long hush, broken here and there by a smothered sob; and Ruwawa's words produced an impression that is remembered to this day.

In 1888, when I visited the Islands, Ruwawa was still devoting himself heart and soul to the work of the Lord on Aniwa. Assisted by Koris, a Teacher from Aneityum, and visited occasionally by our ever-dear and faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, from Tanna, the good Ruwawa carries forward all the work of God on Aniwa, along with others, in our absence as in our presence. The meetings, the Communicants' Class, the Schools, and the Church Services are all regularly conducted and faithfully attended. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

I am now reminded of the story of Waiwai, both because it was interesting for his own personality, and also as illustrating our difficulties about the deli-

cate question of many wives. He was a man of great wisdom, and had in his early days displayed unwonted energy. His assistance in finding exact and idiomatic equivalents for me, while translating the Scriptures, was of the highest value.

He had been once at the head of a numerous people, but was now literally a Chief without a tribe. His son and heir was smitten down with sunstroke, while helping us to get the coral limestone, and shortly thereafter died. His only daughter was married to a young Chief. And at last, of all his seven wives only two remained alive.

He became a regular attender at Church, and when our first Communicants' Class was formed, Waiwai and his two wives were enrolled. At Communion time, he was dreadfully disappointed when informed that he could neither be baptized nor admitted to the Lord's Table till he had given up one of his wives, as God allowed no Christian to have more than one wife at a time. They were advised to attend regularly, and learn more and more of Christianity, till God opened up their way in regard to this matter; that it might be done from conscience, under a sense of duty to Christ, and if at all possible by peaceable and mutual agreement.

Waiwai professed to be willing, but found it terribly hard to give up either of his wives. They had houses far apart from each other, for they quarrelled badly, as is usual in such cases. But both were excellent workers, both were very attentive to the wants of

Waiwai, and he managed to keep on affectionate terms with both. After all the other men on the Island had, under the influence of Christianity, given up all their wives save one, Waiwai began to feel rather ashamed of being the conspicuous exception, or thought it prudent to pretend to be ashamed; and so he publicly scolded them both, ordering one or other to go and leave him, that he might be enabled to join the Church and be a Christian like the rest. But I learned privately that he did not wish either to go, and that he would shoot the one that dared to leave him. I remonstrated with him on his hypocrisy, warning him that God knew his heart. At last he said, that since neither of them would depart, he would leave them both and go to Tanna for a year, ordering one or other of them to get married during his absence. He did go, but on his return found both still awaiting him at their respective stations. He pretended to scold them very vigorously *in public;* but his duplicity was too open, and I again very solemnly rebuked him for double dealing, showing him that not even men were deceived by him, much less the all-seeing God. He frankly admitted his hypocrisy. He loved both; he did not want to part with either; and both were excellent workers!

In process of time the younger of the two women bore him a beautiful baby boy, about which he was immensely uplifted; and a short while thereafter the elder woman died. At her grave the inveterate talking instinct of these Islanders asserted itself, and

Waiwai made a speech to the assembled people in the following strain :—

"O ye people of Aniwa, I was not willing to give up either of my wives for Jesus; but God has taken one from me and laid her there in the grave; and now I am called to be baptized, and to follow Jesus."

The two now regularly attended Church, and learned diligently at the Communicants' Class. Both seemed to be very sincere, and Waiwai particularly showed a very gentle Christian spirit, and seemed to brood much upon the loss of family and people and tribe that had befallen him. His had been indeed a crushing discipline, and it was not yet complete. For, shortly before the Communion at which they were to be received into fellowship, his remaining wife became suddenly ill and died also. At her grave the old man wept very bitterly, and made another speech, but this time in tones of more intense reality than before, as if the iron had entered his very soul :—

"Listen, all ye men of Aniwa, and take warning by Waiwai. I am now old, and ready to drop into the grave alone. My wives kept me back from Jesus, but now they are all taken, and I am left without one to care for me or this little child. I tried to deceive the Missi, but I could not deceive God. When I was left with only one wife, I said that I would now be baptized and live as a Christian. But God has taken her also. I pretended to serve the Lord, when I was only serving and pleasing myself. God has now

broken my heart all to pieces. I must learn no longer to please myself, but to please my Lord. Oh, take warning by me, all ye men of Aniwa! Lies cannot cheat the great Jehovah God."

Poor broken-hearted Waiwai had sorrow upon sorrow to the full. We had agreed to baptize him and admit him to the Lord's Table. But a terrible form of cramp, sometimes met with on the Islands, overtook him, shrinking up both his legs, and curving his feet up behind him. He suffered great agony, and could neither walk nor sit without pain. In spite of all efforts to relieve him, this condition became chronic; and he died at last from the effects thereof during our absence on furlough.

His married daughter took charge of him and of the little boy; and so long as I was on Aniwa during his illness, I visited and instructed and ministered to him in every possible way. He prayed much, and asked God's blessing on all his meals; but all that I could say failed to lead him into the sunshine of the Divine Love. And the poor soul often revealed the shadow by which his heart was clouded by such cries as these,—"I lied to Jehovah! It is He that punishes me! I lied to Jesus!"

Readers may perhaps think that this case of the two wives and our treatment of it was too hard upon Waiwai; and those will be the most ready to condemn us, who have never been on the spot, and who cannot see all the facts as they lie under the eyes of the Missionary. How could we ever have led Natives to

see the difference betwixt admitting a man to the Church who had two wives, and not permitting a member of the Church to take two wives after his admission? Their moral sense is blunted enough without our knocking their heads against a conundrum in ethics! In our Church membership we have to draw the line as sharply as God's law will allow betwixt what is Heathen and what is Christian, instead of minimising the difference.

Again, we found that the Heathen practices were apparently more destructive to women than to men; so that in one Island, with a population of only two hundred, I found that there were thirty adult men over and above the number of women. As a rule, for every man that has two or more wives, the same number of men have no wives and can get none; and polygamy is therefore the prolific cause of hatreds and murders innumerable.

Besides all this, to look at things in a purely practical light, as the so-called "practical men" are our scornful censors in these affairs, it is really no hardship for one woman, or any number of women, to be given up when the man becomes a Christian and elects to have one wife only; for every one so discarded is at once eagerly contended for by the men who had no hope of ever being married, and her chances of comfort and happiness are infinitely improved. We had one Chief who gave up eleven wives on his being baptized. They were without a single exception happily settled in other homes.

And he became an earnest and devoted Christian.

While they remain Heathen, and have many wives to manage, the condition of most of the women is worse than slavery. On remonstrating with a Chief, who was savagely beating one of his wives, he indignantly assured me,—

"We must beat them, or they would never obey us. When they quarrel, and become bad to manage, we have to kill one, and feast on her. Then all the other wives of the whole tribe are quiet and obedient for a long time to come."

I knew one Chief, who had many wives, always jealous of each other and violently quarrelling amongst themselves. When he was off at war, along with his men, the favourite wife, a tall and powerful woman, armed herself with an axe, and murdered all the others. On his return he made peace with her, and, either in terror or for other motives, promised to forego and protect her against all attempts at revenge. One has to live amongst the Papuans, or the Malays, in order to understand how much Woman is indebted to Christ!

The old Chief's only brother was called Kalangi. Twice in Heathen days he tried to shoot me. On the second occasion he heard me rebuking his daughter for letting a child destroy a beautiful Island plant in front of our house. He levelled his musket at me, but his daughter, whom we were training at the Mission House, ran in front of it, and cried,—"O father,

don't shoot Missi! He loves me. He gives us food and clothing. He teaches us about Jehovah and Jesus!"

Then she pled with me to retire into the house, saying,—"He will not shoot you for fear of shooting me. I will soothe him down. Leave him to me, and flee for safety."

Thus she probably saved my life. Time after time he heard from this little daughter all that we taught her, and all she could remember of our preaching. By-and-bye he showed a strong personal interest in the things he heard about Jesus, and questioned deeply, and learned diligently. When he became a Christian, he constituted himself, along with Nelwang, my body-guard, and often marched near me, or within safe distance of me, armed with tomahawk and musket, when I journeyed from village to village in the pre-Christian days. Once, on approaching one of our most distant villages, Nelwang sprang to my side, and warned me of a man in the bush watching an opportunity to shoot me. I shouted to the fellow,—

"What are you going to shoot there? This is the Lord's own Day!"

He answered, "Only a bird."

I replied, "Never mind it to-day. You can shoot it to-morrow. We are going to your Village. Come on before us, and show us the way!"

Seeing how I was protected, he lowered his musket, and marched on before us. Kalangi addressed the people, after I had spoken and prayed. In course of

time they became warm friends of the Worship; and that very man and his wife, who once sought my life, sat with me at the Lord's Table on Aniwa. And the little girl, above referred to, is now the wife of one of the Elders there, and the mother of three Christian children,—both she and her husband being devoted workers in the Church of God.

Litsi, the only daughter of Namakei, had, both in her own career and in her connection with poor, dear Mungaw, an almost unparalleled experience. She was entrusted to us when very young, and became a bright, clever, and attractive Christian girl. Many sought her hand, but she disdainfully replied,—

"I am Queen of my own Island, and when I like I will ask a husband in marriage, as you told us that the great Queen Victoria did!"

Her first husband, however won, was undoubtedly the tallest and most handsome man on Aniwa; but he was a giddy fool, and, on his early death, she again returned to live with us at the Mission House. Her second marriage had everything to commend it, but it resulted in indescribable disaster. Mungaw, heir to a Chief, had been trained with us, and gave every evidence of decided Christianity. They were married in the Church, and lived in the greatest happiness. He was able and eloquent, and was first chosen as a deacon, then as an Elder of the Church, and finally as High Chief of one half of the Island. He showed the finest Christian spirit under many trying circumstances. Once, when working at the lime for the

building of our Church, two bad men, armed with muskets, sought his life for some revenge or another. Hearing of the quarrel, I rushed to the scene, and heard him saying,—

"Don't call me coward, or think me afraid to die. If I died now, I would go to be with Jesus. But I am no longer a Heathen; I am a Christian, and wish to treat you as a Christian should."

Others now coming to the rescue, the men were disarmed; and, after much talk, they professed themselves ashamed, and promised better conduct for the future. Next day they sent a large present as a peace-offering to me, but I refused to receive it till they should first of all make peace with the young Chief. They sent a larger present to him, praying him to receive it, and to forgive them. Mungaw brought a still larger present in exchange, laid it down at their feet in the Public Ground, shook hands with them graciously, and forgave them in presence of all the people. His constant saying was,—

"I am a Christian, and I must do the conduct of a Christian."

In one of my furloughs to Australia I took the young Chief with me, in the hope of interesting the Sabbath Schools and Congregations by his eloquent addresses and noble personality. The late Dr. Cameron, of Melbourne, having heard him, as translated by me, publicly declared that Mungaw's appearance and speech in his Church did more to show him the grand results of the Gospel amongst the Heathen

than all the Missionary addresses he ever listened to or read.

Our lodging was in St. Kilda. My dear wife was suddenly seized with a dangerous illness on a visit to Taradale, and I was telegraphed for. Finding that I must remain with her, I got Mungaw booked for Melbourne, on the road for St. Kilda, in charge of a railway guard. Some white wretches, in the guise of gentlemen, offered to see him to the St. Kilda Station, assuring the guard that they were friends of mine, and interested in our Mission. They took him, instead, to some den of infamy in Melbourne. On refusing to drink with them, he said they threw him down on a sofa, and poured drink or drugs into him till he was nearly dead. Having taken all his money (he had only two or three pounds, made up of little presents from various friends), they thrust him out to the street, with only one penny in his pocket.

On becoming conscious, he applied to a policeman, who either did not understand or would not interfere. Hearing an engine whistle, he followed the sound, and found his way to Spencer Street Station. There he stood for a whole day, offering his penny for a ticket by every train, and was always refused. At last a sailor took pity on him, got him some food, and led him to the St. Kilda Station. Again he proffered his penny, only to meet with refusal after refusal, till he broke down, and cried aloud in such English as desperation gave him,—

"If me savvy road, me go. Me no savvy road, and

stop here me die. My Missi Paton live at Kilda. Me want go Kilda. Me no more money. Bad fellow took all! Send me Kilda."

Some gentle Samaritan gave him a ticket, and he reached our house at St. Kilda at last. There for above three weeks the poor creature lay in a sort of stupid doze. Food he could scarcely be induced to taste, and he only rose now and again for a drink of water. When my wife was able to be removed thither also, we found dear Mungaw dreadfully changed in appearance and in conduct. Twice thereafter I took him with me on Mission work; but, on medical advice, preparations were made for his immediate return to the Islands. I entrusted him to the kind care of Captain Logan, who undertook to see him safely on board the *Dayspring*, then lying at Auckland. Mungaw was delighted, and we hoped everything from his return to his own land and people. After some little trouble, he was landed safely home on Aniwa But his malady developed dangerous and violent symptoms, characterized by long periods of quiet and sleep, and then sudden paroxysms, in which he destroyed property, burned houses, and was a terror to all.

On our return he was greatly delighted; but he complained bitterly that the white men "had spoiled his head," and that when it "burned hot" he did all these bad things, for which he was extremely sorry. He deliberately attempted my life, and most cruelly abused his dear and gentle wife; and then, when the

frenzy was over, he wept and lamented over it. Many a time he marched round and round our House with loaded musket and spear and tomahawk, while we had to keep doors and windows locked and barricaded; then the paroxysm passed off, and he slept, long and deep, like a child. When he came to himself, he wept and said,—

"The white men spoiled my head! I know not what I do. My head burns hot, and I am driven."

One day, in the Imrai, he leapt up with a loud-yelling war-cry, rushed off to his own house, set fire to it, and danced around till everything he possessed was burned to ashes. Nasi, a bad Tannese Chief living on Aniwa, had a quarrel with Mungaw about a cask found at the shore, and threatened to shoot him. Others encouraged him to do so, as Mungaw was growing every day more and more destructive and violent. When a person became outrageous or insane on Aniwa,—as they had neither asylum nor prison, they first of all held him fast and discharged a musket close to his ear; and then, if the shock did not bring him back to his senses, they tied him up for two days or so; and finally, if that did not restore him, they shot him dead. Thus the plan of Nasi was favoured by their own customs. One night, after family worship,—for amidst all his madness, when clear moments came, he poured out his soul in faith and love to the Lord,—he said,—

"Litsi, I am melting! My head burns. Let us go out and get cooled in the open air."

She warned him not to go, as she heard voices whispering under the verandah. He answered a little wildly,—

"I am not afraid to die. Life is a curse and burden. The white men spoiled my head. If there is a hope of dying, let me go quickly and die!"

As he crossed the door, a ball crashed through him, and he fell dead. We got the mother and her children away to the Mission House; and next morning they buried the remains of poor Mungaw under the floor of his own hut, and enclosed the whole place with a fence. It was a sorrowful close to so noble a career. I shed many a tear that I ever took him to Australia. What will God have to say to those white fiends who poisoned and maddened poor dear Mungaw?

After a while the good Queen Litsi was happily married again. She became possessed with a great desire to go as a Missionary to the people and tribe of Nasi, the very man who had murdered her husband. She used to say,—

"Is there no Missionary to go and teach Nasi's people? I weep and pray for them, that they too may come to know and love Jesus."

I answered,—"Litsi, if I had only wept and prayed for you, but stayed at home in Scotland, would that have brought you to know and love Jesus as you do?"

"Certainly not," she replied.

"Now then," I proceeded, "would it not please

Jesus and be a grand and holy revenge, if you, the Christians of Aniwa, could carry the Gospel to the very people whose Chief murdered Mungaw?"

The idea took possession of her soul. She was never wearied talking and praying over it. When at length a Missionary was got for Nasi's people, Litsi and her new husband placed themselves at the head of a band of six or eight Aniwan Christians, and planted themselves there to open up the way and assist as Native Teachers the Missionary and his wife. There she and they have laboured ever since. They are "strong" for the Worship. Her son is being trained up by his cousin, an Elder of the Church, to be "the good Chief of Aniwa"; so she calls him in her prayers, as she cries on God to bless and watch over him, while she is serving the Lord in the Mission field. Many years have now passed; and when lately I visited that part of Tanna, Litsi ran to me, clasped my hand, kissed it with many sobs, and cried,—

"O my father! God has blessed me to see you again. Is my mother, your dear wife, well? And your children, my brothers and sisters? My love to them all! O my heart clings to you!"

We had sweet conversation, and then she said more calmly,—

"My days here are hard. I might be happy and wealthy as Queen on Aniwa. But the Heathen here are beginning to listen. The Missi sees them coming nearer to Jesus. And oh, what a reward when we

shall hear them sing and pray to our dear Saviour! The hope of that makes me strong for anything."

My heart often says within itself—When, *when* will men's eyes at home be opened? When will the rich and the learned and the noble and even the princes of the Earth renounce their shallow frivolities, and go to live amongst the poor, the ignorant, the outcast, and the lost, and write their eternal fame on the souls by them blessed and brought to the Saviour? Those who have tasted this highest joy, "the joy of the Lord," will never again ask,—*Is Life worth living?* Life, any life, would be well spent, under any conceivable conditions, in bringing one human soul to know and love and serve God and His Son, and thereby securing for yourself at least one temple where your name and memory would be held for ever and for ever in affectionate praise,—a regenerated Heart in Heaven. That fame will prove *immortal*, when all the poems and monuments and pyramids of Earth have gone into dust.

Nasi, the Tannaman, was a bad and dangerous character, though some readers may condone his putting an end to Mungaw in the terrible circumstances of our case. During a great illness that befell him, I ministered to him regularly, but no kindness seemed to move him. When about to leave Aniwa, I went specially to visit him. On parting I said,—

"Nasi, are you happy? Have you ever been happy?"

He answered gloomily,—"No! Never."

I said,—"Would you like this dear little boy of yours to grow up like yourself, and lead the life you have lived?"

"No!" he replied warmly; "I certainly would not."

"Then," I continued, "you must become a Christian, and give up all your Heathen conduct, or he will just grow up to quarrel and fight and murder as you have done; and, O Nasi, he will curse you through all Eternity for leading him to such a life and to such a doom!"

He was very much impressed, but made no response. After we had sailed, a band of our young Native Christians held a consultation over the case of Nasi. They said,—

"We know the burden and terror that Nasi has been to our dear Missi. We know that he has murdered several persons with his own hands, and has taken part in the murder of others. Let us unite in daily prayer that the Lord would open his heart and change his conduct, and teach him to love and follow what is good, and let us set ourselves to win Nasi for Christ, just as Missi tried to win us."

So they began to show him every possible kindness, and one after another helped him in his daily tasks, embracing every opportunity of pleading with him to yield to Jesus and take the new path of life. At first he repelled them, and sullenly held aloof. But their prayers never ceased, and their patient

affections continued to grow. At last, after long waiting, Nasi broke down, and cried to one of the Teachers,—

"I can oppose your Jesus no longer. If He can make you treat me like that, I yield myself to Him and to you. I want Him to change me too. I want a heart like that of Jesus."

He took the ugly paint patches from his face; he cut off his long Heathen hair; he went to the sea and bathed, washing himself clean; and then he came to the Christians and dressed himself in a shirt and a kilt. The next step was to get a book,—his was the translation of the Gospel according to St. John. He eagerly listened to every one that would read bits of it aloud to him, and his soul seemed to drink in the new ideas at every pore. He attended the Church and the School most regularly, and could in a very short time read the Gospel for himself. The Elders of the Church took special pains in instructing him, and after due preparation he was admitted to the Lord's Table—my brother Missionary from Tanna baptizing and receiving him. Imagine my joy on learning all this regarding one who had sullenly resisted my appeals for many years, and how my soul praised the Lord who is "Mighty to save!"

On my recent visit to Aniwa, in 1886, God's almighty compassion was further revealed to me, when I found that Nasi the murderer was now a Scripture Reader, and able to comment in a wonder-

ful and interesting manner on what he reads to the people! When I arrived on a visit to the Island, after my last tour in Great Britain in the interests of our Mission, all the inhabitants of Aniwa seemed to be assembled at the boat-landing to welcome me, except Nasi. He was away fishing at a distance, and had been sent for, but had not yet arrived. On the way to the Mission House, he came rushing to meet me. He grasped my hand, and kissed it, and burst into tears. I said,—

"Nasi, do I now at last meet you as a Christian?"

He warmly answered, "Yes, Missi; I now worship and serve the only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Bless God, I am a Christian at last!"

My soul went out with the silent cry, "Oh, that the men at home who discuss and doubt about conversion, and the new heart, and the power of Jesus to change and save, could but look on Nasi, and spell out the simple lesson,—He that created us at first by His power can create us anew by His love!"

My first Sabbath on Aniwa, after the late tour in Great Britain and the Colonies, gave me a blessed surprise. Before daybreak I lay awake thinking of all my experiences on that Island, and wondering whether the Church had fallen off in my four years' absence, when suddenly the voice of song broke on my ears! It was scarcely full dawn, yet I jumped up and called to a man that was passing,—

"Have I slept in? Is it already Church-time? Or why are the people met so early?"

He was one of their leaders, and gravely replied,—"Missi, since you left, we have found it very hard to live near to God! So the Chief and the Teachers and a few others meet when daylight comes in every Sabbath morning, and spend the first hour of every Lord's Day in prayer and praise. They are met to pray for you now, that God may help you in your preaching, and that all hearts may bear fruit to the glory of Jesus this day."

I returned to my room, and felt quite prepared myself. It would be an easy and a blessed thing to lead such a Congregation into the presence of the Lord! They were there already.

On that day every person on Aniwa seemed to be at Church, except the bedridden and the sick. At the close of the Services, the Elders informed me that they had kept up all the Meetings during my absence, and had also conducted the Communicants' Class, and they presented to me a considerable number of candidates for membership. After careful examination, I set apart nine boys and girls, about twelve or thirteen years of age, and advised them to wait for at least another year or so, that their knowledge and habits might be matured. They had answered every question, indeed, and were eager to be baptized and admitted; but I feared for their youth, lest they should fall away and bring disgrace on the Church. One of them, with very earnest eyes, looked at me and said,—

"We have been taught that whosoever believeth is

to be baptized. We do most heartily believe in Jesus, and try to please Jesus."

I answered,—"Hold on for another year, and then our way will be clear."

But he persisted,—"Some of us may not be living then; and you may not be here. We long to be baptized by you, our own Missi, and to take our place among the servants of Jesus."

After much conversation I agreed to baptize them, and they agreed to refrain from going to the Lord's Table for a year; that all the Church might by that time have knowledge and proof of their consistent Christian life, though so young in years. This discipline, I thought, would be good for them; and the Lord might use it as a precedent for guidance in future days.

Of other ten adults at this time admitted, one was specially noteworthy. She was about twenty-five, and the Elders objected because her marriage had not been according to the Christian usage on Aniwa. She left us weeping deeply. I was writing late at night in the cool evening air, as was my wont in that oppressive tropical clime, and a knock was heard at my door. I called out,—

"*Akai era?*" (= Who is there?)

A voice softly answered,—"Missi, it is Lamu. Oh, do speak with me!"

This was the rejected candidate, and I at once opened the door.

"Oh, Missi," she began, "I cannot sleep, I cannot

eat; my soul is in pain. Am I to be shut out from Jesus? Some of those at the Lord's Table committed murder. They repented, and have been saved. My heart is very bad; yet I never did any of those crimes of Heathenism; and I know that it is my joy to try and please my Saviour Jesus. How is it that I only am to be shut out from Jesus?"

I tried all I could to guide and console her, and she listened to all very eagerly. Then she looked up at me and said,—

"Missi, you and the Elders may think it right to keep me back from showing my love to Jesus at the Lord's Table; but I know here in my heart that Jesus has received me; and if I were dying now, I know that Jesus would take me to Glory and present me to the Father."

Her look and manner thrilled me. I promised to see the Elders and submit her appeal. But Lamu appeared and pled her own cause before them with convincing effect. She was baptized and admitted along with other nine. And that Communion Day will be long remembered by many souls on Aniwa.

It has often struck me, when relating these events, to press this question on the many young people, the highly privileged white brothers and sisters of Lamu, Did you ever lose one hour of sleep or a single meal in thinking of your Soul, your God, the claims of Jesus, and your Eternal Destiny?

And when I saw the diligence and fidelity of these poor Aniwan Elders, teaching and ministering during

all those years, my soul has cried aloud to God, Oh, what could not the Church accomplish if the educated and gifted Elders and others in Christian lands would set themselves thus to work for Jesus, to teach the ignorant, to protect the tempted, and to rescue the fallen!

## CHAPTER IX.

### *LETTERS FROM ANIWA.*

Editorial Preface.—*Letter for* 1867.—Not Tanna but Aniwa.—"Missi Paton *versus* Teapots."—The Humour of Taia.—Evening Village-Prayers.—"Make him *Bokis* Sing."—My Sewing Class.—"That no Gammon."—"Talk Biritania."—The Marriage of Kahi. . . . *Letter for* 1869.—First Communicants on Aniwa.—Mungaw and the Mission Boys.—The Blessing of the *Dayspring*. . . . *Letter for* 1874.—Home to Aniwa.—"Taking Possession."—"Another Soul Committed to our Care."—Hutshi and her Lover.—Six Missionaries on Aniwa. . . . *Letter for* 1875.—Missi Paton and "Joseph" and the Tannese.—A Tropical Hurricane.—The Disgrace and Sale of Hutshi.—Taia Baited by Nalihi.—Earthquakes and Tidal Waves.—Farewells. . . . *Letter for* 1878.—A Madman at Large.—The Passing of Yawaci.—The Madness and Death of Mungaw.—Our Native Elders.—Music on the Waters.—A Wicked Vow. . . . *Letter for* 1879.—New Year's Day on Aniwa.—A Miserable Slaver.—Litsi Married Again.—Mission Synod on Erromanga.—Tragic and Holy Memories.—Day-Light on Tanna.—Pigs in Galore.—Arrowroot for Jehovah.

[THE EDITOR takes upon himself the responsibility of presenting here a picture of life among the New Hebrideans, as portrayed by the graphic and gifted pen of Mrs. John G. Paton.

His only regret is that the exigencies of space

compel him to give mere *fragments* of these Letters, instead of the full-flowing descriptions, which have led him to regard them as amongst the most charming pieces of Missionary literature with which he has become acquainted.

He apologizes also to that dear lady herself for the liberty he is thus taking with her "Family Epistles,"—written for the delight of her inner circle of friends, and for their eyes alone. He is well aware that if she were at his side, instead of being in the New Hebrides, while he is sending these pages to press, nothing would probably induce her to give her consent to this appearance in print. But he trusts that her wrath will be assuaged, when she returns to the Colonies and learns how the Christian Public approve in this respect of what her friend has done.

The Editor makes no apology to the reader for this break in the flow of the story, or even for re-touching one or two scenes that are past, for he already instinctively knows that even these fragments will be appreciated, as a great enrichment to the Autobiography which he has been privileged to introduce to them.]

(1867.)

TO REV. DR. MACDONALD, SOUTH MELBOURNE.

". . . How much I enjoyed your kind letter which came by the *Dayspring* last month! I was delighted indeed to hear that your Parish now extends to the New Hebrides,—rather a scattered one certainly, nevertheless you are bound to look

after your flock, and we shall soon be expecting *a pastoral visit.* . . .

"You were, I dare say, surprised when you heard that we had been sent to Aniwa instead of Tanna. It was a blow which Mr. Paton has hardly got over yet; but all the brethren were decidedly opposed to us going there alone, and we feel now that we have been Divinely led hither. Mr. Inglis, in his last kind letter, said to Mr. Paton that he believed he was doing more real work for Tanna, by bringing the Aniwans to a knowledge of the truth and thus fitting them for by-and-bye spreading the Gospel among the Tannese, than if he were now labouring alone among that dense mass of people. We are encouraged, therefore, to hope that there may be many ambassadors for Christ from this little Island, for the Aniwans are a superior people, and the work has made steady and rapid progress of late. I don't mean that half the people are converted,—very far from that! There is a great deal to be done, before the soil is prepared even to receive the seed,—they cling so to their old prejudices and superstitions. I believe, to many of them, it is like taking a great leap into the dark to risk the anger of their gods by coming to the Worship. For what proof have they at first that we are leading them into the right way? True, they see we wish to be kind; but the idea of any one coming among them simply for their good is a doctrine they cannot understand.

"We are very thankful to have so many regularly at Church; and Mr. Paton possessed a great advantage in being able to address them from the first in Tannese, which some of them speak freely,—hence the double hope of training them as helpers for Tanna. You would be surprised to see with what propriety the Services are conducted. The Native Teachers, two devoted men from Aneityum who have been here for years, try to give short speeches. Then Mr. Paton usually invites one or other of the more enlightened of the Aniwans to speak, which he does by invariably pitching into his brethren in the most energetic terms, comparing them to pigs, dogs, serpents, etc., the speaker not generally including himself, and asking how long they mean to continue their 'black-hearted conduct'?

"They are never at a loss for a text, and for a long time after we came it sounded to me something like 'Missi Paton and Teapots.' I supposed it to be, 'Missi Paton *versus* Teapots,' but by-and-bye I discovered that it was not Teapots, but Teapolo (=Devil), against which they stormed. Lately they have been choosing more sacred subjects, generally a repetition of what they have heard from Mr. Paton before, or been helping him to translate during the week. Last Sabbath, we were much struck with the gentle, persuasive tones of the old Chief who was addressing them. Mr. Paton noted down two words he did not remember having heard before, and asked for the translation after worship. The man took him by the hand and said in Tannese, 'Missi, I was only telling them what you have been teaching us all this time about Jesus pouring out His blood to wash away all our sins!'

"Taia, and Namakei the Chief, two of our firmest friends, give very telling speeches sometimes. The former is a tall and powerful fellow, quite a notoriety on account of his loquacious powers. He has a great deal of ready wit too; and, though he does little else but talk, it is wonderful what influence he exerts. Some time ago, he prevented a violent quarrel ending in probable bloodshed. The party who thought themselves insulted ran home, seized their arms, and were rushing past Taia's house, where he was lying outside, basking in the sun and enjoying his pipe. He saw something was wrong, for they don't continue the habit of carrying their arms constantly now, and he called out to them (of course in their own language), 'Stop! stop! let me see what you are carrying. Is it the book that Missi has been busy making?' His sly hit set them all a-laughing, and they turned into his house; there he had a long and serious talk with them, and got them to give up the idea of fighting, at least for that day. The next being Sabbath, he came to Mr. Paton before the Service to ask him to let him speak; and, having both the offending parties present, he *did* give it them, finishing up by reminding them how difficult it had been to get a Missionary, and how he, Taia, had gone to Aneityum to plead for more Native Teachers after they had murdered Nemeyan and tried to kill Navalak, and how he had

always been careful to give them food to do the work of Jehovah! In that part of the speech referring to his own conduct, there were a few embellishments which in strict regard to truth might have been omitted; but his advice seemed to do good, for we heard no more of that quarrel.

"Taia, however, does not always do as he professes, and Mr. Paton sometimes feels it incumbent on him to call Taia to account; but Taia's equanimity is never in the least ruffled. He sits listening with his chin resting upon his knees, looking up now and again with a bland smile, saying, 'Ah, very good talk that, Missi! Very good talk that!' . . .

"Namakei never fails, when well, to take Mr. Paton's Bible and lay it on the desk every Sabbath and Wednesday before the Service, and to get the people in the village assembled for worship, which we have every evening under a large banyan tree in the Imrai (=the public meeting-ground), the great place of general rendezvous, which is close behind our house.

"I particularly enjoy this Evening Service, when all Nature is at rest and looks so exquisitely beautiful, everything reflecting the gorgeous sunsets and nothing heard but the soft rustle of the leaves and what Longfellow calls 'the symphony of Ocean. I think the Natives, too, are inspired with it, for none of us seem inclined to move off after worship, and often, but especially on Sabbath evenings, we sit still and sing over all our hymns. They never tire of this, being all of them intensely fond of music. . . .

"I was heartily amused, the first time I was called upon to perform on Aniwa! We had just unpacked the harmonium, one day, about a fortnight after our arrival. The news must have spread like wildfire; for, towards evening, about forty or fifty people came marching towards the Church (the house where we stayed till our new home was built), the foremost shouting in broken English, 'Missi, make him bokis (=box) sing! Plenty man come hear you make him bokis sing!'

"I must not omit to tell you about my peculiar charge, and a very pleasant one it is, I mean my own Sewing Class. Nearly fifty women and girls attend pretty regularly every morning, except Wednesday and Saturday, and we spend two hours

(often more) together sewing and singing. They are very tractable and willing to learn, having taken a great fancy for sewing. I never dreamt it would be really such delightful work teaching them, but my heart was drawn to them from the first, and I will always feel grateful to them for the kindly way they behaved to me when I landed amongst them, timid and rather frightened at feeling myself the only white woman on these lonely shores. . . .

"Mr. Paton took the matter much more coolly, seeming to take for granted that they were all his 'dear friends,' though most of the men, really fine fellows we have since found them, thought it advisable to receive us with a good deal of impudence, trying how far we could be imposed upon! Plenty of them talk a little English, and really it was almost laughable to hear them telling the most monstrous lies with such a long innocent face, that one would suppose they believed them themselves, and then gravely adding, 'That no gammon!' . . .

"I feel the sewing, however, to be only a stepping-stone to something far more important. It brings me into contact with them so as to learn their language. I so long to be able to talk freely to them; but it is slow work with me! How the Apostles must have appreciated the gift of Tongues on the day of Pentecost! I wonder if it was accorded to their wives as well? It is so provoking, when you think you have mastered enough to venture on a little conversation with them, to see them looking at each other wonderingly. Some time ago, in talking to a girl, I plunged a little deeper than usual, thinking to astonish her with my wisdom, but she looked up innocently and told me she 'did not savvy talk Biritania!' I must have made awful blunders at first. But some of the women can talk Tannese as well as the men; and I got Mr. Paton's help in any great difficulty, though he did not at all times enjoy the interruption, especially if the point in question turned out to be only about a needle and a thread, while he had been called away when setting up the type for our first Aniwan book! . . .

"Before closing this long epistle, I want to tell you about our first Christian marriage here, especially as the Bride was decked out from your Emerald Hill box, last sent,—at least partly so. It

was a deeply interesting occasion. Kahi, the bride, was one of my scholars, a pretty young widow of about seventeen; and Ropu, her lover, was such a nice fellow, too, a great favourite of Mr. Paton's. They seemed really attached; but Kahi's father-in-law demurred about giving her away, as he considered her still his property, having given a high price (present?) for her when he bought her for his son. One morning, however, Ropu appeared with such a number of fat pigs, that they quite took the old man's heart by storm, and he declared that he might have her that day, if the Missi thought it was right. The Missi did not object, but advised them to get married in Church; and I determined to give Kahi a nice present, in order to tempt her young companions to follow her example; not a very high motive, to be sure, but if the prospect of a good present will induce them to alter their habits in regard to marriage, I have not the slightest objection that it should be so. It's about the highest motive some of them can yet appreciate, and there is no vital principle, after all, at stake in the mere form. We made the event as public as the time would permit, and there was quite a little gathering to witness the ceremony. Poor Kahi was brought to me in tears; but when we put on her nice skirt and jacket, and she caught sight of the pretty hat which happened to be trimmed with orange blossom, she seemed to think she had indulged long enough in sentiment and dried her tears quite briskly, looking out from under her long eyelashes from side to side with great admiration, and when at last I put a glaring red handkerchief into her hand she fairly laughed aloud! There was a little trouble with them in Church, as they would not come near enough to join hands till they were pushed; and then the poor girl got her marriage vows repeated to her on the deafest side of her head, for, being too bashful or something of the sort to give the response, it seemed to be the public opinion that Mr. Paton was letting her off too easily, and the men taking up the question thundered it in such a manner as to elicit a pretty quick reply!

"  .  .  .  P.S.  "6th *December.*

"Please send the *Dayspring* quickly down this season; for I have found this morning to my horror, that the whole stock of

flour has gone useless, and not a bit of bread shall we get till the Vessel returns ! I suppose we are indebted to the climate and the weevil together for this. We have plenty of other food, —so no danger of starving."

(1869.)

TO A LADY.

. . . "To spend such a day as we did a few Sabbaths ago when our little Church of God on Aniwa was formally constituted, we felt to be worth more than all the sacrifices connected with our isolated life. We had a very good attendance, 180 being present, and an unusual solemnity and interest pervaded the Church throughout the whole Services. The Communicants, twelve in number, were arranged in rows from the platform to my seat, so that they occupied the space in the centre ; and, as they stood up to answer the form of questions Mr. Paton put to them before receiving Baptism, you could scarcely have conceived a more interesting group. Vasi, our eldest member, must we think be near to ninety ; but, aged and infirm as he is, he came every day to School with his spectacles on, and is one of Mr. Paton's best writers as well as readers. Our old chief, Namakei, was there, with his daughter Litsi. She is his only child living, and is almost as great a comfort to me as to her father. She was the first girl who came to live with us, and, being the eldest on our Premises, she sets a good example to the others. Her devotion to Mr. Paton amounts almost to idolatry. She seems as if she never could be grateful enough to him for being the means of her conversion. But the one I felt most interest in was Namakei's sister, a very gentle and delicate-looking woman. I knew what it had cost her to profess her faith in Jesus, and how her husband and son were even then jeering and laughing at her. If I had time, I could tell you something interesting about each of them, for of course it was our knowing all their little histories that made it so intensely gratifying a sight to us. I can remember when one began to wear clothing, when another cut off his long hair, and when one whom we had thought a very hardened charac-

ter came one day with the last of his idols, saying,—'Now, Missi, these are the very last. I have no more.'

"It was a beautiful sight to see these all standing up neatly clothed, in the midst of their benighted brethren, to declare themselves on the Lord's side; and more than one could witness without deep emotion. Never did I feel happier in any society on Earth, than when partaking of our Saviour's body and blood with these dark Sisters and Brothers, now united with me in Jesus. It was a day long to be remembered. I trust it will be so even in Eternity, with thanksgiving. Our dear friend and sister Missionary, Mrs. McNair, was with us, paying a long-promised visit; and I felt so glad she happened to be here at the time, for she says she never witnessed a more beautiful and affecting spectacle. We have every reason to hope that the true work of grace is begun in their hearts. Mr. Paton had much satisfaction in them while attending his Candidates' Class; and their own earnest inquiries were what delighted him most. How often have we had cause to set up our Ebenezer since coming to this far-off land; and this is but a small beginning, yet we have most emphatically reason to thank the Lord and take courage. . . .

"Mungaw was so disgusted at having to wear a kilt, that I did not dare to mention about cutting his long hair; and Mr. Paton does not wish the Natives to be forced to these things, for he always says that, when their hearts are changed, they will be sure to give up these things of their own accord. I know that this is very true; but as I don't see that there would be any harm in having the short hair first, I coaxed Mungaw to cut his, and he looks very much more civilized.

"We have a gathering of boys now on the Premises; for Mungaw had not been installed into his office two days, before a few others came and asked quite humbly that they might be allowed to do something for the Missi. We were truly amazed as well as gratified at this unexpected proposal; for the boys here, as a rule, are the idlest and most impudent set I ever saw. They seem to be the 'masters' too, for no one thinks of contradicting a boy. Of course, Mr. Paton told them that he was very glad to have them come, as he wanted to teach them a

great deal they ought to know. They are really doing tolerably well, and I feel so thankful to have a man-cook, as there are so many things connected therewith that men or boys require to do and that they will not do to help a *woman;* for instance, chopping wood and black-leading the stove. . . .

"The *Dayspring* is a great blessing to us all. There is little fear of any Missionary now on the most savage Islands being ill-treated, if they see that he is well looked after. Of course, I mean 'humanly speaking,' the fear is *nil;* and if we be kept in safety, and our work in the end begins to prosper, that dear little Vessel and her supporters have more to do with it all than might by some be imagined. Two of our Natives, one of them the wildest character on Aniwa, were engaged by Captain Fraser to go as boat's crew, the trip before last; and they came back in ecstasies, declaring there was never such a Captain as the one on board the *Dayspring.* He was so kind and good to them, for when they came to any Island without a Missionary, he would not let them go on shore for fear of being killed, and that would have damaged our work on Aniwa. Then they counted on their finger ends, with great glee, the things they had received in payment; and as these are good and useful articles, it engenders a love for such things instead of the paint and stuffs they get from the Traders, while their huge ambition for sailing and sight-seeing is gratified."

(1874.)

## TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"My dearest Mother, Sisters, and Brothers,— . . . I must, however, arrive at Aniwa more by degrees, as this is to be the journalistic Family Epistle, and you have heard nothing of us since we left Sydney on the 4th April, with dear Dr. Steele on board, who seemed like a link between us and Civilization. I felt 'strong to go,' as our Natives would express it, for I realized as I never before had done the 'Lo, I am with you,' and some of God's dear ones with whom we had had such precious Christian fellowship were with us till the last. . . .

"We had finished up at Fotuna soon after breakfast; and how intensely delighted we were to hear the Captain's cheery voice shouting out that we would be able to have a drink of milk at Aniwa to-morrow morning, as the wind was fair. We had all packed up in the afternoon, and the first sight which greeted me, on looking out at my port-hole next morning, was the trees and rocks of dear old Aniwa! The first boat was sent ashore with eight or nine Fotunese and their cumbrous baggage, who had insisted on coming to visit our Island, rather to the disgust of the Captain. Meantime we were having our breakfast, and Mr. Arthur, the mate, brought back word that our Natives were in a state of great delight and excitement,—dear Yawaci making the younger girls fly round their work,—also that our six cows had increased to ten, and that our goats no man could number! He had also heard that a number of our Natives had died, and some had been taken away by Traders.

"When we neared the shore, we could see that the great majority of the people had turned out, and even the very cattle and goats been brought to meet us! There were my girls, standing in a group in bright pink dresses, sewed and shaped by themselves, and turkey-red turbans, and in short, by one and another of the Natives all the colours of the rainbow were well represented. Not one person, I am thankful to say, was *without clothing*. True, some of their garments were ragged and scanty enough,—still they had them, and it was almost more than we expected from some of them, after being away from them so long. They do *so* love to run naked!

"What a shaking of hands, and 'Alofa'-ing there was! Two or three little groups were sitting apart sobbing for their dead; indeed, they firmly believed that if we had been on the Island to attend to them they would not have died. When we reached the house, everything looked beautiful and the ground so well kept, new coral on the walks, a fine new mat on the dining-room floor and another on the lobby, and last, but not least in the estimation of weary sea-voyagers,—a great jug of new goat's milk! When Dr. Steele and Mr. Robertson made playful speeches about our Home-coming before drinking it, I could

most truly say, even after all the enjoyment and kindness of the Colonies and delightful Christian fellowship with kindred spirits there,—'Home, sweet Home, no place like Home.' . . .

"Amidst all my hurry, however, I had five minutes alone by my little Lena's grave. The beautiful white coral was blackened, but the grass and shrubs had grown, and the lemon branches with their bright fruit were bending over and shading it beautifully. How naturally one looks *up* to the blue sky above, and wonders where the spirit is, or if she can see the mourning hearts below. She would have been running on her own little feet now, had she been on Earth; but though my heart aches for her still, I would not have it otherwise, for she was not sent in vain, and oh, what a little *teacher* she has been! When John took Dr. Steele to see the grave, he said,—'You have thus taken possession'; and I felt we had taken possession of more through her than that little spot of ground on Aniwa. . . .

"Our visitors and Vessel left us in the afternoon, and on my return from seeing them off (John was too exhausted to go), I met a very nice man, one of the Church members, who stopped me and said,—'Missi, I've given my boy up to you and Missi the man, and you're to feed and clothe and teach him, as you do the other children.' I could hardly believe my ears, and you would need to know how boys are prized here to appreciate as we did the sacrifice made,—at least as John did, for I must confess that the thought of their bodily sustenance comes between me and the fervent thanksgiving of my earnest little man for 'another soul being added to our care!' We've got ten of these souls, with bodies attached, at the present time, besides several outsiders who come during the day, and it taxes all my ingenuity to keep them in work and 'Kai-Kai,'—their capacity for the latter being of no mean order. Their clothes are no concern beyond the making of them, and that they soon learn to do for themselves; for we have always been abundantly supplied from kind Mission friends. . . . Although I *do* sometimes think how nice it would be to be in Civilization with a small house of our own and with the care of only one or two servants at most, yet we are more than re-paid for all our love to these dear Darkies. They are just like our very

children, and such we always call them, and they are so confiding and loving with us and tell us everything, especially the elder girls, who have lived with us now for more than five years.

"By the way, we have just had an *affaire de cœur* amongst them, and as Hutshi is the young lady, you will be interested to hear. You know she was given away, when an infant, by her parents, to Nelwang, another infant about the same age, but who is now one of the best and most intelligent boys on the Island,—the only drawback being that his limbs are rather diseased, and he is so fearfully timid that he won't let John apply anything to cure them. Well, when we were in Sydney, a middle-aged man, a returned labourer, whose betrothed wife is yet a baby, came trying to curry favour with Hutshi's guardians (her parents are dead long ago) by bringing them large presents, and finally got them talked over to give him Hutshi when she returned with us,—so it was settled, only awaiting her and our consent. Now, her guardian has always been most honourable with us. He gave up Hutshi to us, when she was of the greatest use in his village (but I took care to let her go and help them pretty often), and when we asked if she might go with us to the Colonies, he and his wife said,—'She is more your child than ours, Missi; do as you like.' So, when they explained matters to John one evening in the study, and said that both Hutshi and Nelwang were agreeable to the change, he felt he could not interfere much, but warned them not to be too rash and to ask God about it.

"Hutshi, the mischief, flirted with her new admirer when she could get a chance, and I felt it would be a great relief to have her married; but we could see, from Nelwang's looks (he is one of our boys), that there was a pain at his heart. I set him a piece of work in the dining-room one day, and, sitting down to help him, got all his confidence. The poor boy's heart was breaking, and he wound up by saying,—'I can't tell *them* my heart, Missi, for they would but laugh, and I am only one; but if my father had been alive, they would not have *dared* to give Hutshi away before my eyes.' Seeing his lady-love, however, who at that moment came in at the open window and

evidently comprehended matters, he tossed his head proudly and said,—'It's very good that she takes him!'

"John and I espoused Nelwang's cause from that moment, and he soon found an opportunity for saying a word on his behalf. I also got Hutshi alone, and told her what Nelwang had said. She replied that she did not know what to do, as they were all urging her to take Sarra (the new lover); but she said,—'I would cry more to give up Nelwang than that old fellow!'

"She came to me the other day, and said she had finally made up her mind to keep by Nelwang. I answered,—'But I thought, Hutshi, you seemed for the while to prefer the other.' 'Yes, Missi,' she replied, 'when everybody was praising him and telling me to take him, I thought it would be nice; but Nelwang and I have had a talk. We told each other what our dead parents said about our being married when we were big, and then we both cried, and we are going to be true to each other!' So, you see, there is sentiment in blacks as well as whites! . . .

"Here I am at the end of my fourth sheet, and have not even begun to tell you of the nice Ladies' Meeting we had at Aniwa, or the lively time we have had with visitors ever since the Vessel returned with the Missionaries on board for the annual Synod. . . .

"That was a refreshing visit on the return of the Vessel from the Synod; and we had a cheery houseful, for in addition to our four husbands, whom as canny Scots say, 'we were *not sorry*' to see after a three weeks' absence, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis and Dr. Steele (the latter to remain with us) came and stayed from the Saturday till the Monday,—the vessel going out to sea with the rest of the Missionaries, who declared it would kill me outright to have any more! Those who came tried to make me promise just to give them a pillow and a blanket on the floor, but we got them snugly stowed away in beds and on sofas, and we so enjoyed their society. It is especially delightful to hear their voices mingling in the Psalm at Family Worship. It makes one think of the great company of the redeemed, singing the 'New Song.'

"The Sabbath was such a blessed day too, and it was quite an event in the Church history of Aniwa to see six Missionaries on the platform, and five ladies in the Missionary's pew. Mr. Inglis preached at the first service, Mr. Annand at the second (John of course translating), good Gospel truth; and Dr. Steele gave us a *white* sermon in the evening in the drawing-room, upon the 'Prayer of Jabez.' The language was very beautiful, and the Doctor suited himself to his audience,—leaving out his appeal to *unconverted Sinners!* . . .

"Every one in the house is asleep, and my eyes will hardly keep open; so I must say Good-night to you all, with heart's love from your ever-loving daughter and sister,

"MAGGIE WHITECROSS PATON."

(1875.)

## TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"MY DEAREST SISTERS AND BROTHERS,—

"If I could only put one of the Earthquakes we've had into this journal it would produce a sensation,—descriptions seem so very tame after one has experienced the awful feelings they produce! But I must begin and go forward as best I can, there being no possibility of gratifying you in that direction.

"You know, it was not till very near the time of the Vessel's sailing that we decided last year to remain; and I sent my last 'Journal' on board with an aching heart. We had been so nearly going to see our precious boys, and till I saw the *Dayspring* slowly disappear in the distance I did not know how intensely my heart had been set upon seeing them! . . .

"To crown all, John got very ill, and sunk so low we feared he might not live to see the return of the *Dayspring*. But all the time I had an inward conviction that God had not kept him on Aniwa just to die, after giving us such encouragement to remain, and we had waited so confidingly upon Him just to show us the way. And He did not keep us long in suspense, for one event transpired after another to show how wisely we had been guided.

"The first of these happened about a month after the vessel left, and as John was slowly recovering from his illness. We heard, one lovely day, as I was setting the copies for afternoon School (I managed to keep it going all the time), a cry of 'Sail O!' which set us all into a fine pitch of excitement. School was the last thing to be thought of, and the Natives scampered off towards the other end of the Island, where the vessel lay. John was unable to walk so far; but you may be sure we were quite on the *qui vive* for news, and I waylaid the first returning Native, who shouted to me in Aniwan, 'Missi, what *do* you think has happened? A whole shipload of Tannese, men, women, and children, have been driven off their own Island by war, and have come over to live on this little Island, because the Worship is strong, and they know they are safe. They are many in number for the people of Aniwa; and where are we to get food for them, Missi? for they had to escape at night with what little baggage they could bring in the vessel.'

"Another Native soon arrived with letters from Mr. and Mrs. Neilson, confirming the report, and we were rather dumbfounded at this turn of events; but, like most of the other Missionaries, when they heard of it, we were also deeply impressed with God's mysterious ways. Tanna was the Island upon which John's whole heart was set; and it was one of the bitterest disappointments of his life when the Mission Synod would not allow him to return there, instead of coming to Aniwa nine years ago; but we both felt we were following God here, and now He had brought the Tannese to Aniwa; for those who had come were from around Port Resolution, and some of them were John's old friends!

"Some of the Islanders themselves were as much struck with the event as we were. And at last Mission Synod, Mr. Neilson amused all the Missionaries by giving the outline of a speech made upon the occasion by one of the Aneityumese Teachers on Tanna, apt as all Natives are in drawing illustrations from daily life to point their addresses on Sabbath. He took the story of Joseph for his subject, and made out 'Missi Paton' to be Joseph driven from Tanna by his wicked brethren the Tanna

men, but that God had gone with him to Egypt, *alias* Aniwa, and prospered him and the land for his sake, and prepared it for them to go and live upon, and thus save much people alive! . . .

"John immediately set to work revising his Tannese, which he had well-nigh forgotten, so that when the Tanna gentry declined to come to Church he was soon able to go to them and first read his addresses and then preach to them in Tannese. How it did remind us of the early Aniwan days, when our worthy parishioners used to enjoy a pipe or a nap, as they lay on their backs listening to the sermon! . . .

"The Hurricane began in earnest about noon on January 14th, after a heavy thunderstorm which had blackened the air all the morning. As we sat at dinner the wind suddenly became furious; we had to jump up and make preparations, as the house was shaking and creaking, the thatch standing on end, and the rain pouring in. Immediately trees, fences, etc., began to occupy a horizontal position; so the children and I took refuge in the Study, which seemed to stand firmer than the rest of the house, and from the windows watched the progress of the storm,—a magnificent sight, tall trees bending and falling before the awful force of the wind. John came in greatly dejected, saying that if it continued much longer the Church would go, as it was already bending, notwithstanding its being so strongly propped. There was a lull just then in the storm, which cheered me; but his more experienced eye led him to pronounce it the stillness that precedes a great storm, it was still so black and ominous. And sure enough, just before dark, a terrific blast sent us flying down to the Cellar, our usual place of refuge.

"John and a couple of the girls made a final attempt to get into the house for one or two loaves, and whatever else they could grab,—we were now awfully hungry, having been so unceremoniously interrupted at our dinner. My faithful little cook was precipitated into the Cellar before a great blast, puffing and panting and holding on to a kettle of boiling water, which was an unexpected luxury in the circumstances. So we managed to make a very jolly meal off the top of a box; and all our stores being in the Cellar, we got hold of a tin of salmon,

—the girls had thoughtfully brought a great basin of milk for the children,—and when F. found we were all to eat the salmon out of one plate, his joy knew no bounds, and he stuck his fork into the biggest bit in the dish, which proved too large for his wee mouth, causing great merriment!

"The storm raged till midnight, when we were all thankful to get up to our beds, and found our own room, fortunately, the only habitable part of the house. But oh, what utter desolation the morning light revealed! Our fine large Church a mass of ruins, with one great pillar standing solitary and upright through the rubbish against the clear blue sky. The School House in the same condition, at the other side of the *Imrai* (= public meeting ground). With the exception of our cook-house and printing-office, not an outhouse was left standing on the Mission Premises; but oh, how thankful we felt that our dwelling-house stood secure, as John was in no condition to have attempted building another. Not even a pane of glass was broken, though of course the roof could not escape, and consequently everything was soaked. The day proved fortunately very hot, and we got all the mats lifted, and mattresses, blankets, etc., washed and dried. The pigs were in their glory, running riot over all the plantations, and I am sure if they could have spoken they would have said in Scotch, 'It's an ill wind that blaws naebody guid!'

"Almost every Native on the Island was at work before daylight at his fences; dwelling-houses—and there were not a dozen standing uninjured on the Island—being left till the plantations were secured. School duties were not even thought of. It was so sad to see the destruction of food,—fine large breadfruit and cocoa-nut trees torn up by the roots, and bananas with the fruit half formed lying useless on the ground. But the greatest lamentation seemed to be about the *Tafari Moré* (= House of Worship), though the general Public were complacently viewing it as a judgment from '*Teapolo*' (= His Satanic Majesty, in Aniwan), for their being 'so strong for the Worship.' This is a popular error; and John guarded them against it next Sabbath, preaching an impressive sermon from the text, 'Labour not for the meat which *perisheth*,'—rather *apropos* to the occasion! . . .

"It was altogether a sad time, that, for we had been so tried with Hutshi, the girl I had last time with us in Australia, and who turned out a complete *vixen;* the first of my girls, I am thankful to say, who has not turned out well. She was married to one of our best young lads, and went quite gracefully through the whole affair—I think I wrote you all about it before—but all the while she was dying for my handsome young cook, who is engaged to the little table-maid. She began, soon after the marriage, to persecute her husband and flirt with the other, going from bad to worse, notwithstanding all we could say to her; and one day she behaved so frightfully, that, when we were told of her guilt, John and I sank down on the nearest seats, perfectly overpowered with disappointment and horror. I could hardly have believed that any woman, either black or white, could have so deliberately planned to lead others so young and innocent into sin.

"The young Chief came to ask John how she ought to be punished, as something would have to be done; but he hesitated to give advice, never having been called upon to legislate in a similar case, being indeed too vexed to collect his thoughts; only he strongly forbade them to shoot her, as one or two of the enraged fathers proposed, and advised them to be guided by the Aneityumese Teachers, two wise Christian men from Mr. Inglis's Station. They said that the punishment inflicted on Aneityum by the Chiefs was to tie up the guilty parties, collect all the goods of those most deeply involved, and distribute them among the people at the other side of the Island, so as not to tempt those around to bring false accusations against neighbours for the sake of their property.

"This was accordingly done in the case of Hutshi; and we had an invitation to be present at the ceremony, which we declined, as John told them it was better he should not be too much mixed up in these things. The only way in which he did interfere was to shorten the time to *three* hours, instead of the twenty-four they were determined to keep her tied, and which, in my opinion, she richly deserved! Two or three Tannese happened to arrive at her village before she was unloosed, and expressed their disgust at the consequences entailed by the

Worship, saying they could have as much 'fun' on Tanna as they liked without being punished for it. But one of our Aniwans answered, with a sly wink at his neighbours, that bad as the Worship might be, it had at least not driven them from their own land! . . .

"I wish I could say that was the last of the trouble we had with Mistress Hutshi; for she professed great repentance, and sent one of the girls, two or three weeks afterwards, to say she wanted to tell me all her badness, as that would make her feel better. She had not been allowed to come near the Mission Premises, nor had we since taken any notice of her. We had very little faith in the young lady's repentance, but feared to crush any yearning after amendment, if it *did* exist; and I thought that God might give me a word for her. So we had a long interview; but I felt all the time there was no change in her, as was immediately proved, for she went back tossing her head and telling the others they might talk as much as they liked, she didn't care, for the Missi was quite satisfied with her now!

"She did not improve, but the Church members round kept such a watch upon her that she did not do anything very flagrant. She did, however, lead her husband a miserable life; and I never believed that a Native could have borne with patience what he did; at last, being able to stand it no longer, he came to bid us Good-bye, saying he was going to live about three miles distant (it was as far away almost as he could get on Aniwa, either in one direction or the other, as his lady-love lived close to us in the centre of the Island!) and that he freely bestowed her upon any man who might be fool enough to take her, as henceforth he would have nothing to do with her.

She had, out of pure bravado, professed to elude their vigilance and implicated a Tanna man, as well as Rangi (the wildest man on Aniwa), who both proved their innocence. Perhaps Rangi agreed with me that he had enough sins of his own to account for without being blamed for what he really did not do; and being an out and out Savage in his disposition, we feared trouble when he came with all the Tanna men at his heels to inquire about it one morning after her husband had

left her. We little expected, however, the scene there really was enacted, right outside our gate too, for it was there Rangi caught hold of her. She gave one spring to John for protection, but the gate was between them, and Rangi wrenched her from it, and the savage yells that got up nearly sent me frantic with terror.

"John stood leaning carelessly against the gate, viewing it all—the calmest person there! He felt that his presence would be a sufficient check, though it would have been folly to interfere. My girls were groaning and crying; and Yawaci (the girl I have here) was unconsciously doing her best to wrench the handles off the dining-room door in her despair, groaning out, "Missi, blood will be spilt!' while I was on my knees in the middle of the floor calling upon God to interfere. But my little F. stopped me, saying, "Mamma, Mamma, I don't like to see you look up and talk like that! Are you ill?' So I tried to be myself again to the wee man, and felt comforted in having left the case with the Lord. Only I *must* see Rangi, though I had very slender hope of influencing him; and I put my careful husband into a fine consternation, as he would rather have seen an apparition than me coming on such a scene. I had only a very dim notion, then, of his gestures and entreaties, being deaf and blind to everything except Rangi, who came nearest my idea of a *demon* of anything I had ever seen!

"The poor girl was tied, with her arms backward, to a cocoanut tree, pale with terror, and a hundred muskets bristling round her. The Tannese were in full Heathen costume, which means paint instead of clothing; and the Church members stood calmly, like John, looking on, except two or three of them, who kept guard around her with loaded muskets for her defence from murder, if necessary. Her life was all they or we wished to see spared, for she richly deserved any punishment short of death. I caught Rangi's eye at last. At a sign he came quietly forward, and I began to tell him he should not dare to shoot my girl, but being too excited I ended in sobs and was marched off,—but not before Rangi earnestly assured me that he would not touch a hair of her head, or let any one else do it, only, he said, she deserved to be tied and ought to be well beaten for

blackening his character! We could not keep from smiling, even in the excitement, at Rangi's care for *his* reputation, which was truly as black as it well could be.

"Well, here was mistress Hutshi practically put up for public sale; for, according to Native law, whoever dared to unloose her from that tree had to take her for his wife, her husband having renounced all claim to her. Rangi reminded them of this when he tied her up, saying that the Missi only could alter that law if he wished. The Missi did not feel inclined to do any such thing, having devoutly wished her at Jericho ever since she commenced her pranks, as she was proving a curse to the place, and now only hoped that the most tyrannical unmarried man on the Island would take her off bodily as far away as the limited circumference of Aniwa would permit (so did the Church members); but for John to *say* so would only be the beginning of mischief. He was so anxious they would not appeal to him for advice, for we both felt that for her Native law was the best. But though a score of young men would have gone down on their knees for her before she was married, there she stood for about three hours without a single bidder!

"John had got the whole crowd dispersed to go and cut wood for the lime pits (you know he is of a rather practical turn of mind and likes to utilize the most unlikely occasions), which they did with great energy, having the steam up; so she was left alone, as the women had all to run and cook food. I had a grand donation for the labourers besides the tea, that day, as we had a calf killed the evening before, and I was giving orders about it when I saw John waving me to the study with such an amused face. It seems that Hutshi's *old* sweetheart had rushed to him in eager haste, saying, 'Missi, I never will have such a chance for a wife! Will you marry me to Hutshi, if I untie her?' John said he centainly could not, and that if he took her it must be *à la Native*, and that he would have to discontinue his attendance at the Candidates' Class, of which he was a member. He explained, at the same time, that it was not like running away with another man's wife, as her behaviour (which in Britain would have divorced her) had led her husband to give her up; only that, for the sake of example, he could not

countenance such proceedings on the part of intending Communicants. Sarra said, in that case he would have nothing to do with her. But, alas, female influence prevailed, and he unloosed her an hour or two after, amid the Hurrahs of the passers-by and our intense though secret delight; for though Sarra is obliged to confess he has 'caught a Tartar,' yet he manages to keep her in tolerable check, being a determined fellow.

"We heartily re-echoed the sentiments of one of our Church members, when speaking of Hutshi, viz., 'that it was awful what a *woman* could do, when she was bent upon mischief!' Indeed, according to the Natives, we have her, along with the two murderers, to thank for those awful Earthquakes which nearly frightened us out of our senses, though on Aniwa very little damage accrued from them.

"The first, at least the first to speak of, occurred near midnight on the 28th March (the second anniversary of our Lena's birth), and woke us up with a vengeance, being the worst we ever had, the Earth heaving so awfully that we expected every moment to be swallowed up, and were almost paralyzed with terror, but M. and F. slept through it all. After it, *a tremendous* rush of the sea seemed to take place, from the noise it made, and which we found next morning was the case, carrying our boat from where it lay, high and dry about one hundred yards inland, also canoes, two of which were smashed.

"I lay in awful terror after the Earthquake till three o'clock, and was dropping off to sleep, when another terrible one sent us flying out of the house in our night gowns, John dragging the children out of their beds, and the girls rushing out of their house. There was not a breath of wind, and it was awful to see in the bright moonlight the great trunks of the trees swaying back and forward, and to feel the ground going to and fro with such force. We had one or two slight ones after that, and then just at daybreak an awful repetition,—every one of us simultaneously rushing out of doors! This was number *five;* and before breakfast we went to see the damage done to the boat (but it was uninjured); and we had two more violent shocks ere we got home, making *seven* in all before breakfast, after which we had a commotion of another kind.

"John felt so exhausted, and had just got fast asleep on the study sofa (a most unusual occurrence with him), when I heard high words between Taia, one of our Church members, and Nalihi, an Erromangan. I knew not what to do, for Natives never waste time on high words—they at once rush to arms; and I was unwilling to wake John to more excitement, as it was exactly that day two years since he had been seized with that awful fever, and I had been in fear of its return, as people predicted it would, about the same time of the year. Well, I actually made up my mind to show my wifely devotion,—and it was a good test for me, I beg leave to say, I always had such a foolish terror of a loaded musket anywhere, and infinitely more so in the hands of an enraged Savage,—by going between the combatants myself. To make matters worse, all the men about had gone that morning to bring lime-coral, and only a few women had collected, and one or two timid fellows who stood at a safe distance.

"Nalihi was flourishing his musket in Taia's face, as an accompaniment to an eloquent harangue he was delivering in Erromangan, not being able to speak Aniwan; and Taia, who understood and could speak it perfectly, seemed to be paying him back with interest. They subsided for a few moments, when it was whispered the Missi was there; but on finding that it was only the 'Missi finé,' they went at it with renewed vigour. I took no notice of the Erromangan, knowing my only chance was with Taia; so I went over to him, and implored him not to utter another word, whatever provocation he might receive; and though reluctant at first, he behaved nobly and stood what I think few white men would have done in the circumstances. I kept close beside him all the time, and though for three quarters of an hour that villain stood heaping insults upon him, and at last, in his rage, cut down his bananas and fences before his eyes, he never spoke, though his muscles twitched and he clutched at his great club sometimes—one that I knew had done good (?) service in Heathen days under the great brawny arms that wielded it; for Taia is a perfect Hercules, and such a contrast to the little treacherous, sharp-nosed Erromangan, who was dying for an excuse to get a shot at him. When I thought

Taia was going to give way, I put my cold white paw (it *did* feel so cold) on his black arm, and every time I did so he turned and looked down at me with a grim smile, saying, 'Don't fear, Missi, I'll not speak.'

"Now I maintain, that though John sometimes fears Taia's Christianity is not of the highest type, yet he is undoubtedly a *perfect gentleman*, or he would not have stood there, the greatest living orator on Aniwa, silent at the bidding of any woman! When I saw the good food being destroyed and so little left from the Hurricane, indignation mastered every other feeling, and I felt it was high time for John to interfere with Nalihi; as no one else dared to speak to him, except master F., who had, by the way, found us out just then, and proceeded without hesitation to deal with him in plain terms. His little figure heaved with indignation, and he drew such a long breath before calling out, 'O you naughty, *naughty* man! You're a wicked man! Jehovah, *so* angry at you!' Every one was so amused, and a general titter went round, while Nalihi, with whom F. had been a favourite, began vigorously to defend himself to the child in broken Eglish, at the same time wielding his axe to some purpose amongst Taia's bananas. So, feeling my own strength would not hold out much longer, I sped off and brought John, who quietly went up to Nalihi and relieved him of his musket and axe (Oh, I was glad to see that musket in dear old John's trusty fingers, for Nalihi held it in a horizontal position, and it always *would* point at me the whole time I stood there!) clapped him on the shoulder and had him sobbing like a child in a minute and offering payment to Taia for the damage done, which, however, Taia was too seriously offended to receive, and I do not wonder at it.

"The crowd began to disperse, and John was taking Nalihi off for a day's work under his own eye, in case of his coming in contact with Taia again, when I put a graceful finish to the proceedings by going off into a fainting fit under the cocoa-nut trees! John said I managed bravely, all except that; but I do think that after *seven* Earthquakes and such a scene, I had a good right to get up some demonstration, and it was the first I ever perpetrated for the public benefit!

"We had three more Earthquakes that day, but slight, making *ten* in all; and I took care at night to provide for emergencies by putting a supply of blankets on the verandah, as there is not a moment to snatch clothes when they come, and we had felt chilly the night before. I got laughed at for what was termed my needless precaution; but we had hardly got into our first sleep, when another violent Earthquake turned us out, and we were thankful for them. It was not so bad as some, however, and we got a sleep till morning without further disturbance, as the grand performance did not come off till next evening at nine o'clock.

"John was busy in the bath-room, with the girls, damping paper for next day's printing, I was in the dining-room, jotting in my journal the events of the day, when we all had to rush out with the most frightful Earthquake that had yet taken place. The house danced, the windows rattled awfully, and F. woke up with the first of it screaming in terror, but M. took it more gently, telling him it was *nice*. It might have been nice to feel ourselves rocked on the bosom of mother Earth (we lay down on the ground at a safe distance from the house, which we expected to fall every moment), could we have been sure she would not open up and receive us into a closer embrace!

"The heaving must, I think, have continued nearly five minutes, and we had just got into the house again, still trembling with agitation, when a terrible gust of wind and roar of the sea half prepared us for the shouting of the Natives, who called to us that the sea had actually come close to our gate! We went out and found Natives up to the waist in water, where it had been bush two or three minutes before. We heard something flapping, and Yawaci picked up a large fish about twelve feet from our gate; and as the tidal wave receded, they were left in hundreds, which the Natives spent most of that night and next day in gathering. An enormous turtle was found too among a lot of *débris*,—'Jehovah's turtle,' the Natives called it, owing to the way in which it was found.

"No serious accident occurred from the wave on our Island, as in most of the others, though some Natives fishing at Tiara were nearly carried away, and our boat which lay at anchor

there was lifted, anchor and all, and carried a long way inland, but to a sandy place, where it got no damage; yet not a canoe, if I remember rightly, was left whole.

"From that time we had a constant succession of Earthquakes, and were kept in continual dread, though none of them so violent as those I have mentioned. We had to sleep with our doors open, and at last John went to bed in his clothes to be ready to run! I suppose you have heard that the tidal wave swept right through Mr. Inglis's, doing terrible damage and half drowning them, and the Earthquakes kept knocking down his walls and chimneys as fast as he could rebuild them. Dr. Geddie's fine Church, too, is all but destroyed. But I think the greatest damage done is to the nerves of the poor Missionaries' wives (the Missionaries themselves would be indignant if you accused them of having any!) It is such an awful sensation to feel the very Earth trembling and heaving beneath one, and such an *eerie* feeling comes on at night.

. . . "I must pass over everything else that happened until we turned up in Civilization, and it is close upon Mail time. I would have liked to tell you about our pretty new Church, with its snow white walls, which was finished just before our beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, paid us their farewell visit, which was like to break our hearts, for they have been a father and mother to us and to the Mission. Our parting too with our Darkies was intensely trying, as we are to be away from them a longer visit than the last; but the society of our dear friends, the Murrays, was an unexpected treat, and made the voyage so pleasant notwithstanding the sea-sickness. . . .

"The Home Mail closes in the morning; and I must close, with fervent love, from your loving sister,

"MAGGIE WHITECROSS PATON."

(1878.)

## TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"My dearest Sisters and Brothers,—

"*Sons and daughter*, I should almost have added, as the biggest half of our little flock are separated from Aniwa, and will as eagerly look for the 'family billet' now as the rest of you. . . .

"Now that I have sat down to write, so much comes crowding upon me that I hardly know where to begin; but I cannot put down a word of news before testifying of the Lord's goodness to us, which has just been vouchsafed during this last hot season. He has encompassed us round as with a shield and preserved us safe and well, though from the day after the *Dayspring* left for the Colonies on the 14th November last until the 30th March we have lived in daily—I might almost say *hourly*—terror of our lives. We have seen—especially John has—the rage of the Heathen, and passed through Earthquake and Hurricane; but all seems as nothing compared with coming into constant contact with an unrestrained *madman*, and this we have had to do with poor Mungaw. . . . .

"You must not think of us as pining in solitude, however. Indeed, poor Mungaw took care to keep us all in lively exercise, and acted his first scene the day after the *Dayspring* left for Sydney with our mails. You know that he married Litsi, one of my best girls (and how delighted we were at the time that she was getting such a good young man!), who was with me on my first visit to Australia from Aniwa, and you remember how pleased you all were with her. Well, he spent the night beating that gentle girl (who was near her confinement) and their little boy about two years of age; and when John met him in the Imrai and quietly remonstrated with him, he stalked off in high dudgeon; and in two minutes more, a tremendous crackling and roar of fire made us rush to the window, where we saw his nice house and all that was in it one mass of flame. Not content with setting it on fire, he tore off Litsi's jacket and flung it in too. We quite expected that our own house would go, as

there were only two light fences betwixt some of our outhouses and his, but providentially the wind carried everything the other way.

"He then took Litsi and Nomaki, their little boy, to a distant village; and, oh! how we hoped he would remain, as Litsi had friends there, but back he dragged them, terror-stricken and breathless from having to keep pace with his tremendous strides. I sent Litsi an old jacket (she begged me not to send a good one, as it might go the same way), and a blanket to sleep or rather to roll herself in—for there was no sleep for any one near that night. He had threatened to murder some of the villagers, and was stalking round and round our Premises with his loaded musket; but an Aneityumese Teacher kept watch over our house all the night.

"It so happened that next day had been appointed for a 'Members' Meeting.' These meetings are held monthly, for John to appoint them their work, and change it from one to another, so that it might not always devolve upon a few. You know there is no paid door-keeper, or paid service of any kind connected with the Church, so the women take it in turns, two by two, every Saturday morning, to clean the Church and enclosure. One man is appointed bell-ringer, another to take off and on the pulpit coverings and carry in the Bible, etc., two to stand at the doors and see there are no loiterers outside, and so forth. Cases of sickness or wickedness are also reported, and Church matters generally talked over. At this meeting one woman was scored off for absconding from her legal husband and living with another; and Mungaw, who came in with the greatest blandness, as if nothing had happened, got a thorough 'talking to,' and was suspended till it should be proved whether he was more rogue or fool—for at that time we could scarcely tell. That he had become decidedly cracked and his mind to a certain extent unhinged, no one who saw and heard him could doubt—especially knowing what a dear good fellow he was before; still he seemed sane enough at times; and when he did break out, it was more like being possessed with evil spirits. All his madness took the form of wickedness, and when he saw people afraid of him he was the more emboldened. It was very

difficult to know how to treat him. He was rather cowed at the meeting, though, and kept pretty quiet till the full moon, while meantime we had peace to get all our machinery into working order again. . . .

"John has had great comfort with his big boys, however, especially the one we were most averse to take in,—a great ugly-looking fellow of about eighteen, couldn't speak without a growl, and scowled at everybody from under his black wool, which hung down over his eyebrows. To crown all, he had been with the slavers—and that is no recommendation!

"After keeping with our boys a day or two and coming to evening class, on the third evening he sent in for a blanket, as he was 'going to stay.' We looked aghast. John was for receiving him; but I was at the crying point, and declared I could not feed more Natives or make food go further than other people. John said, 'Then am I to send him away?' Well, no! I was hardly prepared to do that either; so, after talking over it a few minutes, we felt sure the Lord had sent him; and though I did not feel particularly grateful at the time, I have often thanked Him since. We went to the blanket box, got a nice warm blanket (the Natives feel chilly at night), called him in, and John had a talk with him about certain rules, after which he took his gift with a very pleasant grin. He looked like a different creature with his hair cut; and a more faithful, helpful, warm-hearted Native lad we never had. In times of danger from Mungaw, he stuck by John like his shadow—no ostentation with it, but quietly getting some pretext for keeping close to him when there was any fear. A capital worker too—for John does not approve of keeping his boys idle, and they help him with whatever he is at, fencing, roofing, gardening, house-building, etc.

"One day he and another big boy (a great wag—keeps the others in roars of laughter, and himself the picture of solemnity) had been planing wood very nicely, and John praised them, calling them his 'Carpenter' and 'Joiner.' In the afternoon a slate full of writing was sent in, informing us that they wished from henceforth to drop their old names and be called 'Carpenter' and 'Joiner.' Nor would they answer to any other.

We often forgot, at first, but were reminded by their paying not the slightest attention, till we came out with the new name—when they would instantly wheel round with a smile and be at our service! . . .

"One day, before John was quite recovered, Mungaw put a lot of impudence on his copy for my special benefit. I took no notice—he looked so wild—but pointed out a mis-spelt word, wrote a fresh line, and telling him to follow it closely passed quickly on to the next writer. I told John, when I went in, I was sure he would do some mischief ere long; and just an evening or two after, we heard him shouting and scolding from his house in an awful voice. John limped off, in spite of my entreaties to let them fight it out, and found Mungaw flourishing an axe over a poor woman, whose husband was from home and who had been helping Litsi to cook his fish, but had been unfortunate enough not to divine that on that particular evening he wanted it wrapped in a different kind of leaf from what was usual. He had brought the axe within a few inches of her shoulder, when two or three Natives, attracted to the spot just before John, stayed his arm and wrenched it from him. He got his musket next, but poor Sibo and Litsi both ran to our house for protection, while John and the Natives tried to calm him down. They got his musket from him, and I saw a Teacher slip it behind a tree in our lawn; but Mungaw was sharp enough to notice, and got it away again when the affray was over, and ordered poor Litsi back to her cooking. Sibo went to a distant village to be out of his way, declaring she was half dead with fright; and I would very much have liked to get away from the Island altogether! John's spirit always rises equal to the emergency, but I get perfectly faint with terror, and the longer the worse. This was merely a little prelude, however, to what followed.

"Next morning he had the audacity to appear at one of the dining-room windows, as the girls were clearing away the breakfast things; and he demanded the keys from John, as he wanted to sharpen his axe at the grindstone. John said, 'No, Mungaw, you'll learn to put your axe to a better use first; and I want you to return the two you have of mine.' He looked the

picture of innocent wonder, and replied, 'What do you mean, Missi?' John replied, 'I just mean that I want you to give up your bad conduct.' 'My bad conduct! What have I done?' protested Mungaw. John said pointedly, 'Do you not *know*, Mungaw?' That was all the provocation he got; but he went off for his musket, muttering, 'I'll let you know who you're talking to.'

"When he was gone, John went out to his Printing Office for something, and on leaving it saw Mungaw just inside our fence taking deliberate aim at him with his musket. John turned round to lock the door, showing no signs of fear, but feeling that all was over, and that he was to be shot down so near us all and yet none near enough to save; but God was watching! The next instant he heard a rush of feet, a scuffle, and looked round to see the musket pointed high in the air, and four strong arms grappling with the intended murderer. Two men had been accidentally (!?) coming up the path, took in the scene at a glance, and my husband was saved.

"I knew nothing of what was passing, but, feeling restless after Mungaw's parting look, went out to hurry John in for worship. I met him coming in, and stopped short at sight of his pale face to ask if he were ill, and he told me all. We had just begun to sing at worship, when he re-appeared flourishing his musket, trying the doors and windows (you may believe I had them securely fastened by this time), and demanding entrance. We went on, taking no notice, but the *celestial quaver* was plentifully introduced into the music, and the girls rushed into the dining-room in great fear. Meanwhile the news had spread like wildfire, and the Church members near came running to order him out of the Premises, which only made him wilder; so they seized him, took him to the Imrai, and bound him hand and foot with ropes. It was a terrible noise and scuffle, for he had the strength of ten men, and yelled like a demon.

"Two of his brothers so-called (not real ones) arriving on the spot, he thought to get up some sympathy, changed his voice to a whine, and bewailed his hard fate,—'bound and persecuted for doing nothing at all!' Litsi, gentle Litsi, took her boy in

her arms, and walked up to him before the crowd, saying in a loud voice, 'Look at the marks of your brutality on me and my helpless child, and say whether you deserve to be tied or not!' It was an imprudent speech for her to make, poor girl, for which he did not forget to repay her. It was a terrible day for us all—poor little F. white to the lips with fear, I lying in a fainting state, and John walking up and down the room trying to keep up our spirits, and wee J.—oh! how we envied him—running about, playing 'Peep-bo' in happy unconsciousness of all. The Church members feared that some of the wilder young fellows, whom he had been favouring of late, would come to his aid; but when it was known he had attacked the Missi, not a finger was lifted in his defence.

"They did not know what to do with him, now they had him bound,—nothing in the shape of a prison or secure place on all the Island! They proposed our Cellar, but we didn't want him quite so near as that; so they let him off at the end of four hours, and Litsi and little Nomaki took refuge with us. Mungaw got a little boy to tell him where they hid his musket; and, once more possessed of it, he flew all round the Island till towards sunset, when he divested himself entirely of his clothing, stuck on paint, and with musket shouldered walked sentry before our front gate for more than an hour. He seemed to be imitating the sentinels he had seen before Government House in Melbourne—a slight difference in the circumstances! But it was thought necessary to have a counter-guard over our Premises that night. The only good thing he did was to send his gracious permission to Litsi to stay in our house for the night, which she thankfully accepted.

"Next morning (Sunday) he met her pleasantly, called her to speak to him (our fence was between them), and threw a large stone at her head, informing her that was the price of her yesterday's speech. We bound up the deep wound and advised her to lie quiet, but she preferred going to Church with us as the safest plan, for he had been caught several times during the night stealthily approaching our house to burn it, as they thought. None of the villagers slept, two of their lives being in danger. It was a most anxious Sabbath, and we had worship

under difficulties—guards being placed at our house and the principal approaches to the Church. Oh, how regretfully I thought of the peaceful Sabbaths and quiet walks to Church in Melbourne, none making us afraid! But we tried to realize that the Lord Jesus was encompassing us around, and that He stood between us and Mungaw. The people begged John to be short, as they were in terror, so we had only one Service in Church, and, instead of Sunday School, a prayer meeting on the Imrai. Mungaw employed the time during Church service in ransacking the villagers' boxes for ammunition, but they had it hid away; and at the prayer meeting he was reclining, with folded arms, eyeing us from our back verandah! After the prayer-meeting, John urged the different villagers to take it in turns to sleep near Mungaw's house for the protection of Litsi who was being killed by inches, and at last they agreed; but as soon as we were in the house, he went and patched up a sort of peace—a sham to get the people away—and then abused the people near for tying him, and dragged Litsi home. We were half the night praying for the helpless girl, so completely at the mercy of that madman.

"Next morning, he came into the Imrai in grand style—musket in hand, of course—and scolded the people, working himself up into a frenzy and keeping us all on the rack, for *we* could see from one of the Study windows,—when, to our great joy, 'Sail O' rang out, and it was comical to see how quickly he had to subside before this counter-excitement, and slink away! We felt it was in answer to prayer, more especially when a little afterwards he stood before our gate painted frightfully, and told our herd-boys that he was going in the Vessel if she called here. How earnestly we asked the Lord to let him go, if it were His will, but prayed above all for submission to bear what was appointed us, for we had the feeling he would stay. Poor fellow! he drove us closer into the Saviour's arms than all Dr. Somerville's meetings in Australia, for we had Him alone to look to. Natives were kind, but not capable of giving much help—they rather look to us for it—and poor things, we did pity them, when it was known that he had bought a large stock of ammunition, including balls, and that he stayed behind!

"It turned out to be the schooner *Daphne* for Fiji; and the Government agent sent half a sovereign in a note, begging for opium, as he had seventy-five people on board, and one case of 'assured sickness.' John, of course, returned the money, but sent opium pills, laudanum, and chlorodyne, having no opium. We were glad of the opportunity of sending a few hurried notes, bearing a month's later date than the *Dayspring*, which left on the 14th November. This is the only other Vessel that has called at our Island, since we returned, except the *Dayspring*. . . .

"Christmas came next in order. The little stockings had been duly filled the night before, as F. took care to have J.'s and his hung up, with dim eyes at the thought of the other three which had been filled the year before. It turned out to be a bright day; the bairns were jubilant over their gifts; and there was a general rejoicing over dear Litsi's re-appearance at the Evening Class—her lord and master having gone out in a canoe with some boys for a night's fishing by torch-light. Litsi's face beamed at having an hour or two with us all, for Mungaw did not allow her over her own fence, or any one to go near her; and, as all the women were frightened, his commands were obeyed to the letter, except by us, and for her sake even I had to go stealthily with food (he starved her), as he beat her when he found it out. Our girls did not require two biddings to put a plentiful supper before her, and were cheering her under breath with the hope that his canoe might turn bottom up and he get eaten with a shark, when the most unearthly yell from the shore turned us all pale with terror, and 'Mungaw!' was gasped from every lip. Litsi flew home, in terror lest he should find her *out*. The villagers seized their muskets and ran to protect their boys, and John and I to our knees in the Study. But the whole turned out to be a hoax! The boys' canoe had upset among the reefs, and though they could swim like corks, and were in no danger, it was their pleasure thus to exercise their lungs while splashing about. . . .

"Mungaw made rather a sad New Year's Day for us, though. While we were at breakfast, more people assembled in the Imrai and high words ensued. John went out to them, deter-

mined to sift the matter to the bottom ; and at last it came out that Mungaw had gone the day before to the village of Towleka, and said that the people of Inahutshi were going to shoot them on the morrow, and then he deliberately walked to Inahutshi and told them the same thing about the people of Towleka. He was bent upon war; wanted, in his own words, 'to see blood run.' Burning houses, and he had burnt several, was becoming rather tame work ; and he wanted something more exciting. He boastfully acknowledged the part he had acted the day before, declaring that if they had not *said* they were going to fight they *meant* it, which was worse—better to have it out and done with—why else were they carrying their muskets? This was a little too much for their patience, and they did lay about him with their tongues, saying it was he and he alone who had introduced this carrying of muskets, by flying about with his own and threatening to kill everybody. He then said, that if they were not going to fight they ought to come out boldly for the Worship (he certainly did not approve of doing things by halves), singling out by name those whom he knew to have little differences with each other, and ordering them to shake hands and exchange pigs there and then !

"When John thought they'd had enough of it, for Mungaw was getting excited with his nonsense, he suggested that one of them should engage in prayer and let them then get home. A fine old Chief stood up under the banyan tree, and, waving his hand with a majesty a Native can assume at times, offered a simple, earnest prayer, and the people quietly dispersed. But Mungaw tried hard to get them together again, and insisted upon everybody being converted on the spot. He kept on this religious tack for about a fortnight, which was very pleasant, as it allowed us to sit with open windows and doors, and get fresh air and freedom.

"One day, when he was unusually gushing and had presented a pig and food to the very men he had sought to murder,—his speech indicating that the Millennial Reign was about to commence on Aniwa under his auspices,—a Church member said, 'I think, Mungaw, the people will understand us better, if we burn our muskets and show that we'll not fight, whatever they

may do ; here goes mine !' And suiting the action to the word, he broke and flung his musket into the flames. Mungaw immediately followed suit, with a grand flourish, to the intense relief of all around, for he was a much less formidable personage without the musket, though he still fancied himself a great king. He sent in for a black suit, and permission to conduct the Worship next Sunday, which of course he did not get.

"John sent for him and had long talks with him ; but saw it was little use,—he was so crazed, and thought every one in the wrong but himself. His standing grievance against John was—that he kept all the collections (!) taken at the close of Mission addresses (he insisted they went into his private pocket), and did not halve them with him, though he helped him to speak.

"He never forgot the scenes he saw in that den of iniquity to which some wretches took him in Melbourne, under pretence of kindness, when John was unable from my sudden illness in the country to take him home. It bamboozled his then simple mind, how in a land of Gospel light such appliances could be deliberately and systematically set on foot for the on-carrying of evil. I do think, that for their light,—mind, I say *for their light* —our black Christianity is superior to the white. The Natives often said,—'How is it, Missi, that he was so good and strong for the Worship before he went to your good Land, and has been nothing but a plague since he returned? John, of course, emphatically cleared the 'good Land' from all blame, adding that he would take care not to give any of the rest of them a chance of going daft by a trip to Australia ! They don't pursue the argument after that, as all are eager to go, and perfectly willing, they say, to accept the risk.

"It was a blessing the Natives were so kind, and oh, how we experienced that 'God stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind' ; for except the trouble with Mungaw, we had no other serious ones to contend with, and He gave us to realize as I at least never did in the same way how entirely the work was His. It looked so mysterious, that after we had come down at such a sacrifice to health and family ties to devote our whole time to the work, it should be so retarded by one individual ;

for often, at his worst, only eight or ten had the courage to come to School, and we could as well have taught fifty. But we could leave it trustingly to the Lord, feeling that all we had to do was the work He laid to our hands from day to day. What a restful feeling it gives one to be 'only an instrument in His hand.' . . .

"Litsi was the one most in danger, her house standing a little below ours, and I having been roused at three o'clock to attend her only the morning before, John was very averse to my going, in the circumstances; and I fain would have contented myself with sending her comforts, but I could not think to leave her with her mad husband, who had still sternly refused to let any one go near her; so I hurriedly dressed, roused the cook to boil the kettle, and took one of my girls with a lamp. We found to my intense relief the baby already born, and Mungaw so delighted at having another *son* that he was inclined to be tolerably kind. I took advantage of his mood—as it was through him I could reach Litsi—praised him for being such a clever doctor, and advised him to get her into the house out of the raw cold air, and offered him the services of my girl to light a fire, which he graciously condescended to accept! When I went back with some tea and things for the baby, they looked much more comfortable, Litsi sitting in the house by a bright fire, with the lamp beside her. Urging her to lie down, I returned home and looked into the girls' house to see how it was faring with my other invalid,—for dear Yawaci had been carried to us at her own request in a dying state." . . .

"All that day was spent running betwixt the invalids. Dangerous symptoms ensued with Litsi. Mungaw got fearfully excited at a lot of women coming to see her, and stood over her with his loaded musket (he had stolen another, as the pious fit did not last long), appealing to me whether his word as Chief should be obeyed or not. I seconded his efforts, as they were doing no good, and got them cleared to a little distance—at hand if they were needed, and by deferential behaviour got him to let me come and go with food, etc. He attributed her illness to an absurd crotchet of his own, and held to it that she would

be better at sundown. Meanwhile, the time was being wasted, and we had so many anxious thoughts. Was it right that her life should be sacrificed to a madman's freaks? Was it right to give in to him, or how far was it right to risk his wrath? We took it all to our ever-present Counsellor; and then John decided that if I found her no better he would go himself, whatever the consequences.

"On my way I met Mungaw coming in at the gate with the empty dishes, and he said quite humbly that he was wrong in his supposition, and would like exceedingly if the Missi tané (=man Missi) would go and see her, for he did not know what to do. John soon put matters all right, telling them there was no cause for alarm,—gave directions about one or two things that had been neglected, and ordered fomentations. She had no more relapses, and he really seemed grateful the next morning when he came for her breakfast, as I could not go to her very early on account of the tidal wave.

"Poor Yawaci was our chief care after that. It seemed strange that Litsi, who so longed for death, should survive so much ill usage, for I could not pen a fiftieth part of the cruelty —the refinement of cruelty—with which he treated her. One instance will suffice. We missed him from Church one Sabbath, and found that he had spent the time *skinning* the lower part of her face and *pinching* little bits of flesh out of her chest from shoulder to shoulder, threatening her with his club if she dared to cry out. You will wonder that the Natives did not interfere. We began to lose all patience with them. I remember Mr. Inglis once saying, 'It was worth living twenty years on the Islands just to know what we owed to Christianity,' and how I thought they were stupid who did not find out all that in six months or less! I myself have had to live twelve years on Aniwa, however, to know what we owe to Lunatic Asylums, and also to learn how *exclusively* a man's wife is regarded as his own peculiar property—that is, to be used exactly as he likes. They would as soon think of interfering with a man's conduct to his wife, as we would if in civilization a man chose to burn his own carpet or smash his own timepiece. They would break out into the most amused smile, when John was begging them

to protect her, and say, 'But, Missi, it's his own wife!' Of course, they were mad enough at him, Litsi being a general favourite, but could not well see their right to interfere.

"Yawaci's breathing was rather easier; and about eight o'clock, after getting all she could want for the night, we were so thankful to see her lie down for the first time, and fondly hoped she was beginning to recover. She called the girls round her, telling them to sing; and, after beginning the translation of 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' I slipped away leaving them singing it, and got to my bed thoroughly exhausted. Through the night, her husband knocked at our bedroom window, saying she was dying. John sprang up and went to her side, offering a short prayer, but her spirit fled before he had done, and she was buried amid heart-felt lamentations before Church Service on Sabbath, 3rd February. Our hearts were like to break, for she had been a faithful attached servant—*daughter*, rather—to us for ten years; a sweet little thing about eight or nine when she first came, and every year we liked her better. She had a great lump of *heart*, and I can never forget her devoted care of us all at that time when we were both laid up and our precious baby died. It was she I trusted to put the little form in its last resting-place, myself too weak to move! It was so sad to see her friends going about the next few days, their eyes red and swollen with weeping. Weeks after, on putting her Photo. into the hands of one of the sewing women, her head sank lower over it till the heavy sobs welled up; and as it was passed from one to another, there was hardly a dry eye—so generally was she beloved. You have all the same likeness, a true one, taken in Melbourne. Mungaw's was not so good—at least it did not do him justice in his best days; but it is charming to what he looked like in his last few months—his face was so wild and ghastly.

"Poor fellow, I would fain pass over his sad end; but I must hasten on and have done with him, as I daresay you are as tired of the subject as I. The last open break out with his wife was on the day that her baby was three weeks old. He was in a very excited state in the morning, threw off his clothing, stuck on paint (he supplied himself with balls of blue from our wash-

ing-house !), and seizing his musket, said he was going to shoot some one ere he returned. The alarm spread, and John came to me at the sewing class to warn the women ; but he soon came back, and I dismissed the School, feeling anxious to get the children into the house (John would not budge from his usual work, but he had always Natives with him), and get doors and windows shut. They had hardly gone when terrible screams came from his house, and I flew to implore our cooks to protect Litsi. Just then John rushed past me, telling me I must not hinder him, as he could not hear that poor girl being killed. Our boys ran with him, and met Litsi running from her house covered with blood streaming from the back of her head. John caught her as she fell forward in a fainting fit, and a woman caught up her baby ; they were carried to the Imrai, where John bound up her head and revived her with brandy and water. I sent her some fresh clothes, as John would not let me see her till she was revived and doctored, and I followed with some dinner. Her tormentor was coming too, but John gave him a look which made him disappear into the bush in quick style. He re-appeared with the utmost coolness in a nice clean shirt about half an hour afterwards, and walked right into the Mission Premises, helping about a score of men to carry a huge log of wood which John had asked them to bring for some purpose. —I forget what. During the afternoon School he sat eyeing Litsi and grinning from the opposite side of the Imrai, and chatting with the passers-by, as if he had done no wrong !

" Poor Litzi sat leaning against the Church fence, too weak to notice anything, but thought she was safer there when John had to be in School. He told the Natives that she must not be left to her husband's tender mercies any longer, but that they must take her to one of their distant villages, and if need be protect her with their muskets. Our house was too near ; and besides, if he burnt it to get her it would simply mean death to us all,—our food was in it, and neither of us being extra strong, we could not exist on roots and leaves like Natives,—whereas any of their houses could be replaced in a few days. He said also that it would never do for him to use arms,—his work was to teach, theirs to protect each other when necessary. They

all saw the force of his words and heartily agreed with him, but all managed to back out of it, one after another, Litsi being too high-spirited to ask protection from any of them.

"When we heard that she was left with only a few women we both felt it our duty to shelter her, regardless of consequences, and ran out to fetch her; but the poor girl had fled with her two little ones to hide for the night in a plantation, one or two women keeping her company.

"Amid all her own danger, she was mindful of us, and sent a messenger to warn us that Mungaw would be sure to burn the house that night if he could. We had a few necessaries selected, a cask of flour, hops for yeast, changes of clothing, etc., to put into the Printing Office, which would not burn so easily with its zinc roof; but when our Aneityumese Teacher came after dark for their quiet removal, Mungaw accompanied him as far as the door! We all laughed. It was no use, with such a vigilant spy upon all our movements. But we were specially reminded of some One watching over us.

"It began to pour torrents of rain, as it so often did when there was imminent danger, and I sent coverings for the wanderers, hot tea, etc., by a circuitous path, with orders to take them to another invalid should Mungaw meet them. Our girls entered eagerly into it, and poor Litsi was made tolerably comfortable in body for the night, there being an old deserted hut in the plantation. Next morning, her cousin whispered to me that two men had taken her under protection to Towleka, a village a mile off, and that Mungaw had no idea of her whereabouts, supposing her to be with us, as he had sent word the evening before that he would kill her if she went anywhere else.

"He got fearfully roused at not finding her by the afternoon, and sprang up after writing a line or two of his copy (he insisted on attending School) to go in search, beginning at the nearest villages, armed with club and killing-stone, and nearly frightening the life out of a dumpy little virago, who was in the habit of hen-pecking her own husband. It was capital to see her thoroughly cowed for once! His wrath grew with his want of success; and, returning after school, he told our boys in a

tone of suppressed rage that he was now going to Towleka to kill Litsi if he found her there. One of them flew through the bush to warn her of his approach, and John and I went to the Study to commit her to God. I think I would have gone mad myself, if we had not had our never-failing Refuge in these troublous times!

"We heard after retiring for the night an infant's piteous wail, and found that, failing to get the mother (for the Natives would not let him finish her quite, though he dragged her out of the house by her hair, *wool* rather), he had torn the baby from her and rushed home with it, knowing that she would follow it at any risk. It was *awfully* hard to keep John in the house, but I felt there was not the slightest use in going. We heard other voices remonstrating, and the cries ceasing we knew that Litsi had come. About midnight, what seemed to be the death wail in Litsi's voice made us think he had murdered the baby. It continued for about three hours, and rose to a perfect agony of distress before stopping. On inquiry at daybreak, for which we anxiously waited, it turned out that he had tied her arms and legs in the most savage manner, only loosing her when two or three Natives went to the rescue. It was at the risk of their lives they did it, and all warned us not to go to their house that morning, as he was raving mad and would not hesitate to kill any one coming near.

"We just felt that poor Litsi had all the more right to our sympathy, when no one else would go. They insisted that she was dead and the baby too, there was such silence round all the place. John would not let me go alone, and I would not let him go alone, so we compromised the matter by going together, and took a plentiful breakfast as an excuse for intruding on his lordship's privacy, the Natives looking after with wistful eyes, but not one offering to accompany us to the lion's den! I trembled violently, though I felt the Lord was with us, and was almost relieved when we found the house deserted; but John called aloud for Litsi several times, and at last she came staggering from an enclosure opposite, from which the occupant had fled when Mungaw first went mad. She was trembling with pain and weakness, and when we were going over the stile,

she looked back alarmed and said, 'You'd better not, Missi,' so we spoke a few cheering words as we stood, and told her again that our house was open to her, night or day, whenever she needed shelter.

"Some of the Church members came to ask what was to be done with him. Tieing only made him worse; confining or shooting were the only other alternatives. To confine him was impossible. Were they to shoot him? John, of course, would not hear of that, and they asked if there was no sort of medicine to cure madness! A near friend got him away to his village, where they had a long talk, and warned him of the consequences. The moment he went, I ran off to sit awhile with Litsi. We feared she would sink under her trials, and wished she had access to the rich consolations with which we were upheld every day in our little readings both of the Bible and other books. It seemed as if the Words were printed for our express circumstances and comfort. My own morning Reading was in the Psalms, and I never felt them so suitable. The very ones I used to think David had written in a fit of indigestion were fraught with the deepest comfort and meaning, and favourite passages were more precious than ever. I never noticed before that the passage, 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,' begins with 'From *the end of the Earth* will I cry unto Thee,'—so applicable to us! John and I have often remarked to each other that we had to come all the way to the South Seas to understand some bits of the Bible; and I see Bowen in his 'Daily Meditations' says the same in reference to India, where he laboured so devotedly as a Missionary. We have another precious book which we were reading aloud and enjoyed next to the Bible,—Boardman's 'In the Power of the Spirit,' given us also before leaving Australia.

"How we wished poor Litsi could share all these privileges, and wondered if her faith were keeping alive at all, but her spirit was beautifully submissive. When I told her that, however difficult it might be for her to believe it, her Saviour God was tenderly caring for her every moment and would not let her have one more trial than she could bear, and that it would relieve her to take all her sorrows to Him, she replied, 'Oh, I

know it, Missi; my whole words now are prayer ; for I have no one else to speak to, and would have gone mad if I could not have told my Saviour ! I tell Him everything, and know that it is all right even if Mungaw should kill me, for he can't harm me beyond the grave.' I told her not a single night passed that we were not engaging in prayer for her, and she said,—'These prayers have been answered ; for he has had the wish to kill me and burn your house, and he could easily have done both had not God prevented.'

"The whole provocation (I forgot to say) he had for laying her head open at this time, was her saying, 'Oh, don't do that!' when he got up to burn the fine new house he had nearly completed. She learned never again to contradict him, even when he made the wildest proposals. The next house he burnt, a neighbour's, he told her with a diabolical grin (he had such a beautiful smile in his sane days !) of his purpose, and she merely said, 'Are you?' and slipped round to take everything valuable out of it, as the owners were living a week or two on a lonely little islet adjoining this, where the Natives often go for change and fishing. Of course, they said nothing about it on their return ; no one in the Island was prepared to tackle such a character, and he presumed accordingly, turning his attentions more to the general public after this, and dividing his favours pretty equally over the whole Island. He plundered the plantations in rotation, and shot all the pigs which came in his way, bringing Litsi part of the spoil; but she suddenly seemed possessed of the spirit of half a dozen, sternly refusing to touch one morsel of stolen food, and took their eldest little boy to the furthest village, begging the people to keep him as he was too young to refuse what was stolen. She then came to beg of me for a dose of poison—she thought the stuff we killed the rats with would do—as he was too wicked to live, and would bring a judgment on the whole Island. She had such a chance through the night when he fell into a deep sleep (the first time he was known to sleep for many weeks), and she had a great wish to take his life, but was afraid God would not like it.

"I confirmed her fears and counselled patience a little longer, as the Missi was getting the boat repaired to go to Tanna, and

it was well known Mungaw wanted to go there and stay a while. This was the last hope of the whole Island, and all were eager to see the boat finished, none more so than I, having an additional reason, viz., that it took John away to a distance nearly the whole day, and though he always left me with a body-guard he was not so careful of himself. I must say, the Natives were very thoughtful about him, however, and would not let him continue to take his nightly turns in watching our house. They begged him to arm himself, but that, of course, he would not do. He and our Aneityumese Teacher were the only ones who would not carry a weapon of any kind, or give in to him when it was right to be firm, and they were the only two Mungaw had the slightest fear of; but he kept prowling about our Premises day and night, for what intent he best knew. When he used to set off on his peregrinations, it was such a relief to throw windows and doors open for air; but back he would come with the rapidity of a race horse. Many a fainting fit he gave me; and F. used to get white to the lips when he appeared. Even little J. began to lisp,—'I frightened Mungaw!'

"About the only time I was thankful to see him come was after he had been tracking John's footsteps closer than I liked. I was watching him from our front verandah as he went off to his boat, the two lads a little before, when Mungaw suddenly appeared close behind him—axe in hand. I could see a long way, and when John stooped to examine a bush or fern Mungaw stopped too, always keeping right at his back. Visions of the murdered Gordons rose vividly before me, and I felt distracted. I knew that John and the boys were on their guard, and plenty of Natives were about, but a blow could be so easily struck! I went in-doors and told my God and then our Aneityumese Teacher (we showed as little fear as possible before our Natives), so that if he thought there was real danger he would go to him. He looked anxious and questioned me minutely, but went on quietly with his work, and I tried to follow his example; but my feet *would* carry me to the verandah, till the welcome sight of that usually dreaded form, tossing his axe in the air and catching it by the handle, allayed all fears, for I knew that had he done any harm he would have rushed into hiding.

"His last days were spent pulling up the people's bananas and sugar-cane, destroying what he could not devour. He took our boys' blankets and boxes, and walked off with the looking-glass from the girls' house. Just the Sunday morning before he was shot he turned out all the girls' boxes while we were at breakfast, and pranced up and down our front verandah. We had just finished our own Family Worship, and John was going off for a little quiet to his Study, when we heard the Church bell being furiously rung a full hour before the time! The Natives already gathered stood staring at each other in consternation, others hurried forward, thinking they were late, and the usual bell-ringer came panting to know why the work was so unceremoniously taken out of his hands! The more they begged Mungaw to leave off the quicker he rang, till John ran out and ordered him to stop instantly, which he did.

"He did not trouble us another Sunday, poor fellow, but he gave me two or three thorough frights through the week, once surprising me suddenly on the verandah, when mounted on a high box, and oil-painting the woodwork of the house. On the following Saturday morning, as we were in the garden, Litsi passed the fence and I ran to her. She said, 'When will the boat be ready, Missi?' I told her that there was just a little paint to finish to-day, and it would sail on Monday, so she would have only two days more of endurance. She jumped and clapped her hands, saying, 'My heart sings, for he's sure to go!'

"But that same evening, as we sat at a late tea, our spirits brighter than usual, feeling that relief was near (though it came not in the way we expected), for the *Dayspring* was to leave Sydney on Monday and would be getting nearer us every day, we heard the fatal shot go off close beside us! We have heard as loud reports and even nearer, when they were killing flying foxes or birds, which caused us nothing more than a start and a laugh; but there was something in that which made us spring simultaneously from our seats and stand in awe. John said, 'Some one is shot! Either Mungaw, or some one by his hand.' He had barely uttered the words, when the awful death-wail in Litsi's voice confirmed our fears. Our girls rushed in from the

bath-room, where they had been filling baths and getting all ready for Sunday, and said, "That's Mungaw, Missi, for the Inahutshi people told us not to be alarmed if we heard a shot after dark, as we would know it was Mungaw killed.'

"It had all been deliberately arranged, and we knew not a word about it. John said, 'Then I must run and see what I can do for the poor fellow,' and was off; but another loud report made me implore him to come back, till we ascertained certainly what the matter was, as he might be shot in the dark without any one meaning it, and F. decided the matter by saying in a faint voice, 'Papa, will you stay and take care of us?' His papa put his arm round him and said, 'Yes, my boy, I'll not leave the room again.'

"Two or three Natives came to tell us that Mungaw was shot dead, and that John's going would be no use now. He engaged in prayer, and oh, how our hearts bled for the poor fellow! Now that his sad end had come, we could only think of him as he once was; as, for instance, we saw him one evening years before stand calm and tranquil, with three enraged men pointing their muskets at him for spoiling some Heathen performance, and telling them he would not fight, and that the worst they could do would only send him to Heaven. Or again, as he used to go about pleading with the young boys (a mere boy himself) not to follow the footsteps of their fathers, but come out decidedly for the Lord Jesus. Or again, we thought of the time when he was John's right hand man, and would almost have laid down his life to serve him. His two nearest friends, on coming to ask if they would bury him at once, laid down their heads and sobbed aloud, though, like all the Aniwans, they had wished for his death. It was a sad, sad night; the hurried and midnight burial, the suppressed excitement, the fear and uncertainty about the real murderers and what would follow next, and last of all that young and once noble fellow cut down in the midst of his days.

"He had just left our Premises and gone home for supper, and then had worship (!) with Litsi, after which she told him not to go outside, as two or three men had been watching for three nights to get a good aim at him. He courted death and

*would* go out, saying to Litsi, 'You come with me.' She went out first and thought she saw a man standing; but next moment the attention of both was suddenly directed to a meteor in its transit, and while gazing at it the musket went off, going through Mungaw's body from arm to arm. He fell down by his own door, crying, '*Awai!*' (=Alas!), and died immediately, the murderers making their escape as they shot the other musket into the air. . . .

"You may be sure, after these trying times and seven months' utter silence regarding our absent ones, we were intensely delighted to welcome the dear old *Dayspring* once more. But strange as it may seem, this is our most trying time; for all the anxiety of the past months seems to accumulate into an agony of suspense, from the time her sails are discerned till we have opened the most desired-for letters of our mail and found all well. She arrived at Aniwa just two days after we calculated upon seeing her, April 24th. The first announcement of her approach came as we were assembled in Church at three o'clock for the prayer-meeting; and I'm afraid the Services had not their usual interest for me! How John could proceed quietly with his address, under the excitement, was a puzzle; for I saw him start, and we exchanged earnest looks, as the well-known cry greeted our ears, and then two Natives came panting in with beaming faces, darting intelligent looks all around.

"The Service *did* come to an end at last, and then every one's tongue was loosed. It *was* the *Dayspring* without doubt; but was there wind enough to bring her in that day? I made an agreement with the herd who went for the goats to shout again if it were very near, and soon a dozen voices yelled back the answer. I flew to give orders for all sorts of preparations, but not a girl was to be found, all having rushed up the hill to see for themselves; and when they came, they were so mad with joyful excitement, that instead of their usual respectful demeanour they tumbled heels over head on the verandah two or three times, before they could compose themselves to work; and so many little things waiting to be done! . . .

"We gathered round such a happy tea-table; for it is the

most exquisite treat to have intercourse with kindred spirits in our own tongue, after jabbering so many months to the Darkies, and to get all the news from the civilized world. Such a Mail too! Over one hundred letters, and no end of papers. We simply looked at all your different handwritings, but devoured our bairns' monthly budgets that night after our visitors had retired to their rooms. . . .

"The second Communion since our return also took place at this time, and was a season of great refreshing and comfort; but the sight of that little group of Communicants is always too much for me, especially when they stand up to sing so heartily! I could fain lay down my head and sob, were it not that I have the harmonium to attend to and must crush my heart down as best I can. All our trials and privations, looked at in the light of that little *sable band* (glancing back at what they once were) now sitting at their Lord's Table, seem as nothing—as less than nothing.

"A stranger might simply have his *risibles* excited by the somewhat grotesque costume of the congregation. Indeed, I had to turn away my own head, as our two worthy Elders came in for the 'Elements' before the Service, with the most imposing gravity, with manifest devotion in their looks, but in all the dignity of their office, and with special hats to grace the occasion. The one had his white shirt done up round his hat so as to represent a puggaree, and, as it hung a long way behind, he had to keep his head well-balanced for fear of it falling back. As for the other, who or what his hat had been originally intended for, we were at a loss to divine! It has always been our difficulty to get them large enough to include their *wool;* but this, a light grey chimney-pot, overtopped wool and all till it rested on the tip of his nose, which fortunately being a very large one prevented his face from disappearing altogether! . . .

"The Captain's plan was to land us on Sunday morning, lie off and on till Monday to land our luggage and some wood John had bought on Aneityum, and then return for the McDonalds at Port Resolution on his way northward. Mrs. Milne and I lay pillowed on deck, enjoying the moonlight till quite late, and having such a musical treat from Mr. Michelsen,

who sings and accompanies himself on the guitar with great taste. He had been playing it on deck in the afternoon, and we begged him to bring it up again after tea. The moon was brilliantly reflected on the water, and the ship lying so still, when he began with the exquisite guitar accompaniment to sing 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'—the Missionaries standing round and joining softly in parts, while we were quietly crying. I have heard Oratorios in the old country rendered so that they almost took one out of the body, but never anything that went to my heart like this! You would need to take in the whole circumstances to know how we felt it. The Vessel, with her little band of Missionaries so far from kindred and country, and about to separate for their lonely homes, and we knew not how much trial awaiting them! . . .

"We have already 600 lbs. of Arrowroot (to pay for the Gospel-books) put up, mostly in 10 lb. bags. The Natives are still making more, and the demands upon me for calico have been endless. After ransacking boxes for every inch that could be got to dry it upon and to make bags, I had to sacrifice all my common sheets and table-cloths; and, while trying to bear up under this calamity with Christian fortitude, John roused all the old Adam in me, by coolly bidding me be quick and get out my *linen* ones and best table-cloths, as it was a splendid day for drying! I emphatically declared that my few best things should remain untouched, though the Natives should never get their books; and, by a little management in making the others do, I have kept to my *wicked* vow. . . .

"It is now the 1st of August, though I see that I began this on the 8th of July, and I have not begun to write a single *private* letter, and so many to answer; and the huge piles, which made our eyes dance with joy on receiving them, are regarded rather ruefully, now that we have got to reply to them! I must leave out, therefore, all other items of interest which I intended writing, as this is already far too long,—and close with warmest love from

"Your ever-loving Sister,

"MAGGIE WHITECROSS PATON."

(1879.)

## TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"My dearest Sisters and Brothers,— . . .

"Our next bit of excitement was on New Year's Day, when the usual shooting match came off, and prizes were awarded to the winners. The most amusing part to us was the racing amongst younger boys and girls. The Chief, whom John had placed in charge of the prizes, would put a belt, necktie, or bit of red calico on a post at a certain distance off, and then the word of command was given to the eager little monkeys, and they made such a scramble as they neared it! The grand entertainment, however,—the Magic Lantern, was reserved for the evening, and was quite a success. Everybody on the island that was able to crawl at all put in an appearance, including two old bed-ridden women, who set out in the early morning and managed a journey of two miles by the time it got dark! John had all Mr. Watt's slides, as well as his own, and the Natives were in perfect ecstasies of delight the whole evening; but when he finished off with 'the revolving light,' they fairly yelled with delight and amazement, declaring it must be 'Tetovas' (=gods) who made that! . . .

"The Vessel turned out to be a *Slaver*, and sent in a boat with Native crew and two white men in search of Natives. The boat kept in deep water just outside the reef, and some Aniwans waded out and were shouted to in 'Sandal-wood English.' They wanted men or boys, and would give a musket for every one they got. Our Natives shouted back that they were 'Missi's worshipping people,' and did not want to go with Traders. One of the white men stupidly (it must have been in fun) levelled a musket at one of our Natives, when the cap snapped and set the Natives in a great rage, believing that he tried to kill some of them. The man levelled at, a fiery fellow, a returned labourer, flew for his musket and would have made short work with the white man, had not John and the Church members interfered,—John actually standing right between him

and the boat to prevent shots being fired. He waved the boat off with his hat, pointing to the armed men, which they seemed to comprehend, and after returning hats they made for the ship, which soon disappeared in the horizon.

"I was annoyed enough at John exposing himself, not that a person on Aniwa now would harm him, for I often wish that they loved their Saviour as much as they do their Missionary, but it is seldom one's duty to stand in the way of loaded muskets! You would hardly believe, though, the kind of thanks he got from the wretches he tried to save. They went to Faté, wrote out a paper to the effect that 'they had called at Aniwa for labourers, but that the Missionary, Mr. Paton, had come out to attack them at the head of an armed party. The man in charge of the boat, however, had Mr. Paton covered with his rifle, so that had a single shot been fired into it he would have fallen in revenge.' And the paper has been posted up on the door of the principal store in Havannah Harbour! Those are the sort of men, authorized by our British Government to scour the seIslands. We were perfectly thunderstruck when Mr. McDonald happened to mention it to John, after he had decided to go North, in case he should see it himself. Mr. McDonald sees enough of the Traders and their doings, and treated it with amused contempt as it deserved.

"It is nearly as bad as the Nguna case, where the chief mate of the *Jason* swore in a Queensland law-court that the Rev. P. Milne caused the Natives to fire into his boat. A Man-of-war was despatched to inquire into the proceedings of this dreadful Missionary, and it was proved that poor Mr. Milne was sound asleep in his bed (it was early morning), and did not even know of the affray till months after it happened. It was the two husbands of two Native women, that this honest mate was trying to make off with (and did make off with), that owned to having fired the shots! It is not the first time that John has interfered to save the worthless lives of these Slavers; but the whole fraternity may be riddled with bullets before I consent to his stirring his finger again in their miserable quarrels. . . .

"Litsi has since consoled herself with another husband,—related to poor Mungaw, and a real love-match, as they both

freely confessed. Litsi was as playful and coy over it as a young lassie; though, when she stood up for the ceremony, she whisperingly informed the bystanders with a giggle that she didn't want to get married! I suppose she thought some appearance of an apology necessary for her third presentation in that Church as a bride. We felt thankful when the marriage was past, for there had been the usual scramble to get her and consequent bitterness of feeling by the rejected ones, some of them far handsomer and better men than the prize winner, But Noopooraw had shown the depth of his affection by threatening *to kill her* if she did not have him, which according to Native is the strongest expression of devotion, and is precisely the same as a wildly-enthusiastic admirer at home threatening *to kill himself* in similar circumstances. The despairing lover in these Seas never dreams of taking away his own life, but hers instead, finding that probably the more powerful argument of the two! . . .

"It is getting very late and I must pass over all else and tell you what a charming time we had at Erromanga, where the Mission Synod was held this year. Mrs. McDonald and I were the only ladies to keep Mrs. Robertson company; and I was complimented upon now being the "mother" of the Mission, and carrying my honours quite becomingly—having become plump and vigorous since the Hurricane. . . . It seemed like fairy land to enter dear Mrs. Robertson's pretty, shady, cool house after enduring two days' suffocation with the horrid bilge water on board the *Dayspring*. . . . Every day brought us fresh pleasures, afternoon rambles on the mountains and walks by the river course up that beautiful valley, when 'the brethren' were at liberty to dance attendance on us, having all their Synod business over before dinner. . . . How pleasantly those days flew past, only they can understand who have been cut off from kindred spirits as we are! We three ladies were, of course, all that could be wished for (?); and every one of the Missionaries was kinder than another. Even in Synod, where Ministers are apt to indulge in the grace of *candour* to an uncalled-for degree, there was not a jarring word—owing, perhaps, to that bilge water having taken all the bile out of them

on the voyage! . . . The house is charmingly situated on terraced ground at the foot of a high mountain, near the centre of the Bay, with that lovely river to the right flowing past within a few yards of the enclosure. . . . Our eyes were constantly wandering off to the lovely scene before us,—and one with a history too! That very river was once reddened with the blood of Williams and of Harris; and the grass-covered mountain towering up from it was the scene of the Gordon tragedy,—while their grave-stones gleam white through the greenery on its opposite banks. Dear Mr. McNair's grave is close beside them. All looked so peaceful now, with the *Day-spring* lying quietly at anchor in the Bay, and canoes manned by *Christian* Natives paddling about in its blue waters!

"What a contrast to these former days of blood; and even a contrast, as the Robertsons told us, to what they had to suffer only in January last. The Heathen Chiefs were getting fierce at the rapid strides Christianity was making all round the Island, and laid a deep plot to take the Missionaries' lives. They chose their time well, when nearly all Mr. Robertson's young men were away at Cook's Bay; and you may imagine his and Mrs. Robertson's feelings, when the alarm got up one night as they sat quietly reading. They went into their bedroom and took their stand beside their three sleeping children. Escape by sea was impossible, even could they get to their boat, the night being stormy. Mrs. Robertson turned to her husband and said,—'Do you think they could touch those sleeping lambs?' He smiled bitterly,—'What do they care for our sleeping lambs?' Yomit, a devoted Erromangan Teacher, came in to them, and she turned to him, saying,—O Yomit, do you think they could have the heart to kill those little sleeping darlings?' He raised his arm and said,—'Missi, they'll have to cut this body of mine in pieces ere ever they get near them!' He started off and collected all the available help necessary, sending secret messages overland in different directions to their friends, so that before morning the Mission House was surrounded by 200 warriors, ready to give their lives in defence of their Missionary. And these were the very men who murdered the Gordons;—explain the change! Jesus has been amongst them! . . .

"Our visit there was all too short, as the Synod lasted only a week. We commemorated the Lord's Supper together, on the Sabbath evening before we broke up. One evening too there was an interesting Bible Society meeting, at which John was Chairman; and, in response to an urgent appeal from London, Mr. Copeland proposed that Missionaries and seamen should all add a day's wages to their usual subscription—which was most willingly agreed to. . . .

"We tore across from Erromanga with a good wind, landing about sundown, and got a warm welcome from our dear old Darkies, who had all turned out in their best garments to meet us, though it was pouring rain. John went on in the *Dayspring* to be left on Tanna for a fortnight at Kwamera, to make some small return for the Watts' great kindness to our Natives while we were in Melbourne. . . . He enjoyed his fortnight there intensely. The Mission Premises were like a new pin, and the Tannese longing for Mr. and Mrs. Watts' return with their whole hearts. Their little boys and girls at the Station attended to John so faithfully, and continually followed him about, asking daily and often in a day the same question,—'When will our Missis be back?' There are more than the Tannese longing for their return, and it will be a glad day when we see their dear faces again. . . .

"John has decided not to make any change for another year, if at all able to hold on. It is no use now for me to pretend I'm delicate, as appearances so tell against me! But I insist that I've got *heart* disease, and that only the sight of my bairns can cure it. . . .

"It is only a week yesterday since John returned from Kwamera, and was overwhelmed with such an ovation as he never yet got from our Natives. They opened their hearts to the most unheard-of generosity, and actually parted with their precious *pigs* to show their love for him, besides a great quantity of yam. They also gave a present about half the size of ours to the Captain of the *Dayspring*,—pigs, yams, cocoa-nuts, and bananas. His were laid on the centre patch of grass before the house, and John's to the side, in front of the Study door. The pigs (thirteen in number!), all tied and laid out to be seen to

the best advantage (they were *heard* too), so that when Captain and Mrs. Braithwaite and John arrived they were greeted with—

'Pigs to the right of them,
Pigs to the left of them,
Pigs in front of them,
Guzzling and grunting.'

How they did grunt! The Captain growled out his thanks in sailor's phraseology, which having translated, John walked round to the side, followed by his grinning Parishioners, and politely thanked them for their kind gifts to us,—telling them that it was the feeling which prompted it more than the gift itself which he valued! I felt that he was telling the truth in all sincerity, for he hates the very sight of pork, and whispered aside to me,—'What on earth are we to do with all these beasts?' . . .

"We expect the *Dayspring* in about a fortnight to call for our mail, and as I've a very large one to answer it is time it were begun, for we'll be very much interrupted by the arrowroot making. The whole of the Natives are busy digging it up at present, and the Premises will be like a beehive in a few days when they begin to grate it. We were so pleased to be able to tell them that the last sold so very well through the great kindness of Melbourne friends. The calico in the South Yarra boxes—worth its weight in gold—is being sewed up into sheets and bags for drying and packing it, as fast as ever we can; but we hardly expect it to be ready to go till the December trip of the vessel. They are to have *another book of the Bible* printed in the Aniwan language.

"Ever, with warmest love,
"Your loving Sister,
"MAGGIE WHITECROSS PATON."

## CHAPTER X.

### *LAST VISIT TO BRITAIN.*

"Wanted a Steam Auxiliary."—Commissioned Home to Britain. —English Presbyterian Synod.—United Presbyterian Synod.—The "Veto" from the Sydney Board.—Dr. J. Hood Wilson.—The Free Church Assembly.—Neutrality of Foreign Mission Committee.—The Church of Scotland.—At Holyrood and Alva House.—The Irish Presbyterian Assembly.—The Pan-Presbyterian Council.—My "Plan of Campaign."—Old Ireland's Response.—Operations in Scotland.—Seventy Letters in a Day.—Beautiful Type of Merchant.—My First £100 at Dundee.—Peculiar Gifts and Offerings.—Approach to London.—Mildmay's Open Door.—Largest Single Donation.—Personal Memories of London.—Garden-Party at Mr. Spurgeon's.—The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer.—Three New Missionaries.—"Restitution-Money."—The Farewell at Mildmay.—Welcome to Victoria.—The Dream of my Life.—The New Mission Ship Delayed.—Welcome back to Aniwa.—Parting Testimony.—Fare-thee-well.

IN December 1883, I brought a pressing and vital matter before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria. It pertained to the New Hebrides Mission, to the vastly increased requirements of the Missionaries and their families there, and to the fact that the *Dayspring* was no longer capable

of meeting the necessities of the case,—thereby incurring loss of time, loss of property, and risk and even loss of precious lives. The Missionaries on the spot had long felt this, and had loudly and earnestly pled for a new and larger Vessel, or a Vessel with Steam Auxiliary power, or some arrangement whereby the work of God on these Islands might be overtaken, without unnecessary exposure of life, and without the dreaded perils that acrue to a small sailing Vessel such as the *Dayspring*, alike from deadly calms and from treacherous gales.

The Victorian General Assembly, heartily at one with the Missionaries, commissioned me to go home to Britain in 1884, making me at the same time their Missionary delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast, and also their representative to the General Assemblies of the several Presbyterian Churches in Great Britain and Ireland. And they empowered and authorized me to lay our proposals about a new Steam-Auxiliary Mission Ship before all these Churches, and to ask and receive from God's people whatever contributions they felt disposed to give towards the sum of £6,000, without which this great undertaking could not be faced.

At Suez, I forwarded a copy of my commissions from Victoria, from South Australia, and from the Islands Synod, to the Clerks of the various Church Courts, accompanied by a note specifying my home-address, and expressing the hope that an opportunity would be given me of pleading this special cause on

behalf of our New Hebrides Mission. On reaching my brother's residence in Glasgow, I found to my deep amazement that replies awaited me from all the Churches, except our own,—*i.e.*, the Free Church, which I call our own, as having taken over our South Seas Mission when it entered into Union with the Reformed Presbyterian Church, to which I originally belonged, though now I was supported by the Church of Victoria. This fact pained me. It is noted here. An explanation will come in due course.

A few days after my arrival, I was called upon to appear before the Supreme Court of the English Presbyterian Church, then assembled at Liverpool. While a hymn was being sung, I took my seat in the pulpit under great depression. But light broke around, when my dear friend and fellow-student, Dr. Oswald Dykes, came up from the body of the Church, shook me warmly by the hand, whispered a few encouraging words in my ear, and returned to his seat. God helped me to tell my story, and the audience were manifestly interested. Again, however, another indication of a rift somewhere, unknown to me, was consciously or otherwise given, when both the Moderator and Professor Graham, in addressing the Deputies and referring to their Churches and speeches individually, conspicuously omitted all reference to the New Hebrides and the special proposal which I had brought before them. Again I made a note, and my wonder deepened.

Next, by kind invitation I visited and addressed

the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland, assembled in Edinburgh. My reception there was not only cordial,—it was enthusiastic. Though as a Church they had no denominational interest in our Mission, the Moderator, amidst the cheers of all the Ministers and Elders, recommended that I should have free access to every Congregation and Sabbath School which I found it possible to visit, and hoped that their generous-hearted people would contribute freely to so needful and noble a cause. My soul rose in praise; and I may here say, in passing, that every Minister of that Church whom I wrote to or visited treated me in the same spirit through all my tour.

Having been invited by Mr. Dickson, an Elder of the Free Church, to address a mid-day meeting of children in the Free Assembly Hall,—and the Saturday before the Meeting of Assembly having now arrived without bringing any reply to my note to be received and heard, I determined to call at the Free Church Offices, and make inquiries at least. They treated me with all possible kindness and sympathy, but explained to me the strange perplexity that had been introduced into my case. A letter had been forwarded to them from the *Dayspring* Board at Sydney, intimating that the Victorian Church had no right to commission me to raise a new Steam-Auxiliary Ship without consulting them, and that they placed their direct veto upon the Free Church Authorities in any way sanctioning that proposal or authorizing me to raise the money. Here, then, was

the rift; and many things that had recently perplexed me were explained thereby.

Here is not the place to discuss our differences, nor shall I take advantage of my book to criticize those who have no similar opportunity of answering me. But the facts I must relate, and exactly as they occurred, to show how the Lord over-ruled everything for the accomplishment of His own blessed purposes. Doubtless the friends at Sydney had their own way of looking at and explaining everything; and the best of friends must sometimes differ, even in the Mission field, and yet learn to respect each other and work so far as they can agree towards common ends in the service of the Divine Lord and Master.

My commission was publicly intimated. Communication had also been made to the Church of New South Wales as to appointing me their second representative to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, in connection with my mission to Britain, but they replied that one would serve their purpose. And South Australia and Tasmania were both written to regarding the object of my visit to the home countries. But no note of dissent, no hint of disapproval from any quarter, was intimated to the Victorian Church, or in any sense, directly or indirectly, reached me till I heard of that so-called *veto* in the Free Church Offices at Edinburgh.

This intimation, just as I was entering the Assembly Hall to address a great congregation of children and their friends, staggered me beyond all

description. The Free Church alone, in Scotland, now supported our New Hebrides Mission. From it I expected the principal contributions for the sorely-needed new Mission Ship. And now, by the action of the *Dayspring* Board at Sydney, the Free Church was debarred from acknowledging my three-fold commission or in any direct way sanctioning my appeals. No sorer wound had ever been inflicted on me; and when I sat down on the platform beside Mr. Dickson, my head swam for several minutes, and faintishness almost overpowered me. But, by the time my name was called, the Lord my Helper enabled me to pull myself together; I committed this cause also with unfailing assurance to Him; and by all appearances I was able greatly to interest and impress the Children. At the close, my dear and noble friend, Professor Cairns, warmly welcomed and cheered me, and that counted for much amid the depressions of the day. But when all were gone and we two were left, Mr. Dickson under deep emotion said,—

"Mr. Paton, that veto has spoiled your mission home. The Free Church cannot take you by the hand in face of the *veto* from Sydney!"

Having letters from Andrew Scott, Esquire, Carrugal, my very dear friend and helper in Australia, to Dr. J. Hood Wilson, Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh, I resolved to deliver them that evening; and I prayed the Lord to open up all my path, as I was thus thrown solely on Him for guidance and bereft of the aid of man. Dr. Wilson and his lady, neither

of whom I had ever seen before, received me as kindly as if I had been an old friend. He read my letters of introduction, conversed with me as to plans and wishes (chiefly through Mrs. Wilson, for he was suffering from sore throat), and then he said with great warmth and kindliness,—

"God has surely sent you here to-night! I feel myself unable to preach to-morrow. Occupy my pulpit in the forenoon and address my Sabbath School, and you shall have a collection for your Ship."

Thereafter, I was with equal kindness received by Mr. Balfour, having a letter of introduction from his brother, and he offered me his pulpit for the evening of the day. I lay down blessing and praising Him, the Angel of whose Presence was thus going before me and opening up my way. That Lord's Day I had great blessing and joy; there was an extraordinary response financially to my appeals; and my proposal was thus fairly launched in the Metropolis of our Scottish Church life. I remembered an old saying, Difficulties are made just to be vanquished. And I thought in my deeper soul,—Thus our God throws us back upon Himself; and if these £6,000 ever come to me, to the Lord God alone, and not to man, shall be all the glory!

On the Monday following, after a long conversation and every possible explanation, Colonel Young, of the Free Church Foreign Missions Committee, said,—

"We must have you to address the Assembly on the evening devoted to Missions."

But the rest insisted that, to keep straight with the Board at Sydney, no formal approval should be given of my proposals. This I agreed to, on condition that the Committee did not publish the Sydney veto, but allowed it simply to lie on their table or in their minutes. Thus I had the pleasure and honour of addressing that great Assembly; and though no notice was taken of my proposals in any "finding" of the Court, yet many were thereby interested deeply in our work, and requests now poured in upon me from every quarter to occupy pulpits and receive collections for the new Ship.

Still I had occasional trouble and misunderstanding through that veto during all my tour in Britain and Ireland. It prevented me particularly from getting access to the Free Church Foreign Missions Committee, or addressing them on one single occasion, though I pled hard to be allowed to do so and to explain my position. This I felt all the more keenly, as I laboured freely and for weeks, along with their noble Missionaries then at home on furlough, in addressing meetings in Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenock, etc., chiefly for Sabbath Scholars, but from which I received no help directly in the matter of the Mission Ship. Doubtless they were trying to do their duty, and refusing to take either side; and that they thought they had succeeded appears from the following fact. When rumour reached Australia that my

Mission home had been under God a great success, a letter came to them from their Committee's agent in Sydney as to the "application" of the sum that had been raised by me, to which they replied,—

"The Foreign Missions' Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, in accordance with the action of the *Dayspring* Committee at Sydney, have from the first abstained from assisting Mr. Paton in this movement, believing that the question is one entirely for the Australian Churches."

At the meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, which, along with others, I was cordially invited to address, the good and noble Lord Polwarth occupied the chair. That was the beginning of a friendship in Christ which will last and deepen as long as we live. From that night he took the warmest personal interest, not only by generously contributing to my fund, but by organizing meetings at his own Mansion House, and introducing me to a wide circle of influential friends. Every member of his family took "shares" in the new Steam-Auxiliary Mission Ship, and by Collecting Cards and otherwise most liberally aided me; and that not at the start only, but to the day of my departure,—one of the last things put into my hand on leaving Britain being a most handsome donation from Lord and Lady Polwarth to our Mission Fund,—"a thankoffering to the Lord Jesus for precious health restored in answer to the prayer of faith."

Nor, whilst the pen leads on my mind to recall

these Border memories, must I fail to record how John Scott Dudgeon, Esq., Longnewton, a greatly esteemed Elder of the Church, went from town to town in all that region, and from Minister to Minister, arranging for me a series of happy meetings. I shared also the hospitality of his beautiful Home, and added himself and his much-beloved wife to the precious roll of those who are dear for the Gospel's sake and for their own.

Her Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly for the year was that distinguished Christian as well as nobleman, the Earl of Aberdeen. He graciously invited me to meet the Countess and himself at ancient Holyrood. After dinner he withdrew himself for a lengthened time from the general company and entered into a close and interested conversation about our Mission, and especially about the threatened annexation of the New Hebrides by the French.

There also I had the memorable pleasure of meeting, and for a long while conversing with, that truly noble and large-hearted lady, his mother, the much-beloved Dowager Countess, well known for her life-long devotion to so many schemes of Christian philanthropy. At her own home, Alva House, she afterwards arranged meetings for me, as well as in Halls and Churches in the immediately surrounding district; and not only contributed most generously of her own means, but interested many besides and incited them to vie with each other in helping on our

cause. I was her guest during those days, and never either in high or in humble station felt the ties of true fellowship in Christ more closely drawn. Despite frost and snow, she accompanied me to almost every meeting; and her letters of interest in the work, of sympathy, and of helpfulness, from time to time received, were amongst the sustaining forces of my spiritual life. When one sees noble rank thus consecrating itself in humble and faithful service to Jesus, there dawns upon the mind a glimpse of what the prophet means, and of what the world will be like, when it can be said regarding the Church of God on Earth,—"Kings *have become* thy nursing fathers, and their Queens thy nursing mothers."

My steps were next directed towards Ireland, immediately after the Church meetings at Edinburgh; first to 'Derry, where the Presbyterian Assembly was met in annual conclave, and thereafter to Belfast, where the Pan-Presbyterian Council was shortly to sit. The eloquent fervour of the Brethren at 'Derry was like a refreshing breeze to my spirit; I never met Ministers anywhere, in all my travels, who seemed more whole-hearted in their devotion to the work which the Lord had given them to do.

But the excitement over the Organ and Hymn question was too intense for me; the debate threatened to degenerate into a wrangle, and the marvellous way in which a stick or an umbrella was flourished occasionally by an impulsive speaker, to give action to his eloquence, was not a little suggestive of blows

and broken heads. All ended quietly, however, and the decision, though not final, gave hope of an early settlement, which will secure alike the liberty and the peace of the Church. A trip to the South Seas, and a revelation of how God used the Harmonium and the Hymn, as wings on which the Gospel was borne into the homes and hearts of Cannibals, would have opened the eyes of many dear fathers and brethren, as it had opened mine! No one was once more opposed, especially to instrumental music in the worship of God, than I had been; but the Lord who made us, and who knows the nature He has given us, had long ago taught me otherwise.

I addressed the Assembly at 'Derry and also the Council at Belfast. The memory of seeing all those great and learned and famous men—for many of the leaders were literally such—so deeply interested in the work of God, and particularly in the Evangelizing of the Heathen World and bringing thereto the knowledge of Jesus, was to me, so long exiled from all such influences, one of the great inspirations of my life. I listened with humble thankfulness, and blessed the Lord who had brought me to sit at their feet.

On the rising of the Council, I entered upon a tour of six weeks among the Presbyterian Congregations and Sabbath Schools of Ireland. It had often been said to me, after my addresses in the Assemblies and elsewhere,—

"How do you ever expect to raise £6,000? It

can never be accomplished, unless you call upon the rich individually, and get their larger subscriptions. Our ordinary Church people have more than enough to do with themselves. Trade is dull," etc.

I explained to them, and also announced publicly, that in all similar efforts I had never called on or solicited any one privately, and that I would not do so now. I would make my appeal, but leave everything else to be settled betwixt the individual conscience and the Saviour,—I gladly receiving whatsoever was given or sent, acknowledging it by letter, and duly forwarding it to my own Church in Victoria. Again and again did generous souls offer to go with me, introduce me, and give me opportunity of soliciting subscriptions; but I steadily refused,—going, indeed, wherever an occasion was afforded me of telling my story and setting forth the claims of the Mission, but asking no one personally for anything, having fixed my soul in the conviction that one part of the work was laid upon me, but that the other lay betwixt the Master and His servants exclusively.

"On what then do you really rely, looking at it from a business point of view?"—they would somewhat appealingly ask me.

I answered,—"I will tell my story; I will set forth the claims of the Lord Jesus on the people; I will expect the surplus collection, or a retiring collection, on Sabbaths; I will ask the whole collection, less expenses, at week night meetings; I will issue Col-

lecting Cards for Sabbath Scholars; I will make known my Home-Address, to which everything may be forwarded, either from Congregations or from private donors; and I will go on, to my utmost strength, in the faith that the Lord will send me the £6,000 required. If He does not so send it, then I shall expect that He will send me grace to be reconciled to the disappointment, and I shall go back to my work without the Ship."

This, in substance, I had to repeat hundreds of times; and as often had I to witness the half-pitying or incredulous smile with which it was received, or to hear the blunt and emphatic retort,—

"You'll never succeed! Money cannot be got in that unbusiness-like way."

I generally added nothing further to such conversations; but a Voice, deep, sweet, and clear, kept sounding through my soul,—"The silver and the gold are Mine."

During the year 1884, as is well known, Ireland was the scene of many commotions and of great distress. Yet at the end of my little tour, amongst the Presbyterian people of the North principally, though not exclusively, a sum of more than £600 had been contributed to our Mission Fund. And there was not, so far as my knowledge went, one single large subscription; there were, of course, many bits of gold from those well-to-do, but the ordinary collection was made up of the shillings and pence of the masses of the people. Nor had I ever in all

my travels a warmer response, nor ever mingled with any Ministers more earnestly devoted to their Congregations or more generally and deservedly beloved.

No man, however dissevered from the party politics of the day, can see and live amongst the Irish of the North, without having forced on his soul the conviction that the Protestant faith and life, with its grit and backbone and self-dependence, has made them what they are. Romanism, on the other hand, with its blind faith and its peculiar type of life, has been at least *one*, if not the main, degrading influence amongst the Irish of the South and West, who are naturally a warm-hearted and generous and gifted people. And let Christian Churches, and our Statesmen who love Christ, remember—that no mere outward changes of Government or Order, however good and defensible in themselves, can ever heal the miseries of the people, without a change of Religion. Ireland needs the pure and true Gospel, proclaimed, taught, and received, in the South as it now is in the North; and no other gift, that Britain ever can bestow, will make up for the lack of Christ's Evangel. Jesus holds the Key to all problems, in this as in every land.

Returning to Scotland, I settled down at my headquarters, the house of my brother James in Glasgow; and thence began to open up the main line of my operations, as the Lord day by day guided me. Having the aid of no Committee, I cast myself on

Minister after Minister and Church after Church, calling here, writing there, and arranging for three meetings every Sabbath, and one, if possible, every week-day, and drawing-room meetings wherever practicable in the afternoons. My correspondence grew to oppressive proportions, and kept me toiling at it every spare moment from early morn till bed-time. Indeed, I never could have overtaken it, had not my brother devoted many days and hours of precious time, answering letters regarding arrangements, issuing the "Share" receipts for all moneys the moment they arrived, managing all my transactions through the bank, and generally tackling and reducing the heap of communications and preventing me falling into hopeless arrears.

I represented a Church in which all Presbyterians are happily united; and so, wherever possible, I occupied on the same Sabbath day, an Established Church pulpit in the morning, a Free Church in the afternoon, and a United Presbyterian Church in the evening, or in any order in which the thing could be arranged to suit the exigences of every town or village that was visited. In all my addresses, for I nowhere attempted ordinary sermonizing, I strove to combine the Evangelist with the Missionary, applying every incident in my story to the conscience of the hearer, and seeking to win the sinner to Christ, and the believer to a more consecrated life. For I knew that if I succeeded in these higher aims, their money would be freely laid upon the altar too.

I printed, and circulated by post and otherwise, ten thousand copies of a booklet, "Statement and Appeal,"—containing, besides my Victorian Commission and my Glasgow address, a condensed epitome of the results of the New Hebrides Mission and of the reasons for asking a new Steam Auxiliary Ship. To this chiefly is due the fact (as well as to my refusing to call for subscriptions), that the far greater portion of all the money came to me by letter. On one day, though no doubt a little exceptional, as many as seventy communications reached me by post; and every one of these contained something for our fund,—ranging from "a few stamps" and "the widow's mite," through every variety of figure up to the wealthy man's fifty or hundred pounds. I was particularly struck with the number of times that I received £1, with such a note as, "From a servant-girl that loves the Lord Jesus"; or "From a servant-girl that prays for the conversion of the Heathen." Again and again I received sums of five and ten shillings, with notes such as,—"From a working-man who loves his Bible"; or "From a working-man who prays for God's blessing on you and work like yours, every day in Family Worship." I sometimes regret that the graphic, varied, and intensely interesting notes and letters were not preserved; for by the close of my tour they would have formed a wonderful volume of leaves from the human heart.

I also addressed every Religious Convention to

which I was invited, or to which I could secure access. The Perth Conference was made memorable to me by my receiving the first large subscription for our Ship, and by my making the acquaintance of a beautiful type of Christian merchant. At the close of the meeting, at which I had the privilege of speaking, an American gentleman introduced himself to me. We talked and entered into each other's confidence, as brothers in the Lord's service. He had made a competency for himself and his family, though only in the prime of life; and he still carried on a large and flourishing business—but why? to devote *the whole profits*, year after year, to the direct service of God and His cause among men! He gave me a cheque for the largest single contribution with which the Lord had yet cheered me. God, who knows me, sees that I have never coveted money for myself or my family; but I did envy that Christian merchant the joy that he had in having money, and having the heart to use it as a steward of the Lord Jesus! Oh, when will men of wealth learn this blessed secret, and, instead of hoarding up gold till death forces it from their clutches, put it out to usury now in the service of their Master, and see the fruits and share the joy thereof, before they go hence to give in their account to God? One of the most appalling features in the modern Christian World, considering the needs of men and the claims of Jesus, is this same practice of either spending all for self, or hoarding all for self, alone or chiefly.

Christians who do so seem to stand in need of a great deal of converting still!

Thereafter I was invited to the annual Christian Conference at Dundee. A most peculiar experience befell me there. Being asked to close the forenoon meeting with prayer and the benediction, I offered prayer, and then began—"May the love of God the Father——" but not another word would come in English; everything was blank except the words in Aniwan, for I had long begun to *think* in the Native tongue, and after a dead pause, and a painful silence, I had to wind up with a simple "Amen!" I sat down wet with perspiration. It might have been wiser, as the Chairman afterwards suggested, to have given them the blessing in Aniwan, but I feared to set them a-laughing by so strange a manifestation of the "tongues." Worst of all, it had been announced that I was to address them in the afternoon; but who would come to hear a Missionary that stuck in the benediction? The event had its semi-comical aspect, but it sent me to my knees during the interval in a very fever of prayerful anxiety. A vast audience assembled, and if the Lord ever manifestly used me in interesting His people in Missions, it was certainly then and there. As I sat down, a devoted Free Church Elder from Glasgow handed me his card, with "I.O.U. £100." This was my first donation of a hundred pounds, and my heart was greatly cheered. I praised the Lord, and warmly thanked His servant. A Something kept sounding these words in my ears,

"My thoughts are not as your thoughts;" and also, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

During my address at that meeting three coloured girls, not unlike our Island girls, sat near the platform, and eagerly listened to me. At the close, the youngest, apparently about twelve years of age, rose, salaamed to me in Indian fashion, took four silver bangles from her arm, and presented them to me, saying,—

"Padre, I want to take shares in your Mission Ship by these bangles, for I have no money, and may the Lord ever bless you!"

I replied,—"Thank you, my dear child; I will not take your bangles, but Jesus will accept your offering, and bless and reward you all the same."

As she still held them up to me, saying, "Padre, do receive them from me, and may God ever bless you!" a lady, who had been seated beside her, came up to me, and said,—

"Please, do take them, or the dear girl will break her heart. She has offered them up to Jesus for your Mission Ship."

I afterwards learned that the girls were orphans, whose parents died in the famine; that the lady and her sister, daughters of a Missionary, had adopted them to be trained as Zenana Missionaries, and that they intended to return with them, and live and die to aid them in that blessed work amongst the daughters of India. Oh, what a reward and joy might

many a lady who reads this page easily reap for herself in Time and Eternity by a similar simple yet far-reaching service! Take action when and where God points the way; wait for no one's guidance.

The most amazing variety characterized the gifts and the givers. In Glasgow a lady sent me an anonymous note to this effect:—

"I have been curtailing my expenses. The first £5 saved I enclose, that you may invest it for me in the Bank of Jesus. I am sure He gives the best interest, and the most certain returns."

From Edinburgh a lawyer wrote, saying,—"I herewith send you £5. Take out for me two hundred shares in the Mission Ship. I never made any investment with more genuine satisfaction in all my life."

A gentleman, whose children had zealously collected a considerable sum for me by the Cards, at length sent me his own subscription, saying,—"I enclose you £25, because you have so interested my children in Missions to the Heathen." The same friend, after hearing me plead the cause in Free St. George's, Edinburgh, sent me a most encouraging letter, and another contribution of £100.

In Glasgow a lady called at my brother's house, saying,—"Is the Missionary at home? Can I see him alone? If not, I will call again." Being asked into my room, she declined to be seated, but said,—"I heard you tell the story of your Mission in the City Hall, and I have been praying for you ever since. I

have called to give you my mite, but not my name. God bless you. We shall meet in Heaven!" She handed me an envelope, and was off almost before I could thank her. It was £49 in bank notes.

Another dear Christian lady came to see me, and at the close of a delightful conversation, said: "I have been thinking much about you since I heard you in the Clark Hall, Paisley. I have come to give a little bit of dirty paper for your Ship. God sent it to me, and I return it to God through you with great pleasure." I thanked her warmly, thinking it a pound, or five at the most; on opening it, after she was gone, it turned out to be £100. I felt bowed down in humble thankfulness, and pressed forward in the service of the Lord.

Another lady, who sent for me to call, said to me:—"I have heard of the sufferings and losses of the Missionaries on your Islands through the smallness of the Sailing Vessel. I am glad to have the opportunity of giving you £50 to assist in getting a Steam Auxiliary.

Many articles of jewellery, silver and gold ornaments, rings and chains, were also sent to me, or dropped into the Collecting plate. With the assistance of Christian gentlemen, and by the kindness of a merchant at once interested in our work and in the gold and silver trade, these were turned into cash on the most advantageous possible terms, and added to the Mission Fund.

Having an introduction to a London lady, then

living in Edinburgh, I called and was most kindly received because of our dear mutual friend Mrs. Cameron, of St. Kilda. After delightful Christian conversation, she retired for a minute, and returned, saying,—"I have kept this for twelve months, asking the Lord to direct me as to its disposal. God claims it now for the Mission Ship, and I have great joy in handing it to you." It was another £100. I had been praying all that afternoon for some token of encouragement, especially as I went to that lady's house, and God's extraordinary answer, even while the prayer was still being uttered, struck me so forcibly that I could not speak. I received her gift in tears, and my soul looked up to the Giver of all.

The time now arrived for my attempting something amongst the Presbyterians of England. But my heart sank within me; I was a stranger to all except Dr. Dykes, and the New Hebrides Mission had no special claims on them. Casting myself upon the Lord, I wrote to all the Presbyterian Ministers in and around London, enclosing my "Statement and Appeal," and asking a Service, with a retiring collection, or the surplus above the usual collection, on behalf of our Mission Ship. All declined, except two. I learned that the London Presbytery had resolved that no claim beyond their own Church was to be admitted into any of its pulpits for a period of months, under some special financial emergency. My dear friend, Dr. J. Hood Wilson, kindly wrote also to a number of them on my behalf, but

with nearly similar result; though at last other two Services were arranged for with a collection, and one without. Being required at London, in any case, in connection with the threatened Annexation of the New Hebrides by the French, I resolved to take these five Services by the way, and immediately return to Scotland, where engagements and opportunities were now pressed upon me, far more than I could overtake. But the Lord Himself opened before me a larger door, and more effectual, than any that I had tried in vain to open up for myself.

The Churches to which I had access did nobly indeed, and the Ministers treated me as a very brother. Dr. Dykes most affectionately supported my Appeal, and made himself recipient of donations that might be sent for our Mission Ship. Dr. Donald Fraser, and Messrs. Taylor and Mathieson, with their Congregations, generously contributed to the fund. And so did the Mission Church in Drury Lane—the excellent and consecrated Rev. W. B. Alexander, the pastor thereof, and his wife, becoming my devoted personal friends, and continuing to remember in their work-parties every year since the needs of the Natives on the New Hebrides. Others also, whom I cannot wait to specify, showed a warm interest in us and in our department of the Lord's work. But my heart had been foolishly set upon adding a large sum to the fund for the Mission Ship, and when only about £150 came from all the Churches in London to which I could get access, no doubt I was sensible

of cherishing a little guilty disappointment. That was very unworthy in me, considering all my previous experiences, and God deserved to be trusted by me far differently, as the sequel will immediately show.

That widely-known and deeply-beloved servant of God, J. E. Mathieson, Esq., of the Mildmay Conference Hall, had invited me to address one of their annual meetings on behalf of Foreign Missions, and also to be his guest while the Conference lasted. Thereby I met and heard many godly and noble disciples of the Lord, whom I could not otherwise have reached though every Church I had asked in London had been freely opened to me. These devout and faithful and generous people, belonging to every branch of the Church of Christ, and drawn from every rank and class in Society, from the humblest to the highest, were certainly amongst the most open-hearted and the most responsive of all whom I ever had the privilege to address. One felt there, in a higher degree than almost anywhere else, that every soul was on fire with love to Jesus and with genuine devotion to His Cause in every corner of the Earth. There it was a privilege and a gladness to speak; and though no collection was asked or could be expected, my heart was uplifted and strengthened by these happy meetings and by all that Heavenly intercourse.

But see how the Lord leads us by a way we know not! Next morning after my address, a gentleman

who had heard me handed me a cheque for £300, by far the largest single donation towards our Mission Ship; and immediately thereafter I received, from one of the Mildmay lady-Missionaries £50, from a venerable friend of the founder £20, from "Friends at Mildmay" £30; and through my dear friend and brother, J. E. Mathieson, many other donations were in due course forwarded to me.

My introduction, however, to the Conference at Mildmay did far more for me than even this; it opened up for me a series of drawing-room meetings in and around London, where I told the story of our Mission and preached the Gospel to many in the higher walks of life, and received most liberal support for the Mission Ship. It also brought me invitations from many quarters of England, to Churches, to Halls, and to County Houses and Mansions.

Lord Radstock got up a special meeting, inviting by private card a large number of his most influential friends; and there I met for the first time one whom I have since learned to regard as a very precious personal friend, Rev. Sholto D. C. Douglas, clergyman of the Church of England, who then, and afterwards at his seat in Scotland, not only most liberally supported our fund, but took me by the hand as a brother and promoted my work by every means in his power.

The Earl and Countess of Tankerville also invited me to Chillingham Castle, and gave me an opportunity of addressing a great assembly there, then

gathered together from all parts of the County. The British and Foreign Bible Society received me in a special meeting of the Directors; and I was able to tell them how all we the Missionaries of these Islands, whose language had never before been reduced to writing, looked to them and leant upon them and prayed for them and their work—without whom our Native Bibles never could have been published. After the meeting, the Chairman gave me £5, and one of the Directors a cheque for £25 for our Mission Ship.

I was also invited to Leicester, and made the acquaintanceship of a godly and gifted servant of the Lord Jesus, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. (now of London), whose books and booklets on the higher aspects of the Christian Life are read by tens of thousands, and have been fruitful of blessing. There I addressed great meetings of devoted workers in the vineyard; and the dear friend who was my host on that occasion, a Christian merchant, has since contributed £10 per annum for the support of a Native Teacher on the New Hebrides.

It was my privilege also to visit and address the Müller Orphanages at Bristol, and to see that saintly man of faith and prayer moving about as a wise and loving father amongst the hundreds, even thousands, that look to him for their daily bread and for the bread of Life Eternal. At the close of my address, the venerable founder thanked me warmly and said,—

"Here are £50, which God has sent to me for your Mission."

I replied, saying,—"Dear friend, how can I take it? If I could, I would rather give you £500 for your Orphans, for I am sure you need it all!"

He replied, with sweetness and great dignity,—"God provides for His own Orphans. This money cannot be used for them. I must send it after you by letter. It is the Lord's gift."

Often, as I have looked at the doings of men and Churches, and tried to bring all to the test as if in Christ's very presence,—it has appeared to me that such work as Müller's, and Barnardo's, and that of my own fellow-countryman, William Quarrier, must be peculiarly dear to the heart of our blessed Lord. And were He to visit this world again, and seek a place where His very Spirit had most fully wrought itself out into deeds, I fear that many of our so-called Churches would deserve to be passed by, and that His holy, tender, helpful, divinely-human love would find its most perfect reflex in these Orphan Homes. Still and for ever, amidst all changes of creed and of climate, this, *this* is "pure and undefiled Religion" before God and the Father!

Upper Norwood, London, is ever fresh in my memory, in connection with my first and subsequent visits, chiefly because of the faithful guidance and help amidst all the perplexities of that Great Babylon, so ungrudgingly bestowed upon me by my old Australian friends, then resident there, William

Storrie, Esq., and his most excellent wife, both devoted workers in the cause of Missions abroad and at home. Great kindness was shown to me also by their Minister there; and by T. W. Stoughton, Esq., at whose Mission Hall there was a memorable and joyful meeting; and, amongst many others whom I cannot here name, by Messrs. Morgan & Scott, of the *Christian*, — all of whom I rejoiced to find actively engaged in personal service to the Lord Jesus.

But in this connection I must not omit to mention that the noble and world-famous servant of God, the Minister of the Tabernacle, invited me to a garden-party at his home, and asked me to address his students and other Christian workers. When I arrived I found a goodly company assembled under the shade of lovely trees, and felt the touch of that genial humour, so mighty a gift when sanctified, which has so often given wings to Mr. Spurgeon's words, when he introduced me to the audience as "the King of the Cannibals!" On my leaving, Mrs. Spurgeon presented me with her husband's "Treasury of David," and also "£5 from the Lord's cows," which I learned was part of the profits from certain cows kept by the good lady, and that everything produced thereby was dedicated to the work of the Lord. I praised God that He had privileged me to meet this extraordinarily endowed man, to whom the whole Christian World is so specially indebted, and who has consecrated all his gifts and opportunities

to the proclamation of the pure and precious Gospel.

But of all my London associations, the deepest and the most imperishable is that which weaves itself around the Honourable Ion Keith-Falconer, who has already passed to what may truly be called a Martyr's crown. At that time I met him at his father-in-law's house at Trent; and on another occasion spent a whole day with him at the house of his noble mother, the Countess-Dowager of Kintore. His soul was then full of his projected Mission to the Arabs, being himself one of the most distinguished Orientalists of the day; and as we talked together, and exchanged experiences, I felt that never before had I visibly marked the fire of God, the holy passion to seek and to save the lost, burning more steadily or brightly on the altar of any human heart. The heroic founding of the Mission at Aden is already one of the precious annals of the Church of Christ. His young and devoted wife survives, to mourn indeed, but also to cherish his noble memory; and, with the aid of others, and under the banner of the Free Church of Scotland, to see the "Keith-Falconer Mission" rising up amidst the darkness of blood-stained Africa, as at once a harbour of refuge for the slave, and a beacon-light to those who are without God and without hope. The servant does his day's work, and passes on through the gates of sleep to the Happy Dawn; but the Divine Master lives and works and reigns, and by our death, as

surely as by our life, His holy purposes shall be fulfilled.

On returning to Scotland, every day was crowded with engagements for the weeks that remained, and almost every mail brought me contributions from all conceivable corners of the land. My heart was set upon taking out two or three Missionaries with me to claim more and still more of the Islands for Christ; and with that view I had addressed Divinity Students at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Again and again, by conversation and correspondence, consecrated young men were just on the point of volunteering; but again and again the larger and better known fields of labour turned the scale, and they finally decided for China or Africa or India. Deeply disappointed at this, and thinking that God directed us to look to our own Australia alone for Missionaries for the New Hebrides, I resolved to return, and took steps towards securing a passage by the Orient Line to Melbourne. But just then two able and devoted students, Messrs. Morton and Leggatt, offered themselves as Missionaries for our Islands; and shortly thereafter a third, Mr. Landells, also an excellent man; and all, being on the eve of their Licence, were approved of, accepted, and set to special preparations for the Mission field, particularly in acquiring practical medical knowledge.

On this turn of affairs, I managed to have my passage delayed for six weeks, and resolved to cast myself on the Lord that He might enable me in

that time to raise at least £500, in order to furnish the necessary outfit and equipment for three new Mission Stations, and to pay the passage money of the Missionaries and their wives, that there might be no difficulty on this score amongst the Foreign Missions Committees on the other side. And then the idea came forcibly, and for a little unmanned me, that it was wrong in me to speak of these limits as to time and money in my prayers to God. But I reflected, again, how it was for the Lord's own glory alone in the salvation of the Heathen, and for no personal aims of mine; and so I fell back on His promise,—"Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name," —and believingly asked it in His Name, and for His praise and service alone. I think it due to my Lord, and for the encouragement of all His servants, that I should briefly outline what occurred in answer to these prayers.

Having gone to the centre of one of the great shipbuilding districts of Scotland, and held a series of meetings, and raised a sum of about £55 only after nine services and many Sabbath School collecting cards, my heart was beginning to sink, as I did not think my health would stand another six weeks of incessant strain; when at the close of my last meeting in a Free Church, an Elder and his wife entered the vestry and said,—

"We are deeply interested in you and in all your work and plans. You say that you have asked £500 more. We gave you the first £100 at the Dundee

Conference; and it is a joy to us to give you this £100 too, towards the making up of your final sum. We pray that you may speedily realize your wish, and that God's richest blessing may ever rest upon your head."

Glasgow readers will at once recognise the generous giver, J. Campbell White, Esq., who rejoices, along with his dear wife, to regard himself as a steward of the Lord Jesus. My prayer is that they, and all such, may feel more and more "blessed in their deeds."

Another week passed by, and at the close of it a lady called upon me, and, after delightful conversation about the Mission, said,—

"How near are you to the sum required?" I explained to her what is recorded above, and she continued, "I gave you one little piece of paper, at the beginning of your efforts. I have prayed for you every day since. God has prospered me, and this is one of the happiest moments of my life, when I am now able to give you another little bit of paper."

So saying, she put into my hand £100. I protested,—"You are surely too generous. Can you afford a second £100?"

She replied to this effect, and very joyfully, as one who had genuine gladness in the deed,—"My Lord has been very kind to me, in my health and in my business. My wants are simple and are safe in His hands. I wait not till death forces me, but give back whatever I am able to the Lord now, and hope to

live to see much blessing thereby through you in the conversion of the Heathen."

The name of that dear friend from Paisley rises often in my prayers and meditations before God. "Verily I say unto you, the Father that seeth in secret shall reward openly."

My last week had come, and I was in the midst of preparations for departure, when amongst the letters delivered to me was one to this effect,—

"Restitution money which never now can be returned to its owner. Since my Conversion I have laboured hard to save it. I now make my only possible amends by returning it to God through you. Pray for me and mine, and may God bless you in your work!" I rather startled my brother and his wife at our breakfast table by shouting out in unwontedly excited tones,—"Hallelujah! The Lord has done it! Hallelujah!" But my tones softened down into intense reverence, and my words broke at last into tears, when I found that this, the second largest subscription ever received by me, came from a converted tradesman, who had now consecrated his all to the Lord Jesus, and whose whole leisure was now centred upon seeking to bless and save those of his own rank and class, amongst whom he had spent his early and unconverted days. Jesus saith unto him, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

Bidding farewell to dear old Glasgow, so closely

intertwined with all my earlier and later experiences I started for London, accompained by my brother James. We were sitting at breakfast at Mrs. Mathieson's table, Mildmay, when a telegram was put into my hands announcing the "thank-offering" from Lord and Lady Polwarth, received since our departure from Glasgow, and referred to on an earlier page. The Lord had now literally exceeded my prayers. With other gifts, repeated again by friends at Mildmay, the special fund for outfit and travelling expenses for new Missionaries had risen above the £500, and now approached £650.

In a Farewell Meeting at Mildmay the Lord's servants assembled in great numbers from all quarters of London, dedicated me and my work very solemnly to God, amid songs of praise and many prayers and touching "last" words. And when at length Mr. Mathieson, intimating that I must go, as another company of Christian workers were elsewhere waiting also to say Goodbye, suggested that the whole audience should stand up, and, instead of hand shaking, quietly breathe their benedictory Farewell as I passed from the platform down through their great Hall, a perfect flood of emotion overwhelmed me. I never felt a humbler man, nor more anxious to hide my head in the dust, than when all these noble, gifted, and beloved followers of Jesus Christ and consecrated workers in His service, stood up and with one heart said, "God speed" and "God bless you," as I passed on through the Hall. To one who had

striven and suffered less, or who less appreciated how little we can do for others compared with what Jesus had done for us, this scene might have ministered to spiritual pride; but long ere I reached the door of that Hall, my soul was already prostrated at the feet of my Lord in sorrow and in shame that I had done so little for Him, and I bowed my head and could have gladly bowed my knees to cry, "Not unto us, Lord, not unto us!"

On the 28th October, 1885, I sailed for Melbourne, and in due course safely arrived there by the goodness of God. The Church and people of my own beloved Victoria gave me a right joyful welcome, and in public assembly presented me with a testimonial, which I shrank from receiving, but which all the same was the highly-prized expression of their confidence and esteem.

In my absence at the Islands, they thereafter elected me Moderator of their Supreme Court, and called me back to fill that highest Chair of honour in the Presbyterian Church. God is my witness how very little any or all of these things in themselves ever have been coveted by me; but how, when they have come in my way, I have embraced them with a single desire thereby to promote the Church's interest in that Cause to which my whole life and all my opportunities are consecrated,—the Conversion of the Heathen World.

My Mission to Britain was to raise £6,000, in order to enable the Australian Churches to provide a

Steam Auxiliary Mission Ship, for the enlarged and constantly enlarging requirements of the New Hebrides. I spent exactly eighteen months at home; and when I returned, I was enabled to hand over to the Church that had commissioned and authorized me no less a sum than £9,000. And all this had been forwarded to me, as the free-will offerings of the Lord's stewards, in the manner illustrated by the preceding pages. "Behold! what God hath wrought!"

Of this sum £6,000 are set apart to build or acquire the new Mission Ship. The remainder is added to what we call our Number II. Fund, for the maintenance and equipment of additional Missionaries. It has been the dream of my life to see one Missionary at least planted on every Island of the New Hebrides, and then I could lie down and whisper gladly, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

As to the new Mission Ship, delay has arisen—owing to a difference of opinion about the best way of carrying out the proposal. Negotiations are progressing betwixt New South Wales and Victoria and the other Colonies as to the additional annual expenditure for the maintenance of a Steam-Auxiliary, and how the same is to be allocated. Also, an element of doubt and perplexity has been introduced into the scheme by the possibility of the Government running Mails regularly from Australia to Fiji, and calling at one or other of the New Hebrides harbours,—in

which case some think the Missionaries would need only an *inter-island* Steamer, of a comparatively moderate tonnage. Meantime, let all friends who are interested in us and our work understand—that the money so generously entrusted to me has been safely handed over to my Victorian Church, and has been deposited by them at good interest in the bank, pending the settlement of these business details.

To me personally, this delay is confessedly a keen and deep disappointment,—feeling strongly as I do, and seeing more clearly every day, the waste and suffering caused to our beloved Missionaries and their families, by the uncertainties of a Sailing Ship, and by the utter inability of our present *Dayspring* to overtake all that is now required. But this is not the place to discuss that matter in detail. The work laid upon me has been accomplished. The Colonial Churches have all the responsibility of the further steps. In this, as in many a harder trouble of my chequered life, I calmly roll all my burden upon the Lord. I await with quietness and confidence His wise disposal of events. His hand is on the helm; and whither He steers us, all shall be well.

But let me not close this chapter, till I have struck another and a Diviner note. I have been to the Islands again, since my return from Britain. The whole inhabitants of Aniwa were there to welcome me, and my procession to the old Mission House was more like the triumphal march of a Conqueror than that of a humble Missionary. Everything was kept in

beautiful and perfect order. Every Service of the Church, as previously described in this book, was fully sustained by the Native Teachers, the Elders, and the occasional visit, once or twice a year, of the ordained white Missionary from one of the other Islands. Aniwa, like Aneityum, is a *Christian* land. Jesus has taken possession, never again to quit those shores. Glory, *glory* to His blessed Name!

* * * * *

When pleading the cause of the Heathen and the claims of Jesus on His followers, I have often been taunted with being "a man of one idea." Sometimes I have thought that this came from the lips of those who had not even one idea!—unless it were how to kill time or to save their own skin. But seriously speaking, is it not better to have one good idea and to live for that and succeed in it, than to scatter one's life away on many things and leave a mark on none?

And, besides, you cannot live for one good idea supremely without thereby helping forward many other collateral causes. My life has been dominated by one sacred purpose; but in pursuing it the Lord has enabled me to be Evangelist as well as Missionary, and whilst seeking for needed money to seek for and save and bless many souls,—has enabled me to defend the Holy Sabbath in many lands, as the God-given and precious birthright of the toiling millions, to be bartered away for no price or bribe that men can offer,—has enabled me to maintain the

right of every child in Christian lands, or in Heathen, to be taught to read the blessed Bible and to understand it, as the Divine foundation of all Social Order and the sole guarantee of individual freedom as well as of national greatness,—and has enabled me also to do battle against the infernal *Kanaka* or Labour Traffic, one of the most cruel and blood-stained forms of slavery on the face of the Earth, and to rouse the holy passion of Human Brotherhood in the Colonies and at Home against those who trafficked in the bodies and souls of men.

In these, as well as in my own direct labours as a Missionary, I probably have had my full share of "abuse" from the enemies of the Cross, and a not inconsiderable burden of trials and afflictions in the service of my Lord ; yet here, as I lay down my pen, let me record my immovable conviction that this is the noblest service in which any human being can spend or be spent ; and that, if God gave me back my life to be lived over again, I would without one quiver of hesitation lay it on the altar to Christ, that He might use it as before in similar ministries of love, especially amongst those who have never yet heard the Name of Jesus. Nothing that has been endured, and nothing that can now befall me, makes me tremble—on the contrary, I deeply rejoice—when I breathe the prayer that it may please the blessed Lord to turn the hearts of all my children to the Mission field ; and that He may open up their way and make it their pride and joy to live and die in

carrying Jesus and His Gospel into the heart of the Heathen World! God gave His best, His Son, to me; and I give back my best, my All, to Him.

Reader, Fare-thee-well! Thou hast companied with me,—not without some little profit, I trust; and not without noting many things that led thee to bless the Lord God, in whose honour these pages have been written. In your life and in mine, there is at least one *last* Chapter, one final Scene, awaiting us, —God our Father knows where and how! By His grace, I will live out that Chapter, I will pass through that Scene, in the faith and in the hope of Jesus, who has sustained me from childhood till now. As you close this book, go before your Saviour, and pledge yourself upon your knees by His help and sympathy to do the same. And let me meet you, and let us commune with each other again, in the presence and glory of the Redeemer. Fare-thee-well!

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# JOHN G. PATON,

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